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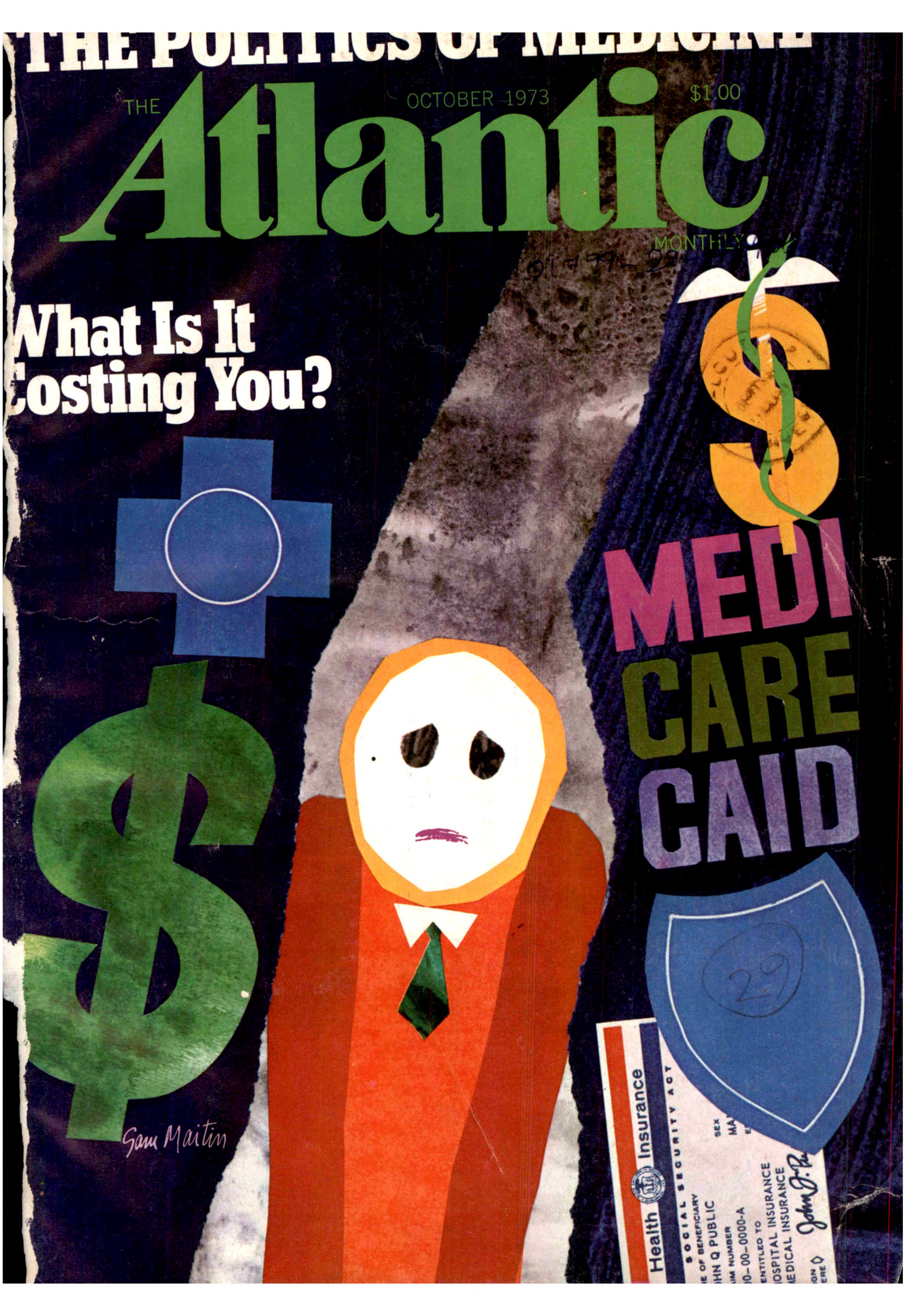

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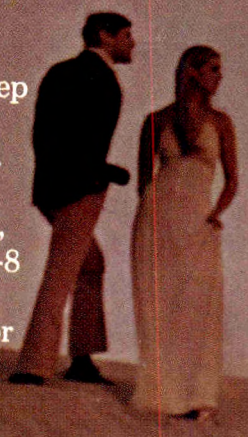

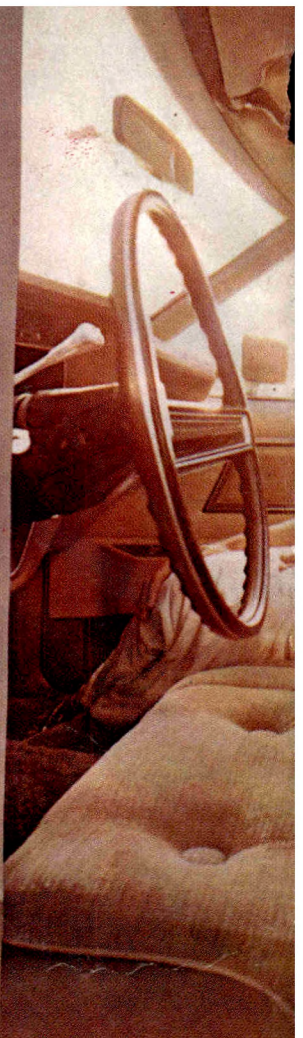

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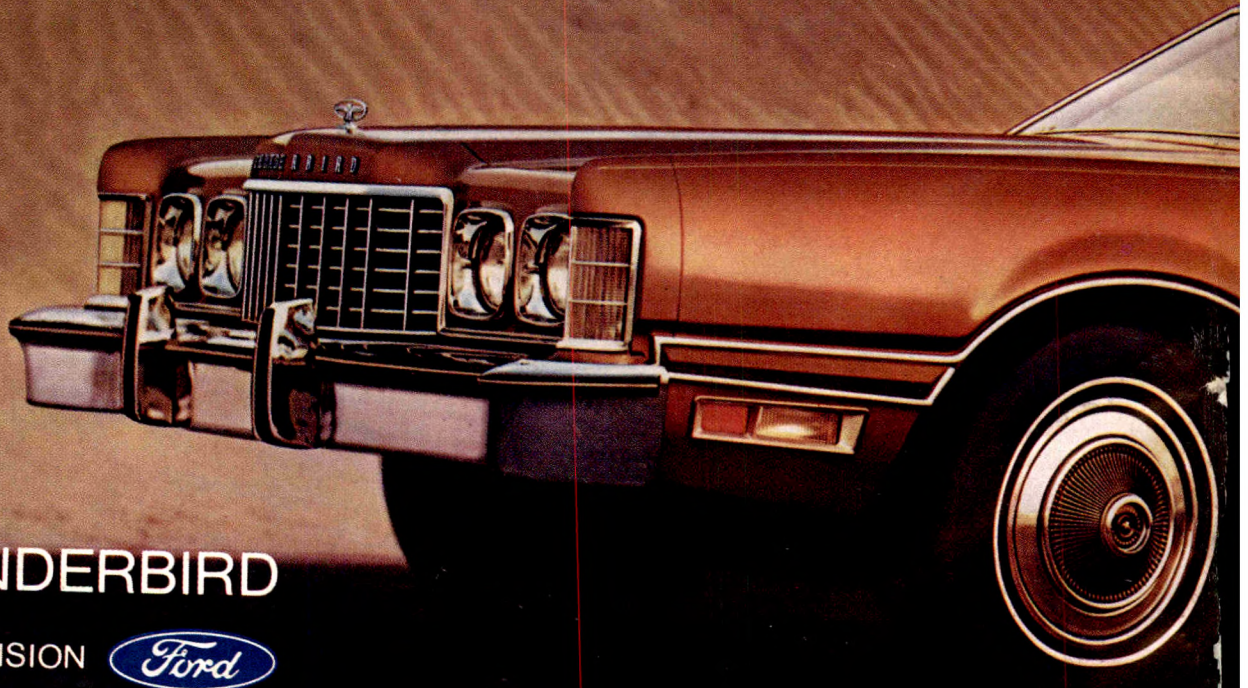

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GODFREY HODGSON 45 **The Politics of American Health Care**
Everybody talks about the "crisis." A report on why nobody is doing anything about it

SARA DAVIDSON 62 **Feeding on Dreams in a Bubble Gum Culture**
The Osmond brothers, the Monkees, and other sub-teen idols

STANLEY KARNOW 73 **China Through Rose-Tinted Glasses**
A critique of some uninquiring reporters

MARY MANNING 81 **The Blind Harper**
The decline and fall of the Anglo-Irish

JAMES Q. WILSON AND ROBERT L. DUPONT 91 **The Sick Sixties**
When the postwar babies came of age

FICTION

JOHN BART GERALD 78 **Luke's Song**

JAMES POLK 102 **The Phrenology of Love**

POETRY

ROBERT GRAVES 72 **Truly to Love You**

IRVING FELDMAN 76 **The Secret Work**

MAXINE KUMIN 101 **The Jesus Infection**

ROBERT A. BROOKS 111 **In the Tunnel**

REPORTS & COMMENT

DON COOK 6 **The European Security Conference**

CLAIRE STERLING 12 **Italy**

LIFE & LETTERS

JUSTIN KAPLAN 112 **The Shape of H. G. Wells**

BENJAMIN DEMOTT 115 **Alone in Cover-Up Country**

MICHAEL JANEWAY 120 **Where It All Ends . . .**

JOSEPH KANON 125 **On the Strip**

EDWARD WEEKS 128 **The Peripatetic Reviewer**

PHOEBE ADAMS 130 **Short Reviews: Books**

L. E. SISSMAN 34 **Innocent Bystander**

39 **The Mail**

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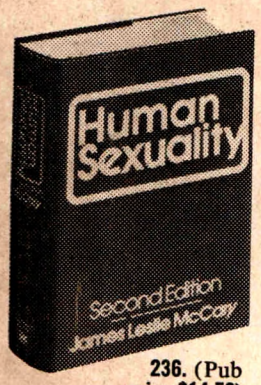

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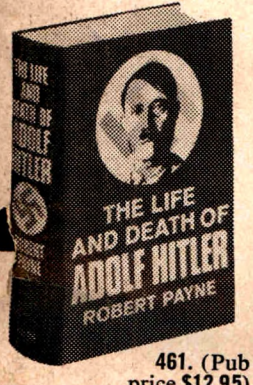

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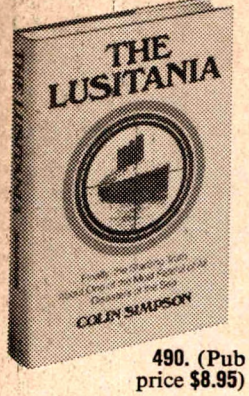

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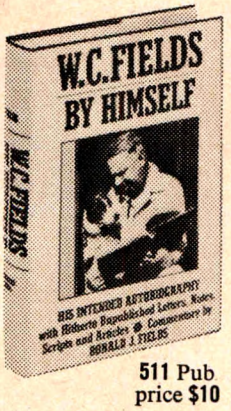

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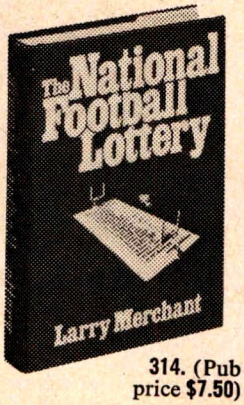

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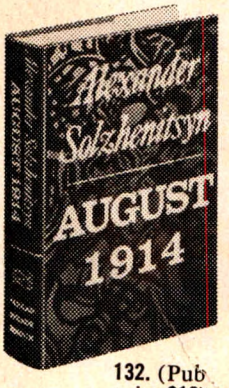

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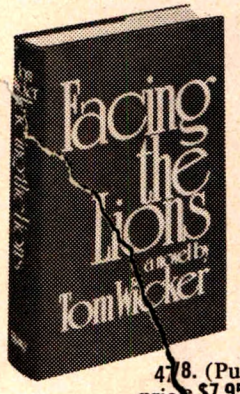

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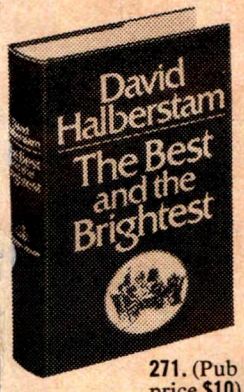

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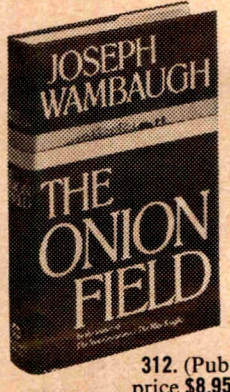

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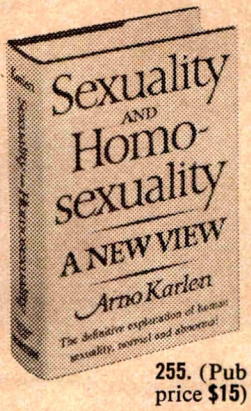

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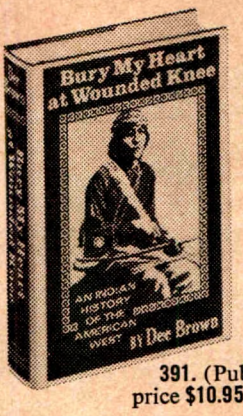

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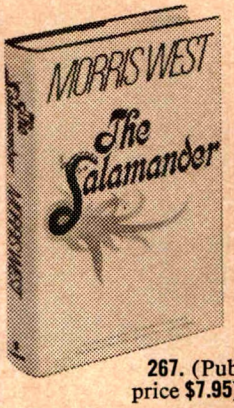

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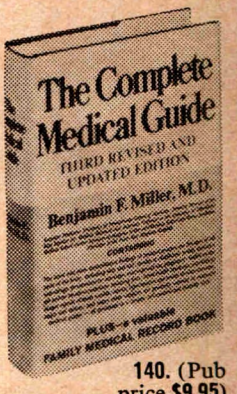

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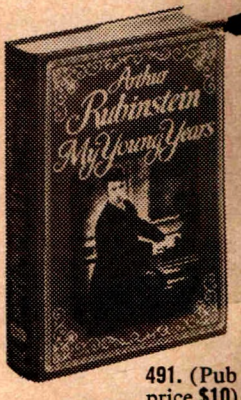

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REPORTS & COMMENT

THE EUROPEAN SECURITY CONFERENCE

"Stability," wrote Henry A. Kissinger in his Harvard doctoral study of Metternich and the Congress of Vienna, "has commonly resulted not from a quest for peace but from a generally accepted legitimacy. Legitimacy in this sense should not be confused with justice. It means no more than an international agreement about the nature of workable arrangements and about the permissible aims and methods of foreign policy. A legitimate order does not make conflicts impossible, but it limits their scope."

That in essence is what the European Conference on Security and Cooperation is all about, and why it is frequently compared to the Congress of Vienna. Thirty-five nations whose foreign ministers met in Helsinki in July to launch the conference, and whose diplomatic experts are now deep in detailed negotiations in Geneva, are groping toward agreement on a document which will have the effect of conferring multinational "legitimacy" on the existing political structure of Europe and pledging everybody (except Albania, which declines to participate) to its peaceful permanent acceptance.

There is, nevertheless, a reserved and skeptical attitude on the part of most of the foreign ministers of Western European governments and many of the neutrals as well, precisely because "legitimacy in this sense should not be confused with justice." Legitimacy would be easier for the West to grant to the Communist governments of Eastern Europe if there were more justice to their claims. At the very least, the Western powers are aiming at obtaining as a price for the success of the negotiations a greater commitment from the Communists to humanitarian behavior toward their own people.

The problem was a great deal simpler in the political and social climate of 1815. Considerations of justice and humanitarian behavior mattered little to Metternich, Talleyrand, Czar Alexander, or even Castlereagh, although the British did fight hard at the Congress of Vienna to do something about the slave trade. But the chief aim of the Congress was the establishment of monarchical legitimacy throughout Europe. To this end, all manner of kings and princelings were restored to or confirmed on a patchwork of thrones which had been toppled by Napoleon. In the process, repressed and dissatisfied minorities (Poles, Slovaks, Hungarians, Czechs, Serbians, Bosnians, Greeks, Bulgarians) were indifferently consigned to the rule of petty tyrants. Castlereagh was confronted by outraged public opinion when he went home to London to defend the results of the Congress. Shelley, an angry young man of the day, penned the bitter lines in his "Masque of Anarchy" (1819):

> I met Murder on the way—
> He had a mask like Castlereagh.

Nevertheless the system was propped up after 1815 by a common interest in preserving its stability. Liberalism finally did burst through in the revolutionary wave of 1848, when Metternich had to take to his carriage and flee from Vienna across the English Channel to Brighton. But even then fundamental stability in Europe survived. There were other periodic eruptions, of which the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was the most serious, but it was not until 1914 that peace and the system broke down completely after a full century of the old legitimacy's slow decay.

Respecting realities

Today in Europe the process of legitimizing the existing political and geographical boundaries and divisions is already quite far advanced. It is not merely that borders have remained fixed and unchanged since the end of World War II, twenty-eight years ago. In the last three years there have been a number of diplomatic developments which have had the effect of changing this situation from de facto to de jure. The most important of these, at least as far as the United States is concerned, was the Berlin agreement of 1971, in which the Soviets, after a quarter of a century of crisis and challenge, finally signed a document recognizing West Berlin for what it is—a democratic enclave protected by Western troops in the midst of Communist territory, a part of West Germany in everything but the fine print. Willy Brandt followed the Berlin agreement swiftly with his series of friendship, trade, and recognition treaties and diplomatic agreements with Russia, Poland, East Germany, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and most recently Hungary and Bulgaria. In each, Brandt com-

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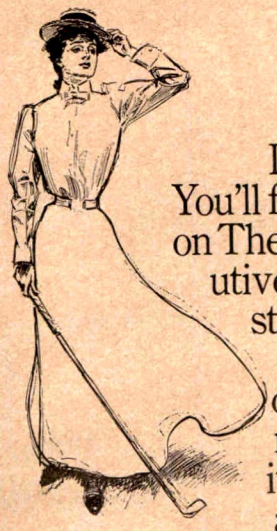

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Hollinger Mines Ltd. (HOL)	61	3.4
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Imperial Oil Ltd. (IMO)	83	1.5
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STOCK AND SYMBOL	YEARS PAID	DIV. YIELD
American Maize-Prod. Cl A (AZEA)	44	4.9
Badger Meter (BMI)	39	5.7
Baldwin, D. H. (BDW)	38	2.4
British-Amer. Tob. (BQ)	46	2.4
Carnation Co. (CMK)	39	1.2
Castle, A.M. & Co. (CAS)	39	5.0
Cominco Ltd. (CLT)	49	3.3
Community Public Serv. (CMM)	37	6.5
Cook Paint & Varnish (COK)	38	5.9
Creole Petroleum Corp. (CRP)	38	13.2
Crompton Co. Inc. (CRC)	48	4.4
Cutter Labs, A (CLIA)	47	—
Depositors Corp. (DEP)	39	6.3
Diversey Corporation (DIV)	38	4.3
Dunlop Holdings Co. Ltd. (DLP)	40	3.3
Electrographic Corp. (EEG)	38	7.0
Fishman, M.H. Co. (FSH)	39	5.7
Ford Motor of Canada (FC)	40	4.2
Fresnillo Company (FRE)	40	2.4
Gorman-Rupp Company (GRC)	38	4.9
Griesedieck Co. (GWB)	40	8.4
Hormel (Geo. A.) & Co. (HRL)	45	5.0
Hoskins Mfg. Co. (HSK)	39	6.2
Hubbell, Harvey A (HUBA)	39	3.1
Hubbell, Harvey B (HUBB)	39	3.1
Imperial Chemical (IMP)	46	3.9
Investors Royalty Co. (IRL)	37	1.9
Kewanee Oil Co. (KOC)	36	3.8
Knott Hotels Corp. (KNT)	37	—
Louisville Cement Co. (LCO)	39	4.8
Mansfield Tire & Rub. (MSF)	37	8.2
Means F.W. & Co. (MNS)	45	9.0
Midwest Rubber Reclaim. (MW)	35	3.0
Neonex International Ltd. (NEO)	43	1.5
New Process Co. (NOZ)	42	4.4
Newcor Inc. (NEW)	36	6.0
Ohio Brass Co. (OHS)	39	6.1
Overhead Door (OHD)	37	2.5
Park Chemical Co. (PAK)	39	5.6
Penn Traffic Co. (PNF)	39	4.7
Pitts.-Des Moines Stl. (PDM)	38	4.9
Placer Development (PLC)	40	2.8
Pneumatic Scale Corp. (PNU)	35	8.6
Prentice-Hall, Inc. (PTN)	40	4.4
Remington Arms Co. (REM)	37	7.9
Rockaway Corp. (RKY)	44	7.6
Rust Craft Greeting Card (RUS)	35	2.7
San Jose Water Works (SJW)	41	5.4
Seton Co. (SEL)	37	5.1
Southland Royalty Co. (SRO)	47	2.1
Southwestern Invest Co. (SWC)	37	2.1
Standard Alliance (STD)	37	6.2
Standard-Coosa-Thatcher (SNC)	43	6.2
Stange Company (STS)	41	1.3
Stop & Shop Cos., Inc. (SHP)	37	6.0
Thriftimart Inc. A (TFTA)	42	.7
Union Investment Company (UIV)	38	4.4
United St. Ceramic Tile (UCT)	37	1.8
Voplex Corp. (VOT)	39	6.0
Whitaker Cable Corp. (WCB)	36	5.1
Woolworth, F.W. Ltd. (WT)	42	4.4

Look over the list on this page. You'll find some of the 266 companies on The Amex that have paid consecutive dividends on their common stock from 10 to 124 years.

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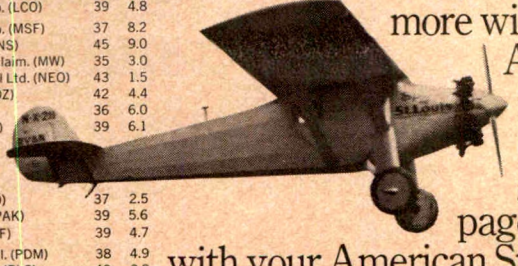

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The American Stock Exchange

25-34 Years

Consecutive dividend payers for from 25 to 34 years.

STOCK AND SYMBOL	YEARS PAID	DIV. YIELD
Alan Wood Steel Co. (AW)	25	—
American Business Prod. (ABP)	32	1.2
American Petrofina A (APIA)	25	3.1
Automatic Switch Co. (ASV)	34	1.5
Big Bear Stores Cl. A (BB. A)	32	6.1
Binks Manufacturing Co. (BIN)	26	6.0
Binney & Smith (BYS)	33	5.2
Bowne & Co. Inc. (BNE)	32	2.4
Brown-Forman Dist. A (BFDA)	28	1.7
Brown-Forman Dist. B (BFDB)	28	1.8
Bundy Corp. (BNY)	28	6.3
Corroon & Black Corp. (CBL)	25	4.6
Daniel Industries (DAN)	25	1.7
Domtar Ltd. (DTC)	27	2.9
Duro-Test Corporation (DUR)	31	2.0
Eason Oil Co. (EAS)	33	1.9
Eastern Co. (EML)	33	8.2
Elec. Hose & Rubber Co. (EH)	34	5.7
Epko Shoes, Inc. (EKO)	27	7.3
Financial Gen. Bankshrs. (FGL)	25	2.3
Glen-Gery Corp. (GGB)	27	3.4
Glenmore Distilleries (GDSB)	32	—
Glosser Brothers Inc. (GEE)	27	2.6
Goldblatt Brothers Inc. (GDB)	25	6.3
Gorin Stores Inc. (GRN)	32	—
Hanover Shoe Inc. (The) (HAN)	27	5.6
Hastings Mfg. (HMF)	32	6.8
Kollmorgen Corp. (KOL)	30	2.7
Kuhn's-Big K Stores Inc. (KBK)	27	1.3
Leath and Company (LH)	32	4.8
Maine Public Service (MAP)	29	7.9
Mount Vernon Mills (MVW)	27	6.3
MWA Company (MBR)	29	7.8
O'Okiep Copper Co. (OKP)	27	8.6
Pacific Holding Corp. (PHC)	29	4.5
Pato Cons. Gold Dredg. (PO)	34	1.2
Risdon Manufacturing Co. (ROS)	27	4.1
Sabine Royalty Corp. (SAB)	26	1.3
San Carlos Milling (SAN)	32	15.2
Sears Industries Inc. (SIU)	30	5.5
Simplex industries Inc. (SPX)	27	—
Thorofare Markets (TMI)	30	—
Torin Corp. (TOR)	32	2.8
Turner Construction (TUR)	32	5.8
Union Gas Ltd. (UNG)	25	5.7
Utah-Idaho Sugar Co. (UIS)	32	2.0
Vulcan Inc. (VX)	27	6.0
West Chemical Products (WCP)	33	5.8
Whiting Corp. (WTG)	33	7.3
Wood Industries Inc. (WNW)	25	—

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mitted West Germany to a supremely important act of renunciation of German territory of the 1930s and acceptance of the borders and divisions as they are today. In addition, there has sprung up a whole web of trade treaties and agreements between Western Europe and Eastern Europe, as well as official visits and missions.

Why, then, the need for a European Conference on Security and Cooperation? A good many skeptical Western diplomats would just as soon not be bothering with the operation. They feel that it is not going to add much to either détente or stability in Europe, and that it would be preferable to leave things open for the future instead of trying to codify or define East-West relations too strictly.

Skeptics are not charmed by some euphoric vision of pan-European peace and harmony emerging when the new document is signed and delivered. Rather they fear something more akin to a gigantic hoax which will have the effect of lulling Western Europe into military weakness and political impotence, while Eastern Europe gains assertiveness and military strength in the iron grip of the Soviet Union. The very fact that the Russians have been so indefatigable in pushing for so long for a security conference (Molotov first proposed it back in 1954) heightens the feeling among Western diplomats that "there must be more in this for them than there is for us."

Even so, there is no really satisfactory answer or theory as to precisely *why* the Russians are so eager to have a security conference. It is unlikely to advance the Soviet Union's prospects for trade, commerce, and credits in the West any faster or farther than the bilateral agreements which have already been signed. Certainly the Russians are not in Helsinki out of altruistic disinterest in the future well-being of Europe. Nor are they trying to do their own client states and the smaller nations and neutrals of Europe a favor by upstaging them on the European scene.

Russia's problems with China most probably have a bearing; Russia apparently needs to secure its western front against possible trouble in the East. But how strong or direct a factor this may be is difficult to guess. Russia knows that it is not going to be attacked by NATO forces; indeed, it has seen NATO sit on its hands tensely on five different occasions in the past twenty years when Soviet forces intervened in troubles in the Communist bloc. A security conference is not going to add anything to Soviet security.

There remains legitimacy—in a simple but plausible explanation from a British diplomat with long experience in Soviet affairs:

> When the Russians are not involved in ideological or Communist political objectives in their foreign policy, they remain basically very conservative, traditional, cautious, and legalistic in their behavior and their aims. They have little or no respect for law within their own system, but they can become extremely legalistic in international affairs when the law can be put to their use. Getting something on paper is always a very important operation for the Russians. We can see clearly that they have now formed a basic foreign-policy objective of getting every country in Europe plus the United States and Canada to sign an international agreement which legitimizes their grip on Eastern Europe. In the same way, for us it was very important to get their signature on a legal document covering our presence in Berlin. In fact the documents may not change the existing situation very much, but it is that cachet of legality and legitimization which has now become very important to the Russians, and that's what they want out of this conference.

This was borne out by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's opening address at Helsinki, in which he said:

> To define through common effort the foundations of future European security and cooperation and the relations between states in Europe, to put them on record in jointly adopted documents—all this means the establishment of lasting guidelines of peaceful development in Europe. The Soviet Union has always considered and considers that this edifice can be erected only on the basis of the general recognition of, and respect for, the existing territorial and political realities. In the final analysis, the main reason for the international complications and crises that erupted in Europe after the war, no matter in what form, was that these incontestable political realities were questioned.

Agreeing on meanings

The "eruptions" in Europe since the war in which, as Gromyko puts it, "incontestable political realities were questioned" have in fact been internal popular challenges to the Communist regimes in Poland, East Berlin and East Germany, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. Gromyko is asking for a pan-European political agreement in which the West concedes that challenges to existing legitimacy should not be allowed to happen. Russia would thus be able to apply the Brezhnev Doctrine in the name of European legitimacy and stability. Metternich and Czar Alexander would have understood, but it is pretty difficult for Western foreign ministers to swallow in 1973.

After Gromyko's speech, the Soviet delegation tabled a draft of the kind of political security declaration which it hopes to see emerge from the conference. It piously includes the principles of nonintervention in the internal affairs of other states and nonuse of force or threat of force. But when Western newsmen asked the Soviet press spokesman if this would prevent another Czechoslovakian invasion in the future, the wooden answer came back: "In the case of Czechoslovakia there was no interference in internal affairs, but a request by the Czech government was met by allied governments to give it aid. So in future we do not propose intervention."

The spokesman then quickly adjourned the press briefing. As West German Foreign Minister Walter Scheel remarked to newsmen later during the conference: "Our problem is not agreeing on words, but agreeing on the meaning of words."

The Dutch Foreign Minister, Max van der Stoel, met the Russians head on by declaring in his speech that, in the future, relations in Europe should be flexible enough to allow for changes to occur without necessarily upsetting the international situation:

> It will therefore be important that in the final document on prin-

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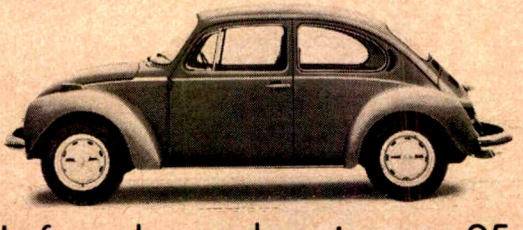

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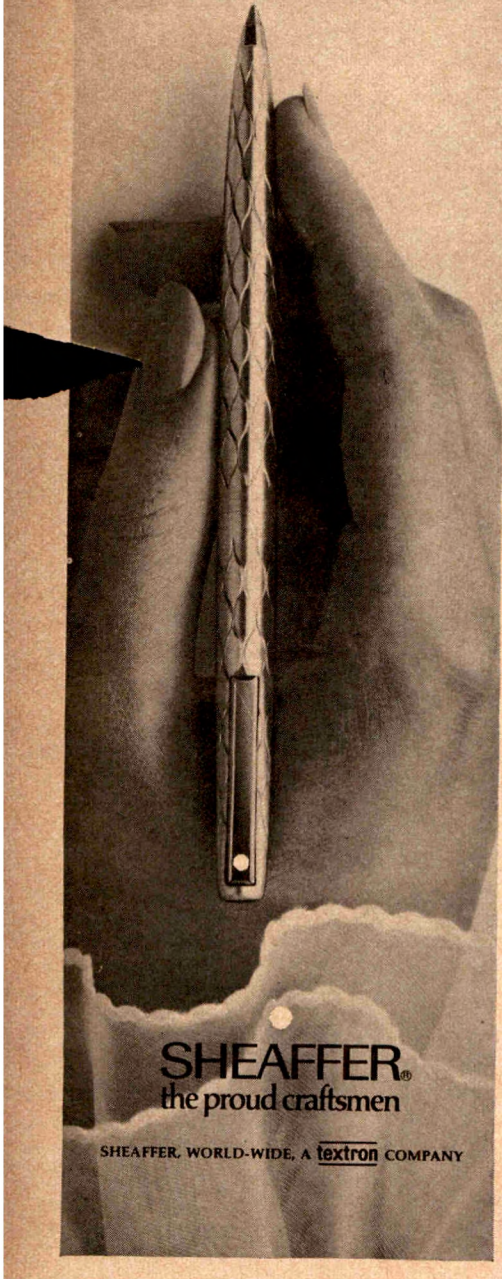

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ciples adequate mention be made of the inalienable right of the people of every state freely to choose, to develop, and if desired to change its political, economic, social, and cultural systems without interference in any form by any other state or group of states and with due respect to human rights and fundamental freedoms.

If something like that ever emerges in the final document, it will indeed be a considerable victory for Western European diplomacy. The main thrust of the Western powers is toward a code of humanitarian behavior for Europe along with codes of political and commercial relations, the theory being that it will be a great deal easier and more acceptable to grant "legitimization" to the Communist regimes of Eastern Europe if they show a little more respect for Western values of individual liberty, civilized conduct, and justice.

Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Britain's Foreign Secretary, put the issue precisely when he said, in what was the best speech of the Helsinki gathering:

> Mr. Gromyko said that we should provide from this conference a code of conduct for Europe. This is an impeccable sentiment. The pertinent question is what is this to mean in terms of life of ordinary people in Europe. We cannot leave such sentiments hanging in the air. We must come down to earth. Politics, national and international, is about people. The people of our countries will not thank or congratulate us for adding more solemn declarations to the world's archives, different from other such documents only in the signatures upon them. They will want to know whether their lives will be affected for better by our efforts. If we do not improve the life of ordinary people we shall be asked, and with justice, what all our fine words and diplomatic phrases have achieved.

The principal diplomatic leverage which the Western powers hold as the negotiations now move forward in Geneva is an apparently overweening desire of the Soviet Union and its anxious allies for success, for agreement. If they want agreement, therefore, they will have to make concessions to convictions held strongly in the West. Both the British and West German foreign ministers went out of their way to counter the idea that the conference is doomed to succeed.

"If progress is not achieved [on cooperation in humanitarian fields]," said Sir Alec, "there will be no alternative but to disperse, acknowledging that the conference was premature." Bonn's Walter Scheel said that "if the gap between our views on the reality is still too wide, then it would be a dictate of honesty to say so unambiguously. It would not be a catastrophe for Europe or the end of the process of détente; it would simply mean that conditions are not yet mature enough to allow us to attain the goal we have set ourselves."

Roadblocks

Helsinki's new Finlandia Concert Hall provided an austere yet thoroughly appropriate and efficient setting for what was a conference of all work and no play for five days. Secretary of State William P. Rogers and the United States delegation played a determinedly low-key role in the proceedings—a little too low-key to suit some of the Western European delegations. Rogers' reasoning is that first of all this is primarily a European affair, and secondly, since the conference operates on the principle of unanimity, there will always be somebody else who can throw a roadblock into the operation to ensure the desired results. He did not, therefore, speak out as forcefully as either Scheel or Douglas-Home on the question of human rights, nor did he add his voice to their warnings that the conference could, in fact, fail. But an experienced Swiss diplomat who is taking a very active part in the negotiations said:

> Look, we understand why the United States doesn't want to be seen throwing its weight around. But there are times when it would help if you would speak up. If you leave it to the rest of us to carry the ball against the Russians on issues like human contacts, and do not make the American position felt in a firm, clear way, then the Russians get the idea that you are indifferent or not clear yourselves and it makes our task all the more

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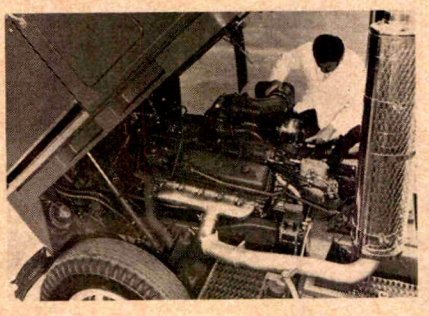
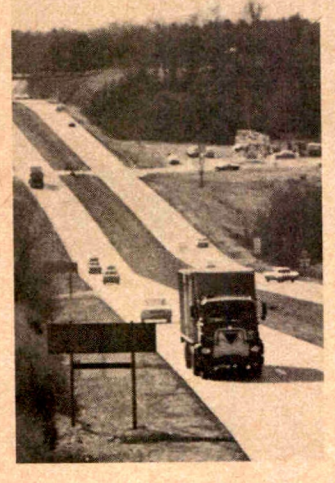


Obviously, with more traffic, there is a greater chance accidents will occur. But, there are ways the odds can be reduced.



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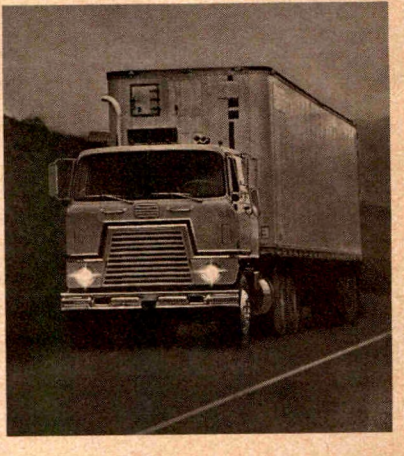

- *Don't drive unless you're physically fit*
- *Concentrate on what you're doing—driving*
- *Drive defensively. Be alert for the other driver's mistakes*

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difficult. Moreover, others begin to think the same, and wonder if you haven't got some secret understandings with Moscow which we don't know about.

Perhaps the U.S. delegation will show a little more toughness in Geneva, where three committees are now at work sifting and consolidating a mass of draft proposals from the thirty-five participants into what will be a final act of the conference. The work will probably take from six to nine months, and if the negotiations succeed, then a grand finale will follow in Helsinki around the middle of next year.

One committee is at work on political and security questions, and will produce the legitimizing declaration in which all European states will announce their respect for existing sovereignty and frontiers, renounce the use of force, and pledge nonintervention in internal affairs and peaceful settlement of European disputes. A second committee is negotiating on economic, commercial, and scientific cooperation.

Finally, the vital Committee III is charged with drafting an agreement on European cooperation in humanitarian and cultural fields; the really hard negotiating will take place here. The Communist powers want to limit this cooperation to their usual controlled group exchanges and government-policed friendship. But the Western powers are asking that the agreement include such basic guarantees as free distribution of newspapers and magazines; an end to radio jamming; permission for journalists to move and report freely and without censorship and for individuals to travel; more youth meetings, sports events, and television programs; and the freedom for people of different nationality to marry and the right of families to be united.

There are many who will feel that the granting of such simple human rights is not nearly enough for the West to obtain in return for recognition of the legitimacy of Communist control over Eastern Europe. Nor can it really be pretended that getting these things on paper and agreed to by the Communists will do very much to change the face or methods of Communism. But at least an agreement which included pledges of this kind would introduce a new element into Communist behavior and give some generally accepted rules and standards to which the rest of Europe could hold the Communist regimes accountable. Five years ago the Communist regime in Czechoslovakia allowed its citizens considerable freedom to travel to the West, and Western publications were on sale freely in Prague. Today, although Prague is again one of those silent cities, in Communist Yugoslavia there is comparatively free movement of people, periodicals, and journalists without apparent effect upon either the stability or the Marxist fervor of the regime. The Western powers do not feel that they are asking for something incompatible with Communist political and social systems.

The arguments in Geneva are going to be long, tiresome, and arduous, and there will certainly come a "crisis point" in which the warnings by Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Walter Scheel will be put to the test. Healthy skepticism is going to be essential to success. Talleyrand's first rule of diplomacy was: "Above all, no zeal."

—Don Cook

ITALY

"The country will revolt because of all the things you are incapable of doing, the problems you cannot solve," a Communist deputy warned Italy's democratic parties not long ago. "There is no other alternative to your impotence than rebellion, a rebellion which will take place whether we Communists want it or not, a chaotic, disorderly, violent revolution for which you alone will be responsible."

It has been said before and will doubtless be said again, but suppose it comes true? What if Italy—heavily industrialized and technologically advanced, founding member of the Common Market and guardian of NATO's southern flank, least demanding of our friends in Europe and practically our last remaining one in the Mediterranean—should finally skid out of control? Come to terms with a Communist Party polling close to ten million votes, the biggest in the Western world? Or, for fear of just that, fall into the hands of a rightist military junta—

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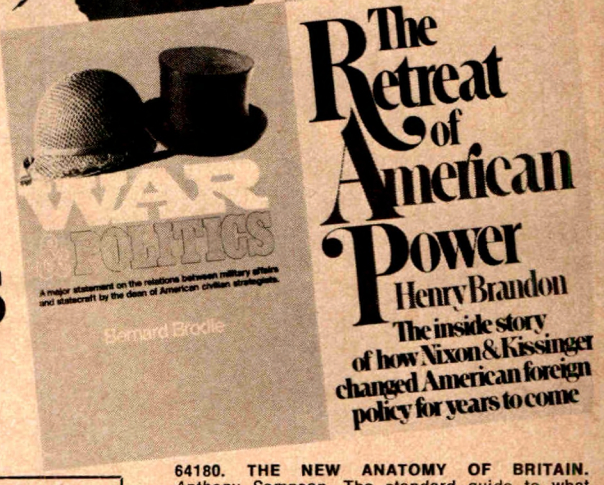

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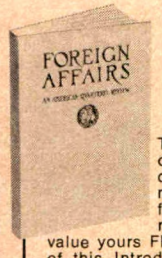

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the "Colonels' Solution," as Italians call it? Considering the state of Italy's democratic forces, the wonder is that one or the other hasn't happened already.

It is over a year now since what was supposed to have been a historic center-left coalition of Christian Democrats, Social Democrats, Republicans, and Socialists died unmourned. Having set out to change the face of Italy with a program running to forty-seven typewritten pages, it managed to get no more than four or five major bills through Parliament in eight years. By the time it fell apart, with the dominant Christian Democratic Party divided into nine factions, the Socialists into six, and the Social Democrats into three, the deadlock was so complete that Parliament was dissolved a year ahead of time, a confession of humiliating impotence unmatched since 1922, the dawn of Mussolini's Fascist rule.

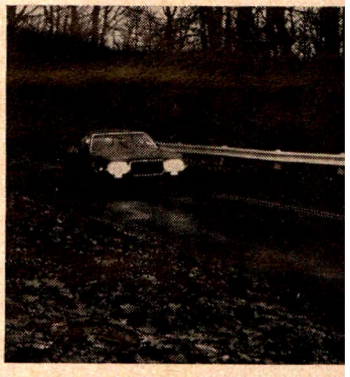
The emergency elections in May, 1972, changed little, save the next government's label from center-left to center-right, as the conservative Liberals replaced the departing Socialists. No less faction-ridden and paralytic than its predecessors, the new "government of centrality" was unable to keep a single one of its important legislative promises. Long before its standard year was up, this incoming government was already written off as outgoing, and negotiations were under way to revive the inanimate center-left again.

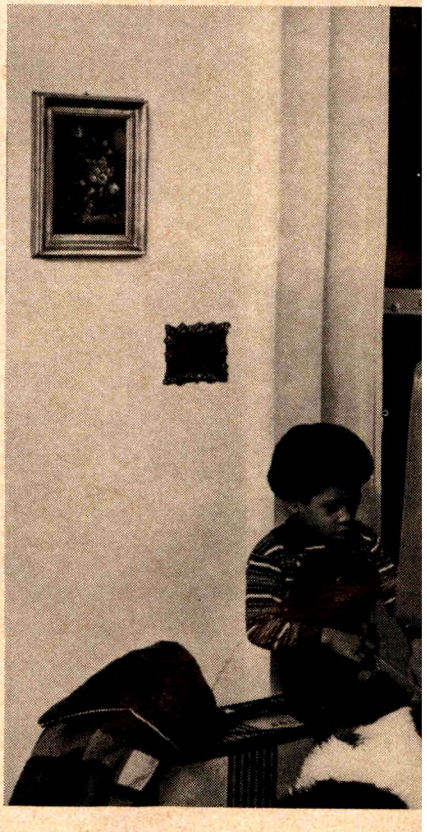
Breakdown

By the time Premier Mariano Rumor's new Cabinet was sworn in last July, an economy famous the world over for its miraculous postwar growth had virtually slowed to a halt. Despite flickering signs of recovery in the past few months, Italy is still languishing at the outermost fringes of the Common Market, in the fourth straight year of its worst recession since the war. Its growth rate, plunging from an average of about 6 percent annually during the previous two decades to close to one percent in 1971, had crept back to barely 3 percent by the end of 1972. Profits also dropped to almost zero and have stayed there. Investments are nearly at a standstill. Capital fleeing abroad amounted to $5 billion in 1972. Industry is working at three-quarters of capacity. Unemployment rose 14 percent last year to about a million, more than 5 percent of the labor force. The rate of inflation is among the highest of any industrial state on earth, with living costs up 12 percent in the last two years and on the way to rising another 18 percent this year. The national deficit has almost tripled in three years, from $5 billion to going on $15 billion. The Italian lira, solid since 1948, has floated into a de facto devaluation of around 18 percent. And exasperated workers have taken to walking off the job at the drop of a hat. During the past decade, Italy's losses of man-hours through strikes have run fifty-five times higher than West Germany's, and the nation has had scarcely a strikeless day in the past four years.

Whether as a cause or effect (or both) of Italy's present troubles, these strikes have become a paramount fact of life here. In one way or another, most of the pathological symptoms of this country's nervous breakdown have shown up since the "Hot Autumn" of 1969. For three months, while negotiations were under way then to renew labor contracts for the next three years, hardly anybody—or anything—worked. All services broke down—from public transport to mail deliveries, telephone and telegraph, garbage collection and street-cleaning, traffic police, customs, prisons, and courts. Bars, cafés, and restaurants shut down, along with hotels, filling stations, banks, nurseries and schools, newspapers and printing plants, soccer fields, drugstores, car, steel, rubber, chemical, and textile factories, oil refineries, shipyards, even cemeteries. Student *contestatori* took over and closed down their universities. Thousands of the seven million peasants who have migrated from Italian farms to cities and from south to north since the war burned down their squatters' shacks. Seventeen large cities called their own general strikes, including Turin, Milan, and Rome, with riotous mobs barricading the streets, wrecking cars, sacking public buildings.

The three national labor federa-





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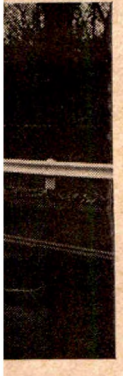

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tions—the Communist-Socialist Confederazione Generale Italiana del Lavoro (CGIL), the Social Democratic Unione Italiana del Lavoro (UIL), and the Catholic Confederazione Italiana Sindacati Lavoratori (CISL)—working closely together for the first time since the war, were not so much leading the movement as hanging on for dear life. This was a grass-roots uprising, crashing out of all ideological and political bounds, pressing not just for more money but for more houses, schools, medical care, washing machines, holidays abroad, serenity in old age, social justice, mental peace, material comfort—a whole way of life that one of the ten most industrialized nations in the world should be able to afford and its torpid Establishment has failed to produce.

As the Establishment has done nothing in the face of this near-insurrection, conditions have predictably worsened. Steeply and perennially rising labor costs after the Hot Autumn—up 45 percent from 1969 to 1972 and another 10 to 14 percent after latest contract renewals—have hurt the economy badly. Wildcat strikes and factory violence have flourished, frowned on by official labor and party leaders but warmly applauded by leftist extremists in "extra-parliamentary" groups such as Lotta Continua ("Constant Struggle") and Potere Operaio ("Workers' Power"), which are frankly dedicated to destroying the whole fabric of Italian society.

Mingling in a strange terrorist underworld with this same extra-parliamentary Left—which prides itself on being the first in Italy to have published detailed instructions on how to make a Molotov cocktail—is an extra-parliamentary Right so vicious that even the neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement dare not sponsor it officially. Together, these terrorist groups have done their best since 1969 to keep the country on the brink of panic. Considering that a bomb a day goes off somewhere or other on the peninsula, and a million Molotov cocktails were turned up in various caches during a nationwide police roundup on the eve of the election in May, 1972, they would appear to be succeeding.

How could a nation with so much vitality and promise have come to such a pass? What have the democratic parties done, or not done, to alienate the affections of so many students, workers, and intellectuals? How, with a safe majority in Parliament since the postwar Republic was founded and an electoral mandate renewed year after year, could they have failed to satisfy the voters' most elementary needs?

Bureaucratic bog

Take the civil service. For an Italian contemplating anything from paying his taxes to getting a peddler's license or collecting an old-age pension, the nation's million-man bureaucracy is a nightmare. Most *statali* and *parastatali,* as these employees are called, are recruited by letters of recommendation from politicians, and many others get in under a quota system for citizens afflicted by natural or man-made disasters. "Essentially," suggests a high government functionary, "this makes the Italian state a sort of charity organization, while those in its employ largely work as volunteers." Once past their six-month trial period, they don't have to work unless they want to. Nobody on the state payroll can be fired unless he is jailed for committing a crime. Officially, gross inefficiency is a cause for dismissal also. But such is the state's fear of tangling with its own bureaucracy should an aggrieved employee appeal his dismissal that, for a century, hardly anyone has been fired on these grounds.

The resulting bottlenecks are incredible. Not only does it take at least three years for a projected new school or workers' housing development to get ministerial approval, but many projects never get through the ministries at all. Time and again they simply vanish into a baffling category of state bookkeeping known as the *residui passivi:* money allocated for public investment but never spent because all trace is hopelessly lost in some ministerial bog. To date, well over $15 billion in public funds have backed up, unused, in that way. Although Italian Cabinets always include a minister whose sole task is to study bureaucratic reform, not one has

Conversation Pieces

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Tornadoes, Rockets and Sonja Heine

So far, 1973 has been a banner year for tornadoes. By mid-year, more than 750 of these violent storms had swept down on the United States, killing 59 people and causing millions of dollars in property damage. Scientists expect the existing tornado record of 928 (set in 1967) to be easily shattered before the year is over.

Recently, tornado research has received help from an unexpected source — namely, studies made by TRW scientists of flow patterns in the propellant tanks in ICBM missiles. When you pump fuel out of a liquid rocket tank, much the same thing happens as when you pull the stopper out of your bathtub — a radial flow pattern develops (the particles move in spiral paths toward the center) and a vortex appears. To find out how swirling fluids behaved in propellant tanks, TRW scientists made some fundamental studies of the formation and behavior of vortexes. Further research has extended their analyses to the behavior of the large vortical patterns in the atmosphere we know as tornadoes, waterspouts, dust devils, and fire whirls.

A tornado begins with a thermal instability in the atmosphere, e.g., large mass of warm moist air under a layer of cold dry air. Under such conditions, violent updrafts may begin, around which the surrounding air begins to flow radially inward, in a swirling, spiral pattern. As particles get closer to the center of the flow pattern, their velocity increases. Some readers will recall the startling rotational speeds Sonja Heine achieved as she drew her extended arms closer to her body. Particles of air experience this same increase in rotational velocity as they get closer to the center of the system.

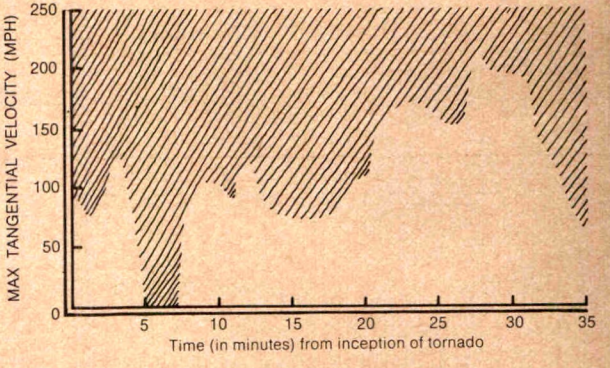
Ordinarily, turbulent diffusion opposes the swirling, and relaxes the disturbance — i.e., friction prevents Sonja from bringing her arms inward. However, in rare circumstances the radial inflow overwhelms turbulent diffusion, and a tornado develops. Actually, in a killer tornado much of the radial inflow is eventually confined to a layer near the ground, because at greater heights the increase of swirling ultimately creates a large centrifugal force that counteracts further radial inflow.

While dust and debris are being swept upward, the funnel of the tornado appears to descend. The latter occurs because the faster the air swirls, the more its temperature drops and the less moisture the air can contain. The resulting condensation of water vapor is seen as the funnel of the tornado, snaking down from the ominous cloud deck. Using these facts, TRW scientists have developed a formula which enables them to calculate the maximum velocity of winds in a tornado.*

TRW scientists have estimated the maximum wind speed in the funnel of a major tornado at around 225 m.p.h. Much of a tornado's destructiveness, however, stems not from the speed of the swirling wind, but from the radically low pressures inside the funnel. As a tornado engulfs a building, air trapped inside the building causes it to explode.

While much remains to be learned about large vortical storms, TRW's work with swirling liquid rocket propellants has lead to an important meteorological understanding of the behavior of destructive rotational storms.

**Maximum velocity, $V = (kgh)^{1/2}$, where h is the altitude of the cloud deck, k the fraction of the distance between cloud and ground the funnel cloud tip has descended, and g the acceleration of gravity.*



Using Weather Bureau data from the tornado of April 2, 1957, TRW scientists calculated the above time-history of estimated maximum wind speeds.

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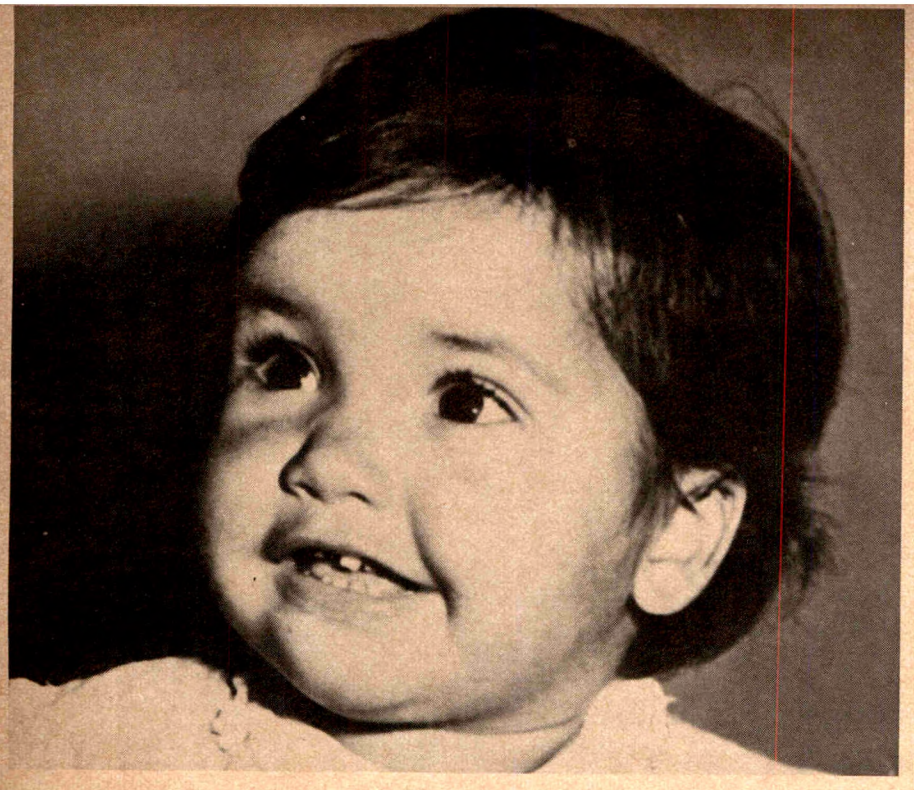

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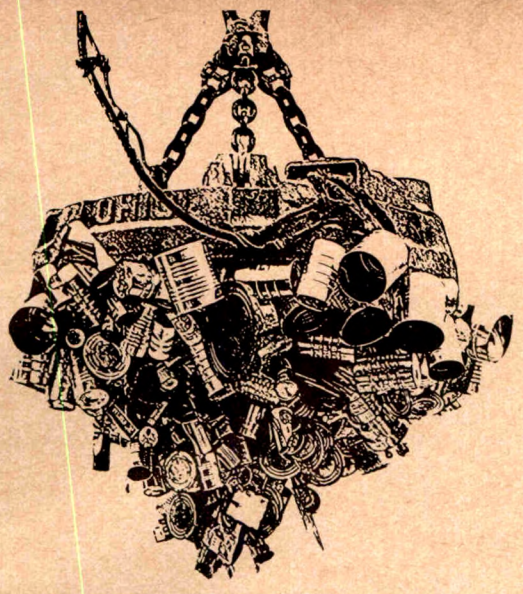
ITALY

made so much as a dent. Yet until they do, they are not likely to get very far in any other direction.

Italy's school system is a case in point. Although education is compulsory here until the age of fourteen, going to school does not necessarily mean getting educated. First of all, schools have no room for nearly one student in eight. Secondly, teachers often lack even a smattering of professional training. Italy has no teachers' training colleges, and a new after-school program to "teach teachers how to teach" has proved such a time-waster that its drastic overhaul was a primary demand in the teachers' strikes which continued on and off throughout last winter. Another major demand was for an overhaul of the standard curriculum, retouched here and there but essentially unchanged for the better part of a century.

It is hardly surprising, then, that one out of seven Italian children—and four out of five peasant children—flunks out before the fifth grade, and only one in four makes it as far as a high school diploma. Those who do, and go on to a university, are worse off still. Though university enrollments have more than tripled since 1969, practically no new classrooms have been built. The University of Rome, with eighty-seven thousand on its rolls, has only one seat for every eleven students. Few students bother to show up. Nine out of ten simply study at home, often hundreds of miles away, nailed to a curriculum dating back to World War I. What with such conditions and the resulting student *contestazione* (riots), the country's educational currency is so debased that job offers in the classified ad columns specifically ask for graduates with diplomas predating 1968.

Of course, the bureaucracy is partly to blame for this. Of the $600 million appropriated to build classrooms in 1967, barely a third had gotten through the necessary ministries to be spent by 1970. But even improvements costing little seem to get nowhere. From 1963 to 1972, two major education reform bills died in parliamentary committee.



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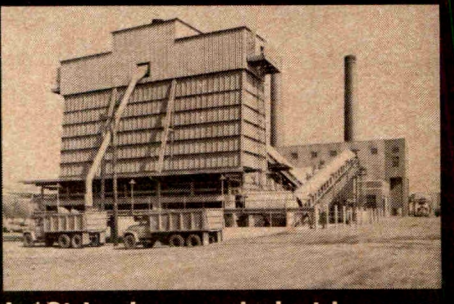

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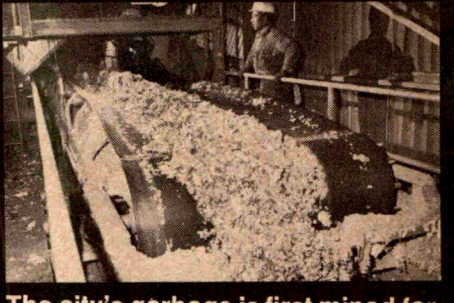

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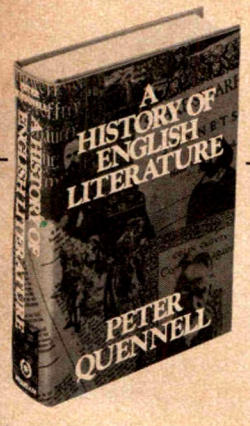

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Though yet another was promised by the incoming Education Minister Oscar Scalfaro after the May, 1972, elections, he did not get around to presenting more than limited patchwork proposals for the universities by the following spring.

Nudging Rome

Wherever Italians turn, it is the same sad story. With the highest social welfare costs in Europe, for instance, Italy is losing a billion dollars a year through bureaucratic inefficiency in the hospital and public health sector alone. Yet a series of health care reform bills, pending since 1963, has yet to reach the floor of Parliament. One emergency measure, rushed through just before the last legislature expired, did provide substantial wage hikes for hospital personnel. As a result, a hospital bed can cost upwards of fifty dollars a day even in the poorest southern regions, but patients sometimes have to provide their own clean sheets and send out to the corner trattoria for edible food. Yet another reform bill has been prepared for the incumbent Parliament, but the Minister of Health who drafted it admitted to me without blinking an eye that he had no hopes for its passage before 1975, if then. In low-cost housing, Italy has dropped behind all Western Europe. There is no end to the list of such government failures, or the human dramas they cause.

It is mostly because such things happen that about one in every four Italians votes Communist. They have no better, or no other, weapon (a blunt instrument, the only useful kind) to punish the wicked, frighten the powerful, jolt Rome. In this sense the Communists' many defects hardly matter. However watered its revolutionary wine, stale its slogans, disingenuous its leaders, and questionable their severance from Moscow, the Italian Communist Party is still a magnificent Ministry of Protest. What it might be like in a different capacity is getting to be more and more an intriguing question as Communist strength grows in direct proportion to the democrats' decline.

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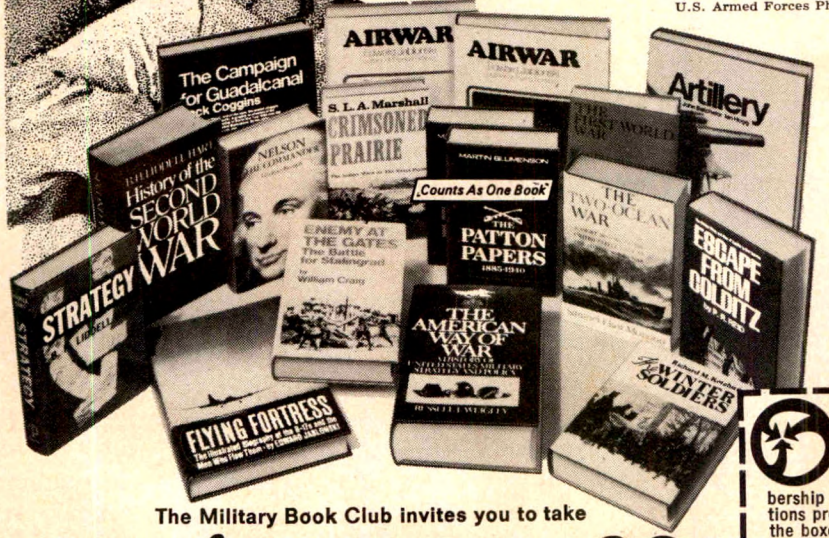

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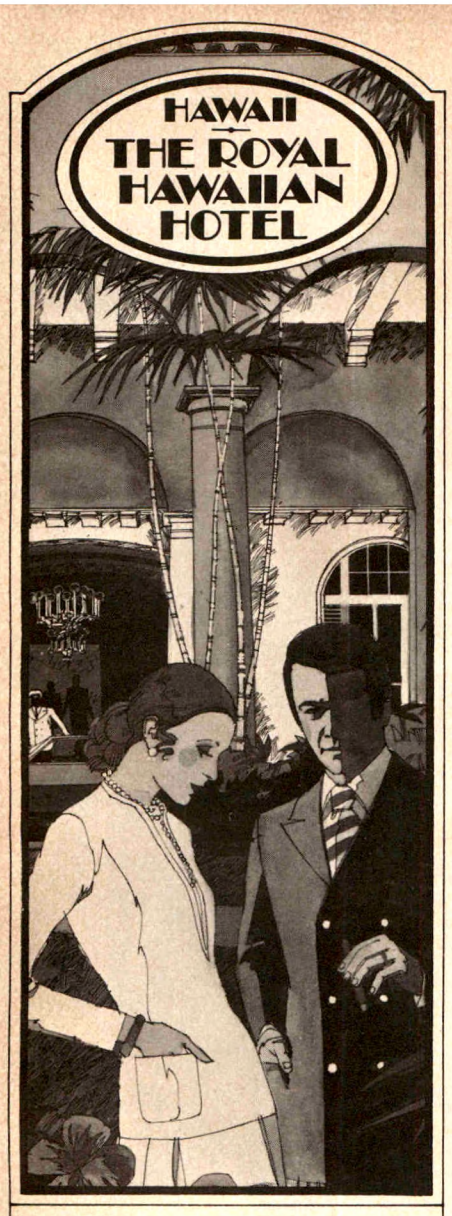

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ITALY

The steady disintegration of Italy's democratic forces defies understanding. Emerging from the ruins of Mussolini's dictatorship and the war, Italian democrats had a lot of headaches. Who didn't? Yet they were more privileged than most in the remarkable qualities of their hardworking, ingenious, and timelessly patient population. With that, as well as generous Marshall Plan aid, solid American backing (when it still counted), and the colossal machinery of the Church mobilized to head off a Communist advance, they won the first free elections, in 1948, in a walk. The Christian Democrats alone came very close to an absolute majority (48.5 percent); with their smaller democratic allies, they controlled two-thirds of Parliament.

Working in reasonable harmony, and even allowing for the frailties of politicians the world over, they might have renovated the nation from top to bottom. But what little harmony prevailed, especially in Christian Democratic ranks, died with Alcide de Gasperi, their one true statesman. Since his death in the fifties, the ruling Catholic party has been wracked by power struggles of unimaginable ferocity. Conceived from the start as an all-purpose governing party representing every kind of voter from pious, illiterate peasants and hotly militant industrial workers to captains of industry and Catholic philosophers, it has always been divided into a dozen-odd perpetually shifting and intractably hostile factions of the Right, Left, and center. On any but supreme issues affecting the Church, such as divorce or abortion, anywhere from a handful to a hundred parliamentary "snipers" from one or another of these factions might vote against their own Prime Minister (providing the balloting is secret, of course). On most other issues, the last party a Christian Democratic Prime Minister might count on for solidarity in Parliament is his own.

Since Italy's fragmented system of multiparty proportional representation imposes the need for political alliances, the ruling Christian Democrats' alternating courtship and betrayal of their smaller democratic allies has become a fixture of Italian political life. Whether because or in spite of this, none of the smaller democratic parties has been altogether free from the sin of factionalism either, the Hamletic Socialists least of all. Bound to the Communists by an iron alliance in the early postwar years, the Socialists have long been torn between a century-old tradition of working-class unity (with the Communists, that is) and increasingly urgent distress signals from the centrists. In 1963, when electoral slippage left the Christian Democrats no choice, they lured the Socialists into the government. The idea of this "opening to the left" was to isolate a Communist Party thriving on governmental immobility, its share of the national vote having by then risen from 18 percent to 25 percent. The enticement for the irresolute Socialists was an elaborate program of reforms as well as the fleshpots of patronage.

Proxy power

The patronage helped—on one memorable occasion, the Socialist Party's General Secretary was named along with a Christian Democratic Cabinet Minister in a billion-dollar state road-building scandal—but the reforms never got off the ground. From start to finish, propositions dearest to Socialist hearts were systematically blackballed by conservative Christian Democratic "snipers" representing a good third of their party's deputies in Parliament. The circle grew increasingly vicious as the Socialists, frustrated and fearful of losing their electoral followers to the Communists, made new demands further irritating conservative Christian Democrats. After a decade of alternating schisms and reconciliations, perpetual demands for "clarification," and repeated Cabinet reshuffles, the Socialists wound up in the improbably acrobatic position of belonging to the government while demanding a "more advanced equilibrium" with the government's main enemy: the Communist Party. When the coalition collapsed, the Communists' share of the national vote had risen from 25 percent to 27 percent.

The absence of authentic government has made for curious deformations in the body politic whereby, in

effect, it is the trade unions, the Catholic Church, and the Communists who are running the country by proxy.

The three trade union federations, coordinating their strategy since 1969—and committed now to merge eventually into a single giant confederation—have not so much sought as drifted into a position of extraordinary strength. Since almost 20 percent of Italian industry and public services is controlled by the state, their chief interlocutor has often been the government, or more exactly a succession of nongovernments each feebler than the last. Whatever their private judgments about how much the economy might bear, it has been next to impossible of late for labor leaders here to exercise restraint. Such demands as they might refuse to make would in the end be made anyhow by wildcatters. Official or not, and however excessive, practically any demand made on a nerveless government has had excellent prospects of success. The latest example was last spring's month-long postal strike. The longest on record and, in this fourth year of recession, surely the most damaging, it was stretched out by wildcatters despite the open disapproval of all trade union leaders from Catholic to Communist. Predictably, it ended with a government cave-in that might come close to doubling labor costs in this sector.

There is no question that trade union officials are acutely aware of the strains put on the economy by such victories. The Communists themselves have been warning their members lately that it might be for their own good to work more and strike less. But unless and until Italian workers can get something tangibly better than just more swiftly devaluing money—more houses, say, or schools, hospitals, pensions, price controls—the argument is unlikely to win them over.

The Vatican's influence is exercised through the local clergy, whose powers, in a nation that is 99 percent Catholic, are immense. On national politics, however, the Vatican's posture has changed almost beyond recognition since the first postwar years, when Pope Pius XII formally excommunicated all members of the Italian Communist Party.

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lion Catholics living under Communist rule, renewed by a fresh ecumenical spirit, and caught up in the complexities of a vast *aggiornamento* since the reign of Pope John XXIII, the Vatican has taken a growing if still oblique interest in reaching some sort of modus vivendi with the Communists at home and abroad. It was surely no historical accident that Pope Paul VI collaborated secretly with Italian Communist leaders from 1969 onward to communicate with Hanoi and thus help bring about peace in Vietnam.

Going respectable

The Vatican is not alone. For several years now, a Communist movement once hopelessly beyond the political pale here has become the center of absorbing debate. How long can a party claiming to speak for the working class, and in any case polling close to ten million votes, be kept out of the government? Is it ethical, feasible, even desirable, to go on doing so forever? Until fairly recently, nobody of influence in Rome actually contemplated a change, least of all the Communists. "We do very well in the opposition: we grow bigger and fatter," observes a top man in their Central Committee, Giorgio Amendola. "What, besides headaches, could a place in the government give us that we don't have already?" asks another.

There is hardly much joy for these Communists in the idea of leaving their safe haven for a seat in the government where, as one party among many, they would have weightier responsibilities but scarcely more power than they have now. Nor do they imagine that they could make their way in as anything but one party among many. No Italian Communist of substance has thought seriously of seizing power by force since Stalin, Churchill, and FDR agreed on the division of Europe at Yalta during World War II. No sensible Communist here would dream of peaceful conquest by the ballot, either. Whatever their ability to pick up more votes at every election, the Communists are the first to concede that they could never win an absolute majority in this country.

Yet, for all the reasons given here, the question is no longer so remote. In the last couple of years, a number of Catholic as well as Socialist leaders have been making advances to the Communists. Their courtship, though assiduous, is somewhat less than hearty. Few are actually prepared to propose honorable marriage: a government ministry or two, the presidency of a big bank or state enterprise, a voice in inner councils. What they would like is more along the lines of a *mariage de convenance,* in which a hundred and seventy-five discreetly kept Communist deputies would help them pass laws which—what with their snipers, factions, and endless intramural quarrels—they have been incapable of passing themselves.

Obviously, the democrats would have to make a more tempting offer. As time goes by with no change in the dismal outlook, they seem bound to. The greater their need, the less inclined they are to dwell on the Communist Party's distasteful features. The Italian Communists have renounced armed conquest, rejected Soviet Russia as a guide-state, challenged its right to interfere in their affairs. They sharply condemned the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia, begrudged Russia their backing in its ideological conflict with China, refused to endorse many decisions made at the Moscow summit conference of world Communists in 1969. They have even hinted that they would settle for appreciably less than a neutralist foreign policy.

At the Party's thirteenth congress last year, its incoming General Secretary, Enrico Berlinguer, stated baldly that the issue of NATO could no longer be approached with the Party's simple slogan: "NATO out of Italy; Italy out of NATO." The question now was not "simply one of pronouncing for or against this military pact" but of working gradually toward liquidating all military pacts, he said. Furthermore, the other terms on which he offered the country social peace would scarcely cause a ripple in America's Republican National Committee. They include practically all the reforms promised but unrealized by every government since 1963, from schools, health, and housing to the

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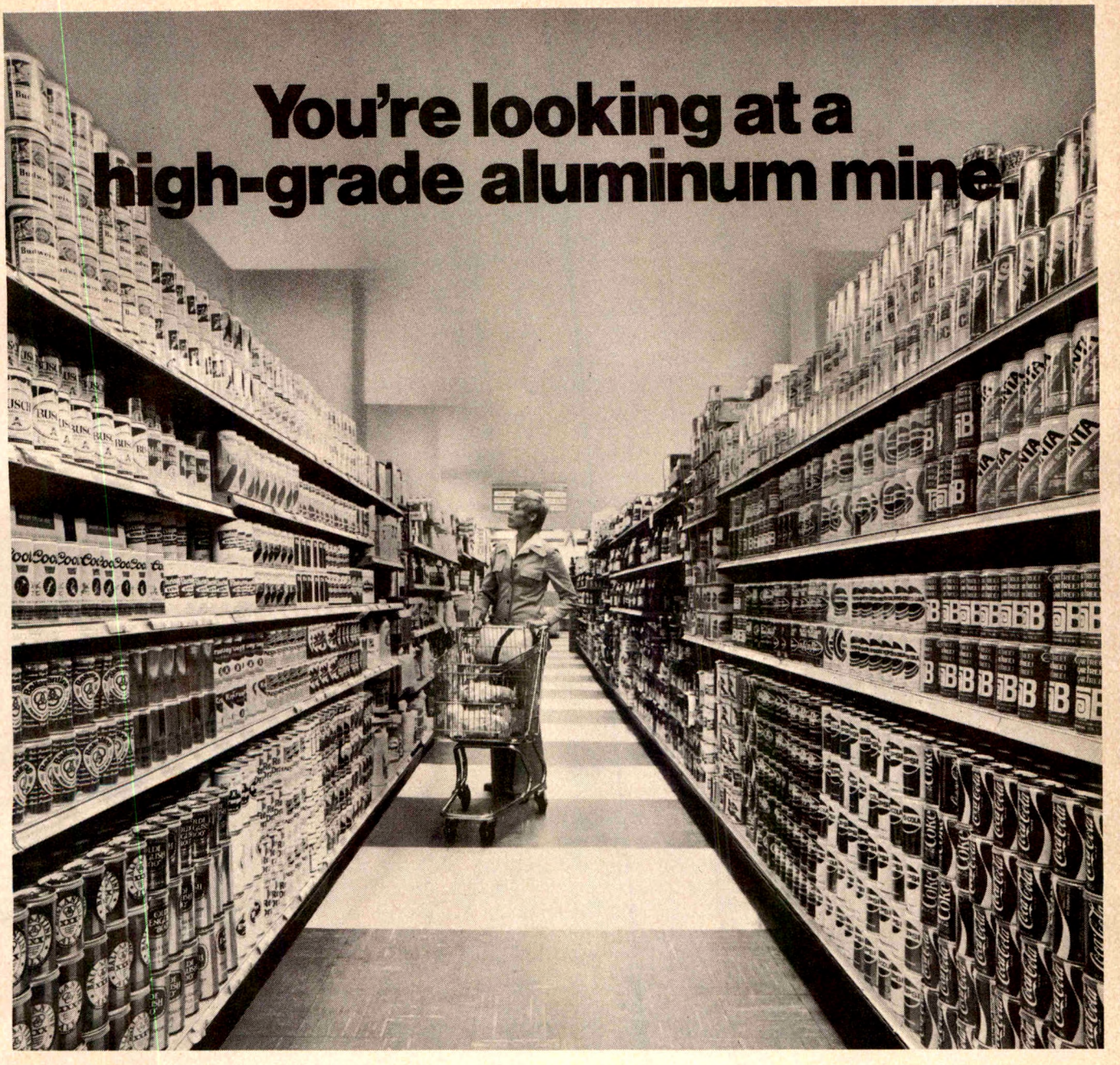

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ITALY

national bureaucracy, prisons, and the penal code. No more nationalization would be necessary, he went on, since more than half the economy was under state control already; and the institution of the family would be not only preserved but strengthened. "We are not for a society where everything is permitted," said this chaste Party official.

Plainly, he was speaking for many of his followers. By now, more than a quarter of the Communist Party's million and a half members are shopkeepers and tradesmen, housewives, notaries and lawyers, doctors, journalists. Questioned in a public opinion poll recently, only 5.1 percent of the Party's militants said they wanted a revolution, while 32 percent favored gradual reforms. In an earlier poll, only 27 percent had considered the Soviet Union to be the best example of true Socialism. For 15.8 percent, the exemplary Socialist model was Sweden.

All this has given the Italian Communists a respectable image, magnified by competent propaganda and effective use of the three Communist-controlled regions as a national showcase. No other city of comparable size in Italy is remotely as well-run as Bologna, under a Communist mayor for over twenty-five years. Its schools, hospitals, and health services are the last word in modernity, its parks and green belts impeccable, its historic center is being restored with meticulous care and forethought unique in the country. Even (or especially) its solution of the urban traffic problem, including an efficient free public transport system, is the envy of all Italy.

Nobody knows how genuine the Communists' apparent conversion to democratic ways really is. It is hard to believe that present-day Italian Communists would revert to primitive Russian methods when and if they got the chance. But that is far from saying that their presumably subtler methods reflect a strong faith in parliamentary democracy. For all the Party's dislike of the Czechoslovak invasion and the Brezhnev Doctrine of limited sovereignty that came with it, Berlinguer

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has said flatly that the Party would never dream of breaking with the Russians over this or anything else. He has yet to explain how that might affect the Communists' posture here if the Brezhnev Doctrine should be applied to Italy someday. "What guarantees can I give you?" was his reply to the question not long ago. "Strictly speaking, none."

Accordingly, a grain of caution still keeps most Italian democrats from being ready for a deal with this seemingly domesticated Communist Party. Even if they could be sure of its democratic credentials, they could not be sure whether, once a bargain were made, the Communists could deliver the goods. In fact, the Communists are none too sure themselves.

There is no telling what the Italian working class would do as soon as the Communists' backs were turned. Already the fact that they speak and think of themselves as a "government party" has compromised them hopelessly in the eyes of many workers influenced by the intransigent extra-parliamentary leftists. Certainly, they could not dream of carrying all ten million of their electoral followers with them if they should actually join a government alliance—the extra-parliamentary Left would automatically pick up much of the anti-Establishment support that now goes to the Communists. The problem is all too familiar to their former Socialist allies, who, upon joining the first center-left government in 1963, lost half their former voters.

Furthermore, joining the government might also provoke a reaction that could well end in calamitous defeat and/or civil war. The Italian Communist Party has no foothold in industry or the banks, no crucial keys to financial power, no influence in the armed forces, no leverage in the police force or in key levels of the bureaucracy.

For all these considerations, the Communists here may not really *want* to take power, however peacefully, at least right now. "The time has not yet come for that," one of their Central Committee members observed recently, "and frankly, it would not be in our interest." But

power could be thrust upon them, for either of two reasons, or both: through simple default on the part of democratic politicians incapable of pulling their own socks up; or through panic at the prospect of a rightist take-over.

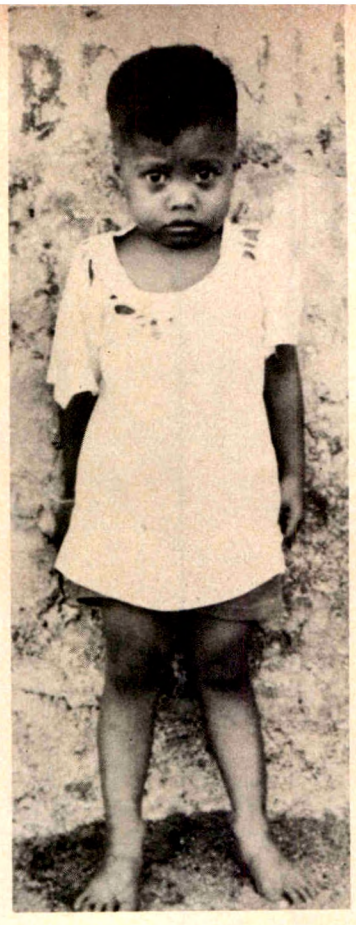
Memories of Mussolini

Two years ago, a middle class, frightened of the Left and exasperated by strikes, seemed to be drifting toward a rightist solution. Until then, the neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement (MSI) had remained beyond the pale for all but a small (5 percent) fringe of Italian voters. For all the efforts of its wily leader, Giorgio Almirante, to present a front of respectability, the brutality of his goon squads and the presence in top MSI councils of the most unregenerate racists and Fascist diehards who had served Mussolini to the bitter end awakened too many harsh memories.

In June, 1971, however, the MSI suddenly surged forward in partial administrative elections, more than doubling its vote. When Parliament was dissolved in an atmosphere of electric tension the following year, there were fears that the neo-Fascists would move into the next Parliament with a hundred deputies, a sixth of the total, enough to condition if not control succeeding governments.

Evidently, the time had not yet come for them either. A solid core of the Italian electorate saw the risk of toying with a party whose leaders could ask nothing better for Italy than a replica of the Greek colonels' military junta. Some voters were repelled simply because they retained too acrid a taste of totalitarian rule to stomach more; others realized that a large vote for the neo-Fascist MSI would almost certainly push a great many decent anti-Fascists into the Communists' arms and, more likely than not, provoke civil war. Whatever their reasoning, the MSI vote increased only from 5.8 percent to 8.6 percent (including 1 or 2 percent inherited from the defunct Monarchist Party); it returned to the Chamber in less than glorious triumph with only fifty deputies.

Now, after years of predicting calamity, many foreign commentators have fallen into complacency, saying



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ITALY

that no amount of maddening governmental incompetence can push Italy off the democratic rails. The amazing stability of the Italian electorate, which rarely shifts allegiances more than a few decimal points under whatever provocation, is the true Italian miracle, they say. Since very little actually happens in Italian politics, whatever the frequency, length, and depth of ministerial crises, they may be right. But it is just possible that this country's governing parties are crowding their luck. For more than two decades, Italy's patient and enterprising people have managed somehow to shift for themselves, finding their own way around formidable obstacles, not least their own government. But the democratic parties' squalid performance has made the Communists and Fascists both look a good deal more glamorous than they are. Ten years ago, even five years ago, a man with as lurid a Fascist record as Giorgio Almirante could never have conned three million Italians into voting for him; nor would it have been conceivable that the Communists might be regarded as even potentially acceptable government partners by so many impeccable Italian democrats, not to mention members of the Vatican hierarchy.

If it is true that all peoples have the governments they deserve—despite so much evidence to the contrary here—the Italians may be rewarded for their miraculous patience with a better one, by and by. If not, though, they might well be heading for disaster. Totalitarian rule may look ugly—indeed, appalling—to many or most Italians, especially because they have already been through it. The point is, though, that they have indeed been through it, that it has happened before in this country when the state broke down utterly, and could happen again.

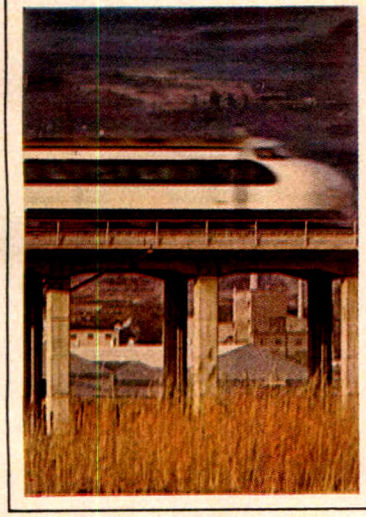
—CLAIRE STERLING

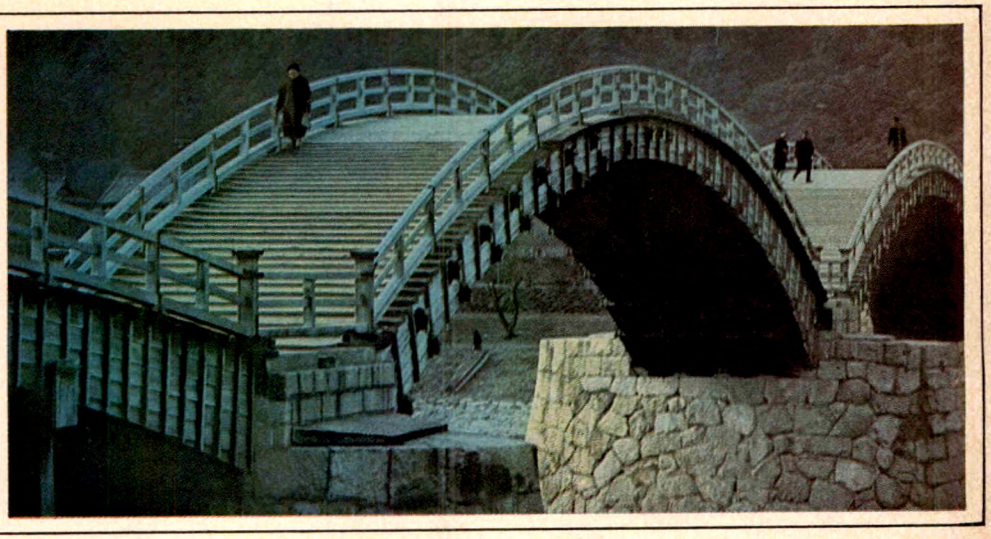
REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Don Cook reports from Europe for the Los Angeles *Times*.

Claire Sterling is a special correspondent for the Washington *Post*, based in Rome.

Ride the world's fastest train back to ninth-century Japan





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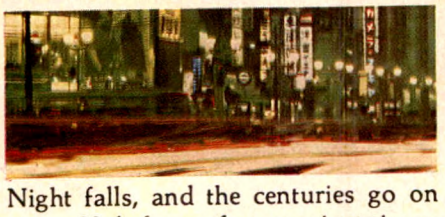

Night falls, and the centuries go on stage. *Noh* drama from ancient times. *Kabuki*, the theater of the 17th century. And contemporary musicals.

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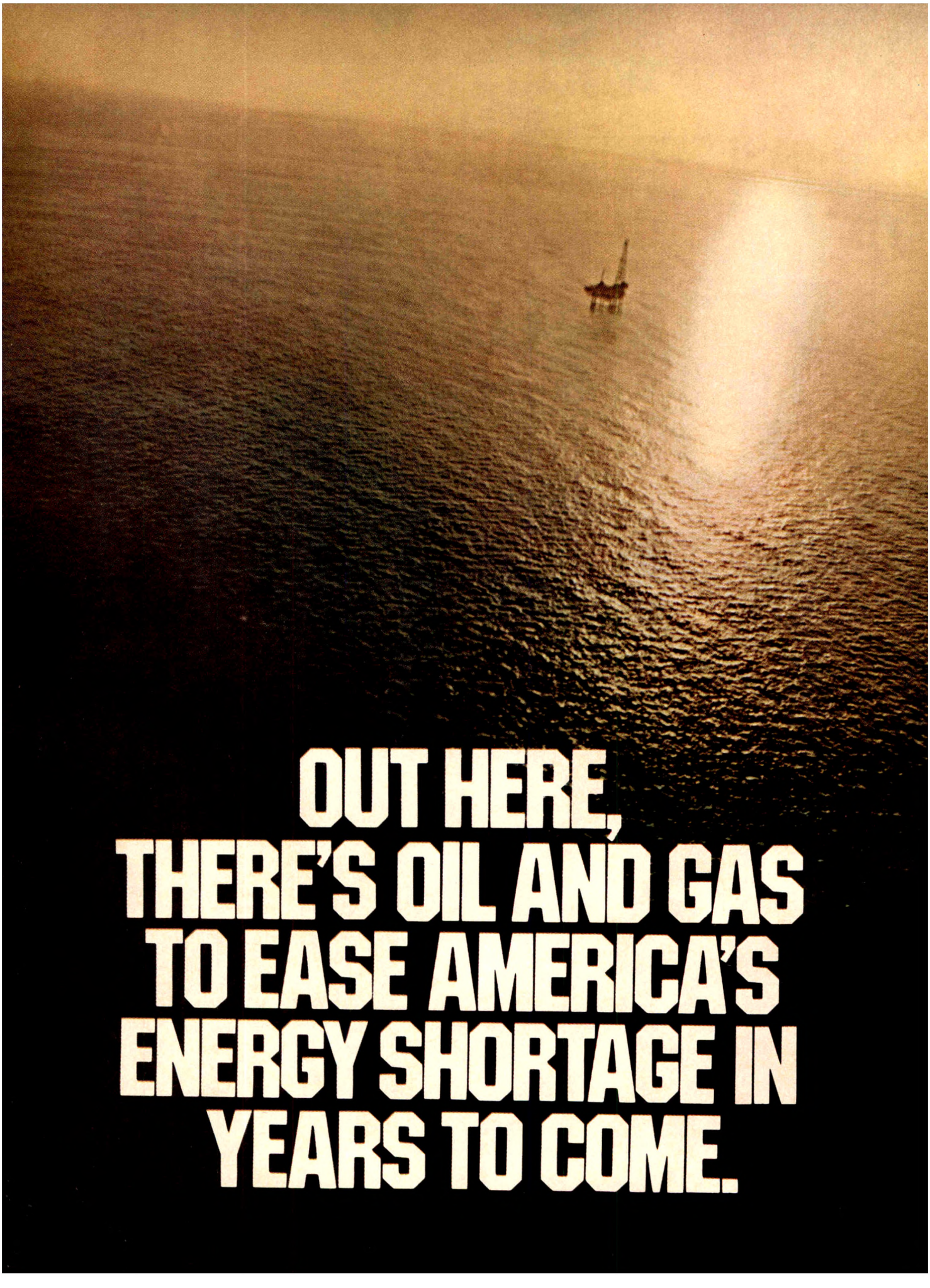
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The Record of 17,000 Wells.

Drilling in American coastal waters began more than a quarter of a century ago. Some 17,000 oil and gas wells have been drilled in the marine environment. Yet only four marine oil well accidents have posed a serious pollution problem, and none of these resulted in permanent damage to the environment. And technology continues to be improved.

Yet in recent years, environmental opposition has delayed the orderly development of marine resources that are more urgently needed every day.

The Real Shortage Is Time.

There is a pressing need to increase domestic supplies of oil and natural gas, and to build new refineries, terminals, and other facilities to get products to consumers.

The United States will not "run out" of energy in the near future. But, because of the long lead time required to develop new energy sources, we cannot safely delay action that could increase those supplies. The need is real, and so is the urgency.

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A COUNTRY THAT RUNS ON OIL CAN'T AFFORD TO RUN SHORT.

THE OIL COMPANIES OF AMERICA

Missing the Forties

by L. E. Sissman

A great deal of inscrutable nonsense has been written lately about that dull and sinister decade, the fifties. We are treated to musicals like *Grease* that celebrate the icky teenage mores of the time, to tuneless rehashes of the ugly, awkward early days of rock, and even to lumpish memoirs of growing up in the placid, turbid Age of Eisenhower.

To anyone who recalls the fifties from anything like a mature viewpoint, though, it was a period of stagnation in our national life—stagnation under which a crop of abominations, to be harvested in the next unhappy decade, malignly grew. Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, the blacklist, and brinkmanship were only the tip of an iceberg of unease—racial, moral, corporate, political—which was to surface in the series of civil commotions which occupied so much of the sixties. The fifties, I think it's fair to say, really represented a regression to the free-booting, laissez-faire social contract of the twenties, when anything went, and went unquestioned—for a while.

The fifties were also a regression, specifically, from the forties, that relatively free and noble decade of which I sing today. In the forties, we had hope, hope strengthened by human efficacy: right was seen to triumph. The sad ebb of a free world which, in the depression and isolation of the thirties, had left Hitler alone too long was overnight replaced by a surge of restitution of our gumption. First, France having fallen with a tragic and farcical crash, England rallied around itself against all expectations, and, by what now seems almost an effort of sheer will, stood off the Germans for a vital eighteen months. In the beginning, the longueurs of the Phony War had seemed more of the drifting, helpless do-nothingism of the thirties; when France fell, we were amply prepared for a quick, meek English debacle to match. But Dunkirk—made possible equally, as we now know, by Hitler's blunder of stopping the Panzers on the Aa and by British pertinacity—came, and brought a miracle that changed our minds. Suddenly Churchill, in what Evelyn Waugh was later to call "sham-Augustan prose," had united Britain behind him—one still remembers Low's emblematic cartoon of the period, "Very Well, Then, Alone"—and a time for cynics had been transformed by some magic of desperation into a time for heroes.

There were plenty of those, and it was with an almost hangdog delight that we followed their exploits day by day. (Though I might say, in extenuation of my enthusiasm, that I was a schoolboy at the time, plenty of adults quite unashamedly celebrated the gallantry of British arms—and, in the Blitz, of the British people, too.) The Battle of Britain was the first great set piece and perhaps the last flowering of single combat as a decisive weapon in history. The young men who beat the Germans off and destroyed the cream of the Luftwaffe were authentic heroes; nobody could gainsay the fact that they had triumphed in a just cause against forbidding odds. There was something touching and heartening in the fragility of their weapons and their lives; war had not quite reached the stage at which man is simply the actuator of a complex electronic weapons system.

Hope for justice on a human scale flowed from the deeds of men like these, as it did from the deeds of many ordinary British men and women, from the unconquerable people of London to the members of many oddly named military cadres—Special Operations Executive, Long Range Desert Group, Special Air Service—who carried out hair-raisingly risky forays in the field. Add the scientists and specialists who made brains take the place of matériel in the manufacture of new weapons and new intelligence stratagems, the peacetime magnates who, like Beaverbrook, placed their talents for corporate tyranny at the service of the war effort, and the nearly Quixotic escapers who dug and tunneled out of Colditz and Stalag Luft III, and you have a picture of an entire nation in the grip of a common struggle—and a common ideal. I gasp at the rarity of such a spectacle in our doubt-ridden century; I consider myself lucky to have been a distant witness.

The British example was not only anomalous and inspiriting; it was also contagious. When Pearl Harbor came, we Americans, who had been itching to get into the war, got into it with the kind of patriotic fervor that would strike us as naïve today. It seems to me, though, that this was both commendable and wholesome; after the awful, helpless lethargy of the Depression, in which we found unity only in despair, America needed a common cause like Britain's. And the men who rushed to enlist were, for the most part, not betrayed by the country they wished to serve. The Second World War, unlike the First, was not a bungled butchery (with the exception, of course, of Hitler's Russian adventure); most troops were used with sparing care.

From the beginning, we had our heroes, too. The Bataan march was futile but heroic; the brilliant self-sacrifice of the Navy dive-bomber pilots at Midway was both heroic and effective; thereafter, we never looked back. Of course we made military blunders like the Kasserine Pass and the Anzio-Nettuno beachhead. But these were far outnumbered by successes, both in Europe and the Pacific. For all that the war and its minor discomforts seemed endless and trying to the people at home, there was a genuine pride in the Allied effort. It was, in its way, a *popular* war. We trusted our civilian and military leaders and—strange as it seems today—actually believed what they told us; we would no sooner have questioned the military communiqués in the newspapers or Edward R. Morrow's broadcasts from London than we would have cursed the

L. E. Sissman is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic.*

President. We sang the few—mostly commercial—war songs like "Rodger Young." We flocked to war movies like *Action in the North Atlantic.* It was our war, as the "A" sticker on our car windshield, the ration tokens in our wallet, and the blue star in our window would attest; it was also the war of our gallant allies, the British, the Free French, the Anzacs, the Canadians, the Russians (who had been hastily rehabilitated by the Office of War Information and, quite willingly, by the press), and the underground movements in Occupied Europe. We sat through many toshy movies about these allies, too, but I'm sure we never doubted the bona fides of our Grand Alliance.

There was doubt, to be sure, but it was focused not on the system itself but on individual villains who transgressed against the system: the profiteer, the black-market baron, the unfeeling commander of dogfaces like Bill Mauldin's Willie and Joe, an officer who apparently believed that Rank Has Its Privileges even in wartime. Our faith, our patience, and our tolerance were great; our unity as a people, though less stringently enforced than that of the British, was patent and wonderful.

In this euphoric, purposeful state of mind, it's not surprising that we failed to be stirred to protest by the nearly genocidal bombings of German civilians toward the end of the war, or by the unleashing of the atom bomb itself upon Japan. Today, both acts seem heinous; without wishing to minimize them in any way, though, I should point out that they seemed more than justified at the time. To a people both weary of war and utterly persuaded of the corporate evil of its enemies, these acts seemed almost temperate—a kind of euthanasia to kill the war. Perhaps that's why Harry Truman, surely the least arrogant of our recent wielders of power, consented to the use of atomic weapons without an apparent qualm.

But the war at last was over; we had won, I think it's still fair to say, a peace with honor; and a half decade of great creative potential lay ahead. I feel that we realized much of that potential before the dull, iron fifties clamped down. In Europe, the Marshall Plan showed early promise of reversing the mistakes of Versailles. In the world at large, the United Nations seemed a viable court for the settlement of national grievances. At home, America began the production of consumer goods that would retrieve the losses of the Depression and the war in a new standard of comfort and affluence for virtually the entire population. More: the late forties saw an American resurgence in the arts, no longer a weak echo of the European academy but a new and influential voice in the world. By 1950, to cite a few examples at random, New York had become the world's art capital; the New York school of painters had become internationally important; and, in Robert Lowell, we had produced an indigenous poet who had no need to cross the Atlantic in order to establish his credentials.

I wax too serious. Surely one of the pervading joys of the forties, early and late, was joy itself—a sense of pleasure and adventure in moving forward together toward some measurable, and soon attainable, goal. We laughed, at the end of the war, in a kind of earned and deserved giddiness, with the whole coruscating future before us, and only the cloud of nuclear weaponry to blemish our clear sky. We thought we could do anything, since so many among us had done almost everything; we were heirs to a smiling and victorious confidence.

Looking about me now at the waste of the fifties and sixties, at the shriveled institutions, shattered credibilities, and shrunken influence of our nation, moving forward haltingly into a new era of utter uncertainty, I can't help humming a bar or two of "As Time Goes By" and missing the forties. More than just a little bit, I fear.

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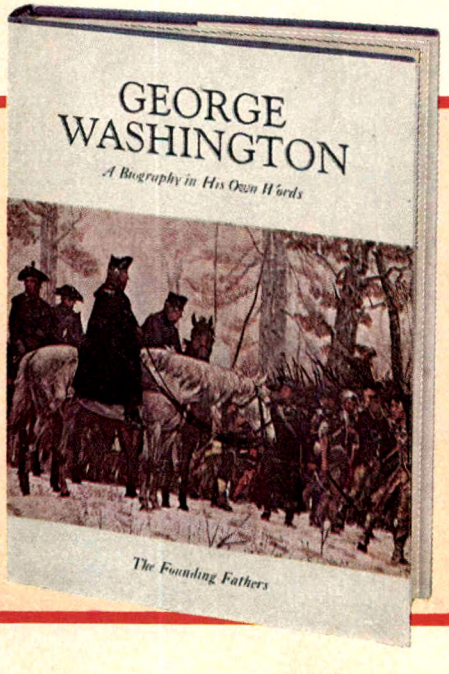

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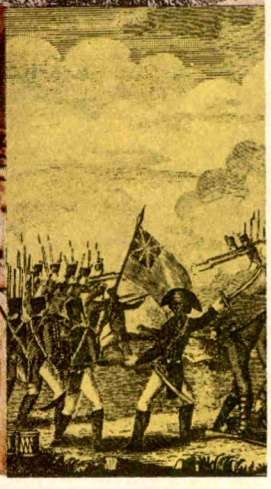

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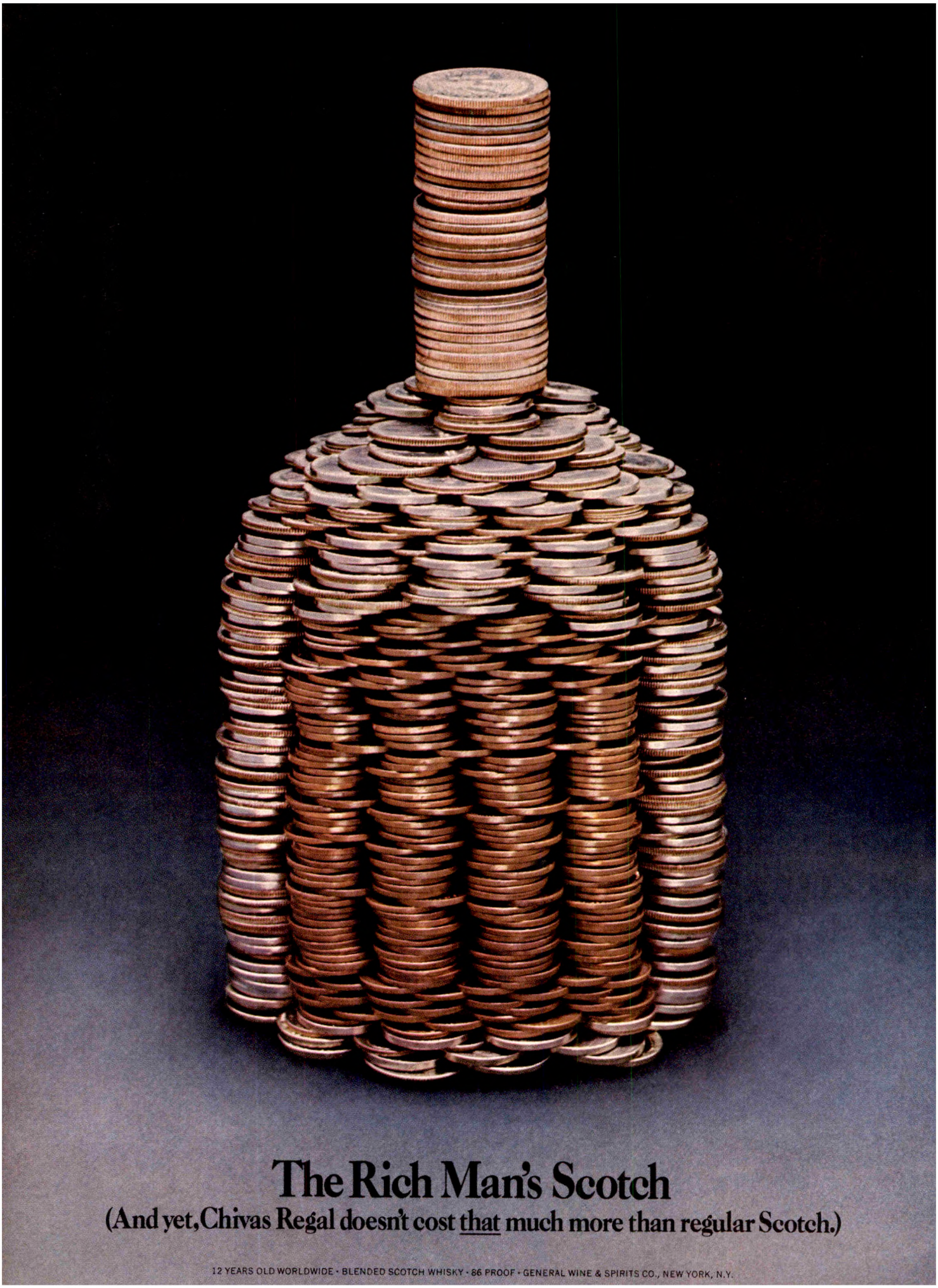
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SURPLUS LABOR?

SIR: I am sorry to see John Kenneth Galbraith ("The Economics of the American Housewife," August *Atlantic)* join the unimaginative and uninformed cry for "professional care for children," particularly on the rationale that it will be somehow better for the children.

Day care as it is commonly conceived today is almost exclusively considered for the benefit of the mother. His suggestion that, because children of emotionally sick parents might be better off with professional care, such provisions will be helpful (or even adequate) for other children is preposterous. It is like saying that because hospitals are good places for people with pneumonia, perhaps we should all consider moving in.

Most of us plan to be around still twenty years from now when our current crop of obstacles to the liberated housewife become adult participants in the economic system about which Professor Galbraith is so rightly concerned. I think it is vital to our well-being as a community, both economic and social, that we tend to the needs of all members of the community.

If people as thoughtful and intelligent as Professor Galbraith will devote their considerable brainpower to the *whole* picture, it should be possible to make available on a large scale what many "wives of independent purpose in life" have already achieved on their own. Women, especially those in the so-called professions, have enjoyed an exciting and demanding career and freedom from the local "good housekeeping contest," while still taking a "maternity leave" that lasts for the months or years during which each child needs one-to-one parenting. It should be possible to make this kind of career available to women in other parts of the economy, too.

NORMA JANE BUMGARNER
Norman, Okla.

SIR: How grossly Mr. Galbraith underestimates the intelligence of women! These "crypto-servants of the economic system" have it made. It is their husbands—who fight commuter traffic, punch time clocks, and work like mad for promotions (things a professor wouldn't be expected to understand) in order to bring home paychecks sufficient to meet the consumption demands of their families—these husbands are the real "slaves" of our economy.

Every culture has its "convenient virtues." Frankly, administering a household appeals to me much more than does belonging to a harem—or shouldering a rifle in the "People's Army."

Ultimately it is not "society" that determines what a woman (or a man) is to be. Granted, it exerts strong pressures, but there remains within the individual the ability to achieve his or her potential regardless of these pressures. To assume that cultural indoctrination will nullify this is to deny that intelligence exists—even that of Mr. Galbraith.

MARY A. BOWLEY
Durham, N.H.

SIR: By what stretch of the imagination does John K. Galbraith claim that women are the chief menials in the American family, when it is the men who are suffering the cardiac failure and high blood pressure? Why does he feel that energy put into the arts, objects displayed to the impersonal public, in which only a few can win great acclaim, is more productive of happiness to the user than that used to prepare a meal with love?

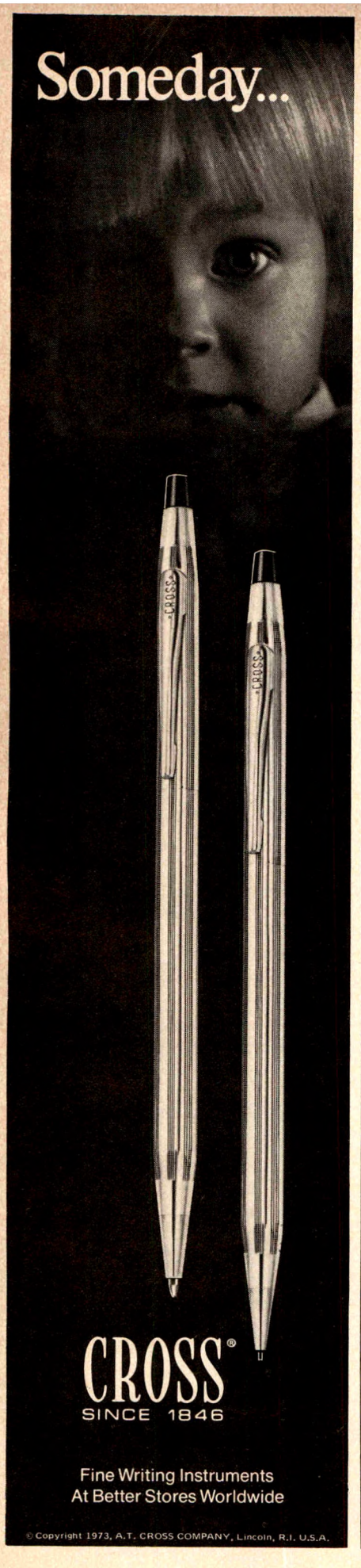
Professional care of children? Is he not aware that psychiatrists seeing the wave of children coming out of child-rearing practices where a surrogate has cared for children up until age four or five are opting for birth control for any woman who is not prepared to stay home for those years, vital in her child's growth?

Professor Galbraith, like 'Enry 'Iggins, is saying, "Why can't a woman be more like a man?" Bless him, I hope he is a happily married man who shares responsibilities for purchases and cleaning and grandchild care, and that his wife smiles when he talks of liberating her.

MARGARET KLAER HUNT
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Galbraith's solution for the emancipation of women is day care centers. Nobody questions that women who want to work would gain the necessary freedom. The only question is whether the solution might damage children emotionally.

Kibbutz children now grown to maturity have problems that can be traced back to their day care upbringing. Melford Spiro states that the turnover in nurses affected kibbutz children's ability to trust people and enter into open relationships, and the distrust persists into maturity. Upper-class Englishmen, raised by nannies, exhibit similar



characteristics, according to Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy. They are uptight with women from their own class and comfortable only with those from the lower class.

It's too bad there is this conflict. But we really don't know whether there are better ways of raising children than in the family.

GERTRUDE SCHWARTZMAN
New York City

SIR: Curious that Dr. Galbraith should now start to worry about me, the American housewife. If I am a crypto-servant, it doesn't bother me. Jesus washed the disciples' feet at the Last Supper to show us we should serve others.

MRS. Y. V. D. ENGEL
Montreal, Quebec

SIR: John Kenneth Galbraith's article in your August issue is the finest contribution I have read from either man or woman to an understanding of the issues involved in woman's share of human liberation.

MARGARET TORGERSEN
Rochester, N.Y.

John Kenneth Galbraith replies:

All fair comment, Ms. Margaret Torgersen's fairest of all.

MAILER ON MONROE

SIR: In "The Jewish Princess" (August *Atlantic),* Norman Mailer's greatest interest seems to be in the sexual facility—or lack of it—in Miller's and Monroe's relationship: "If she has known the best sexual athletes of Hollywood (that capital of sex) and Miller at his worst has to be an inhibited householder from Brooklyn, nonetheless she loves him." "Nonetheless"!

How can Mailer comment on Miller's ability in bed? If he has grounds for his statement, I don't believe he is using the information in good conscience, and if he has no basis for it, it is presumptuous and arrogant of him to say it.

Marilyn, as seen by Mailer, is no more a tragic figure than Arthur Miller. Says Mailer: "Poor Miller! His head had to be overloaded with the most subtle literary equations while his life with Monroe was reduced to one livid state: hideous tension!" Mailer views Marilyn's struggle in the filming of *The Misfits* as the shenanigans of an unbearable bitch (which she probably was), but he does not realize her position. He knows the history but not what it means. He portrays Monroe as others saw her, not as he might have seen her had he looked deep into that history and its hideous consequences and felt something.

SUSAN NEWMAN
New York City

SIR: I deeply resent the title "A Jewish Princess." I do not feel that Miss Monroe's two hours of instruction before conversion to our religion (to please a temporary husband) would qualify her as a typical Jewish woman, princess or otherwise.

We pride ourselves on the high quality of the moral and ethical teachings of Judaism and would hardly brag about the obviously insincere conversion of an actress of Miss Monroe's background.

MRS. LORRAINE BERENSON
San Antonio, Tex.

SIR: Re: Norman Mailer's "The Jewish Princess." After zigging and zagging through Norman Mailer's manic-depressive fantasy, one cannot doubt that he has indeed turned out a veritable tome, a super-potboiler.

The factual sections are twice-told tales, familiar to readers everywhere. All else is the fantasizing of a male writer reeling from the impact.

Mr. Mailer may be at least as difficult to pin down as poor Norma Jean Baker was!

DOROTHY DE WITT NEAL
Redding, Calif.

SIR: Mailer, as usual, has painted an accurate portrait of an aspect of American life. If he has not contributed to *The Atlantic* since 1962, he is long overdue for an encore.

DAVID TRAUTMAN
Satellite Beach, Fla.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

SIR: Mr. Hower's "First"—"Miriamu and the King" (August *Atlantic)*—turned me around. Can't wait for the appearance of *Adija,* Edouard. Beautiful.

MANDEL GOODKIN
Champaign, Ill.

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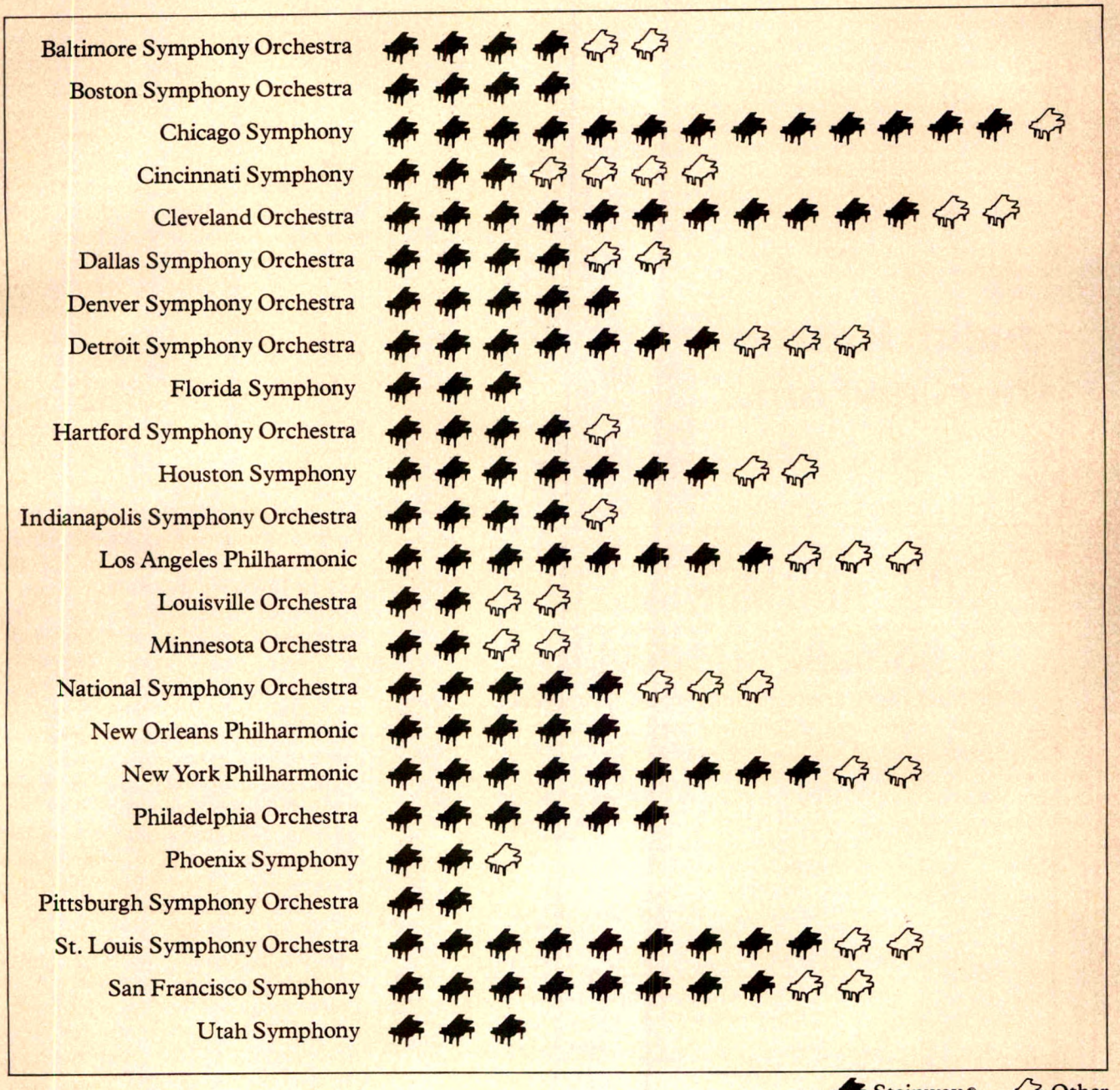

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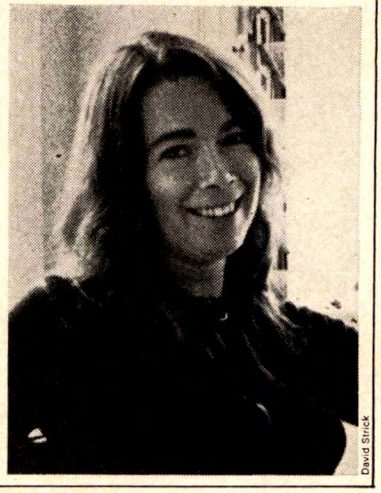
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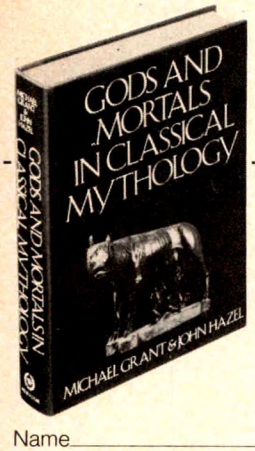

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SIR: Please cancel my subscription. "Miriamu and the King" is pornographic.

STEVEN R. LIEWER
Osmond, Nebr.

SIR: I hope that when *The Atlantic* published Elizabeth Drew's "Watergate Diary" in August, it did not do so to demonstrate its objectivity, for all it accomplished was to confirm that whatever the issue, *The Atlantic* will pimp for the unliberal Left.

ALBERT C. MOORE
Normal, Ill.

SIR: I trust that Elizabeth Drew's "Month That Was" in diary form will be continued in your next issue, same place, same space. Had such an article appeared a year ago as fiction, it would have been considered the figment of a sick imagination. Now it is capsulated history.

BEATRICE HENSHAW
Ann Arbor, Mich.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: It was very good indeed to find L. E. Sissman coming to the vigorous defense of the short story in his August Innocent Bystander column.

However, I do wish he'd been accurate in his description of the field. He wrote: ". . . today, *The New Yorker, The Atlantic, Harper's, Playboy,* and *McCall's,* which among them can accommodate a mere two hundred and fifty stories a year, remain the only important mass media for short fiction."

To have omitted *Redbook* from his list was inexcusable. For a good many years now we have been publishing more short fiction—fifty to sixty short stories a year—than any other monthly magazine, and have probably come close to the weekly *New Yorker* in total annual purchases.

We are one of the very, very few mass magazines left that actually values and encourages the unpublished, unheard-of author, and actually reads every piece of unsolicited mail addressed to us. Last year we published sixteen stories by previously unpublished authors—about par for our annual course. We doubt if any other mass magazine can make such a claim.

MS. NEAL G. THORPE
Fiction Editor, Redbook
New York City

SIR: The article "Tito's New Balancing Act" by Claire Sterling in your June issue is excellent. I hope, however, that you will permit me to add a couple of footnotes. First, some Yugoslavs are quoted as suggesting that Yugoslavia was a Versailles creation. This is a false notion, but it has been a Communist line from before World War II. Aside from an older advocacy of such a state, the Government of Serbia in December, 1914, under the premiership of Nikola Pasich, declared as a major war aim the unification of all Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes in one state. In the course of the war, Pasich's government and the Yugoslav Committee concluded an agreement concerning the creation of the new state, and on December 1, 1918, the state was proclaimed and established, *before* the peace conference met at Versailles.

Secondly, the article is absolutely right about the deliberate massacre of Serbs during World War II by the Croatian Ustashi. Most authorities place the number of victims at over 500,000.

It is unfortunate that the tag line of the paragraph that discusses these massacres mentions Serbian Chetnik atrocities as a repayment, but without any indication of their extent or the circumstances. Every objective historian that I have read makes a sharp distinction between the Ustashi genocide acts and occasional Chetnik retribution against known or suspected participants in the Ustashi atrocities. Moreover, the number of victims in the case of the Chetnik actions, even by the most outlandish estimates, is a drop in the bucket compared to the premeditated Ustashi massacres.

These observations aside, the Sterling piece is the best article on Yugoslavia that I have read in a long time.

PROFESSOR ALEX N. DRAGNICH
Department of Political Science
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tenn.

The Atlantic welcomes communications from readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless stipulated, is free for publication in our letters column.

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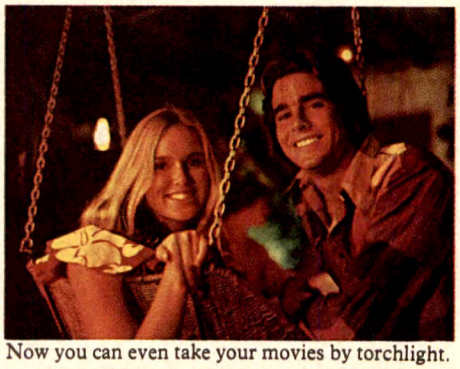
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THE POLITICS OF AMERICAN HEALTH CARE

What is it costing you?

by Godfrey Hodgson

The health care crisis is upon us. In response to soaring costs, a jumbled patchwork of insurance programs, and critical problems in delivering medical care, some kind of national health insurance has seemed in recent years to be an idea whose time has finally come in America. For those not protected by insurance—and often for those who are partially protected—illness means financial disaster. The quality of American medical care is at issue too. After twenty years of unprecedentedly high spending for research, our public health standards have fallen far behind some countries with fewer resources. We rank seventeenth in infant mortality, according to a United Nations study; thirtieth in life expectancy for males, behind Spain, Greece, and five Communist nations in Eastern Europe. And yet, writes reporter Godfrey Hodgson, for all our troubles, an opportunity to reform American health care has slipped by. How could this be? And where do we go from here?

"If someone had asked me five years ago," said Dr. Rashi Fein, "to estimate when the United States would have some clearly universal and comprehensive system of national health insurance, I might have answered: in fifteen years."

"Three years ago," he went on, "my estimate would have been fifteen minus eight, or minus ten, or even minus twelve. But if someone were to ask me today when we will have national health insurance, my answer would be: many years more."

Dr. Fein, of the Harvard Medical School, is one of the most highly respected authorities on health policy in the country; the fact that both the Nixon Administration and Senator Edward Kennedy have consulted him gives some index of his standing. But he is not alone in his judgment. "A few years ago," I was told by Dr. John Hogness, president of the Institute of Medicine at the National Academy of Sciences, "the feeling among experts was that we would have national health insurance by 1973. Now the feeling among experts is that it will take three to five years."

"Not in this Congress," said Bill Fullerton, top staff aide on health to Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee. "Not in the next Congress. With the confrontation politics we have now, I don't see the Democrats giving the Republicans something to crow about, and I don't see the Republicans giving the Democrats something to crow about either. My personal view is

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that the earliest it could come would be the second year of the next Administration."

A simple way of stating what has happened is that after the passage of Medicare in 1965, just about everybody in the world of health policy was persuaded that the United States needed something called national health insurance—even if there was little agreement on what that should mean. Then, rather suddenly in the early 1970s, the mood changed. More cautious views reasserted themselves, both among experts and among politicians. The same reversal of mood which dampened optimism about the possibility of social change through political action generally—in the field of education, for example, or in dealing with poverty and urban problems—has now also begun to shape the debate about health care.

It is not just that congressional enactment of any kind of national health insurance, which only a few years ago seemed to be getting closer and closer, is now becoming more and more remote. Any form of national health insurance enacted in the late 1970s is now likely to be a milder measure, involving less drastic change, than seemed inevitable so recently.

One Democrat the Republicans will be especially anxious not to present with anything to crow about before 1976 is Senator Kennedy. But the strongest push in Congress for a truly radical overhaul of the health care system has come from Kennedy, as chairman of the subcommittee on health of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee. Both liberals and organized labor—through the Committee for National Health Insurance, set up by the late Walter Reuther and backed by George Meany and the AFL-CIO as well—have supported Kennedy's "health security" approach. S.3, the Kennedy-Griffiths bill (it is sponsored in the House by Representative Martha Griffiths, Democrat of Michigan) is the most radical of the half dozen or more health insurance bills now before Congress (see box, p. 48). It offers the fullest range of benefits with the fewest co-insurances, deductibles, and other snags. It is also the firmest on the principle that if government financing is to be made available to the health care system, it must be used as leverage to secure government control: leverage to keep down rising costs and to make the health system more accountable to government in other respects. And with this intent, one of its key proposals has been that, as Kennedy put it in his book *In Critical Condition* in 1972, "The Federal government would become the health insurance carrier for the entire nation." "Only the government," he wrote, "can operate such an insurance program in the best interest of all the people. We can no longer afford the health insurance industry in America, and we should not waste vast funds bailing it out."

That is a plain enough position, and little more than a year old. Yet Kennedy will almost certainly have to retreat from that position, and—whatever precise form national health insurance eventually takes—insurance companies will almost certainly have an important share of the pie.

This is not because of any change of heart on Kennedy's part. It is a consequence of the facts of life in Congress. Senator Kennedy has emerged as the leading Democratic spokesman on health issues, but he does not have the votes to pass his health security bill, even in the Senate. The question is academic, in any case, since he cannot bring it to the floor for a vote. That prerogative lies with the Senate Finance Committee, headed by Senator Russell Long, Democrat of Louisiana. And Long has his own bill, artfully contrived to sap the strength of Kennedy's proposals.

Senator Long is in favor of what is called "catastrophic insurance," that is, insurance against catastrophically heavy medical bills. Long proposes that the federal government insure people only against being hospitalized for sixty days and for other medical bills over $2000. Kennedy—unwisely, perhaps, from a tactical point of view—has emphasized, in his book and in hearings, the havoc caused by "medical catastrophes."

"Catastrophic insurance" would be inflationary in its effect. This is because, as things stand now, many people go without treatment that costs more than the upper limit imposed by their conventional insurance policy; with a federal insurance program footing the bill, more expensive treatment would be prescribed and paid for. Moreover, a federal insurance scheme limited to the "catastrophic" end of the scale would do nothing to meet Kennedy's central concern that the public establish control over the costs and procedures of a system that would absorb billions of dollars of public money.

"It calms down the flame," Senator Kennedy told me, "but it really doesn't meet the need. You're going to be bankrupting people anyway. It adds up to an inflationary trend. And I have a philosophic belief that you have to use the lever of financing to do something about quality, and something about control."

Godfrey Hodgson, former American correspondent for the London *Observer* and the London *Sunday Times,* is at work on a new book about U.S. politics and society. His "Do Schools Make a Difference?" appeared in the March, 1973, *Atlantic.*

Just about everybody in the world of health policy was persuaded that the United States needed something called national health insurance. Then, suddenly in the early 1970s, the mood changed.

Yet the appeal of "catastrophic insurance," as the lesser of evils for politicians and organized medicine if the alternative is a fully federalized system, could be very damaging to hopes of more comprehensive reform. In 1972, the Senate Finance Committee was already deadlocked on Senator Russell Long's "catastrophic insurance" legislation. The coalition against it was maintained by Senator Kennedy and his allies, who insisted that, if passed, the Long bill meant good-bye to any broader national health insurance measure for five years. If Long's bill had been reported out of committee, it would almost certainly have passed on the Senate floor. "There just aren't enough souls in the Senate hardy enough to vote against it," one Kennedy aide said bitterly. And if it had passed the Senate, then all would have depended, as it so often does when the shape of major legislation is at stake, on one man: Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee.

And so, in the summer of 1972, Arkansas Democrat Mills and Massachusetts Democrat Kennedy issued a joint statement. They said they would work together to draft joint legislation on national health insurance. Officially, the line from both the Senator's and the Chairman's staff people is noncommittal: "Work is continuing." But in early 1973 Kennedy and Mills met several times, and they now hope to introduce a joint bill this fall, a bill which would in one major respect be weaker than the Kennedy-Griffiths bill.

Kennedy is trying earnestly to find a compromise he can accept without betraying what he regards as the essential features of S.3. And Mills is trying just as hard to find a bill he can pass. Two main issues remain to be resolved.

One is the method of financing. Realistically, national health insurance can be financed in only three ways: through the federal budget; through Social Security, like Medicare; or through what is known as "mandated" coverage. This last approach, favored by the Nixon Administration, would have the great bulk of premiums paid by individuals and their employers to private insurance companies, so that public funds would be needed only for those who could not obtain coverage through their jobs, or for other special reasons. On financing, Mills and Kennedy have not yet made up their minds. "If we had the key to this problem," Senator Kennedy told me, "we'd have the legislation."

The second major issue—the role of insurance companies—has now been resolved. But Kennedy has made an important concession. He is wary of the danger that, whatever regulatory controls Congress sets up over the health insurance industry, "in all too short a time the controlled end up controlling." That is why he favored eliminating the role of the private health insurance industry completely. He now believes, however, that "there may be some role, actuarial or procedural, some arrangement that could be worked out that would give them some role." One point, in short, is now clear. In order to get a version of national health insurance that Mills would report out of committee, Kennedy will have to accommodate, in some way, the commercial health insurance industry. America, one might say with Senator Kennedy, may not be able to *afford* the health insurance industry; but Senator Kennedy cannot afford to do *without* the health insurance industry.

The prospect of Senator Kennedy's crusade for national health insurance being transformed into a canny Kennedy-Mills compromise with Aetna, Connecticut General, or even W. Clement Stone (the Chicago insurance man with the "positive mental attitude" who was, so far as we know, Mr. Nixon's biggest campaign contributor in both 1968 and 1972), is distressing for those who believe that the American health care system needs radical reform.

There are other indications, too, that the middle ground both of academic debate and practical politics has taken a step back toward the cautious center. But this recent shift should be seen in perspective: it comes after some startlingly rapid strides to the left.

Between 1968 and 1970—which is to say almost overnight, as major shifts in political attitudes are measured—certain ideas about health policy that had been considered daring even on the liberal Left suddenly became widely acceptable. There were two in particular: the idea that the federal government should guarantee the availability of health care to all citizens through a national health insurance system, and the idea that government should actively encourage the replacement of at least some fee-for-service practice by prepaid group health arrangements. As late as 1965, even liberal reformers limited themselves to the complaint that not enough health care was available to enough people. But by 1970, to say that the American health care system was in crisis had indeed become something of a cliché.

In early 1970, President Nixon announced to a press conference that "we face a massive crisis in this [health] area. Unless action is taken within the next two or three years . . . we will have a breakdown in our medical system." That was well over three years ago and to date there has been no leg-

islative action commensurate with such a prophecy. But neither has there been anything that could truly be called a breakdown.

No doubt at the time the President believed exactly what he said. His assessment was supported by the somber report sent to him by Robert Finch, his first Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, and Roger Egeberg, his first Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs. The report posed the alternatives in the starkest terms. "What is at stake," it concluded, "is the pluralistic, independent, voluntary nature of our health care system. We will lose it to pressures for monolithic, government-dominated medical care unless we can make the system work for everyone." And this was no idiosyncratic view of Finch's. Two years later his successor at HEW, Elliot Richardson, produced a White Paper which, he insisted, "seeks to modify the entire *system* of health care" (his italics).

The Nixon Administration's policies, even more than its rhetoric, showed its conversion at that time to the argument that the system needed fundamental change. Each of its two main proposals marked a clear breach with the shibboleths of organized medicine. One official who had worked at HEW for a decade said to me with awe in his voice: "The atmosphere around here changed so much in three or four years that you had a Republican President saying, and a Republican Administration doing, things that would have raised the roof if Kennedy or Johnson had done them."

One of the two main thrusts of the Administration's strategy was to encourage the spread of Health Maintenance Organizations (HMO's). The HMO concept was co-opted from the prepaid group health idea, of which the California-based Kaiser-Permanente plan is the best-known example. The essence of the group health idea is that, instead of paying medical bills when they fall due, you pay a flat annual sum to join a group which contracts to provide all the medical care you may need. Typically, the group either maintains its own hospitals, or makes arrangements with particular hospitals to provide services; it also employs physicians and other staff. The whole idea has long been anathema to organized medicine. For one thing, it turns the rugged, individualist, fee-for-service, small-businessman physician into an employee. Secondly, with the specific incentive of fee-for-service removed, group health schemes have shown consistently lower rates of utilization of advanced medical technology, thus stimulating a passionate debate among medical academics as to whether group health did too little, or fee-for-service doctors did too much.

The notion that Health Maintenance Organizations "might provide a check on the provision of unnecessary services, inflation and inequitable distribution" of doctors received a boost from the work of Dr. Paul Ellwood, Jr., of the American Rehabilitation Foundation in Minneapolis, on the grounds that HMO's would "align [the physician's]

Four Proposals for Legislation to Reform American Health Care

1. **Kennedy-Griffiths Health Security**
   (S.3; H.R. 22-23)
   Sponsors: Sen. Edward Kennedy (D.–Mass.)
   Rep. Martha Griffiths (D.–Mich.)
   Supporters: Committee of 100, AFL-CIO, Teamsters, UAW.
   Benefits: Covers the entire range of personal health care, including prevention and early detection of disease, care, treatment, and rehabilitation; but excludes psychiatric care, nursing homes, dental care for adults, and some prescription drugs. No cut-off dates, co-insurance, or deductibles.
   Financing: A Health Security Trust Fund, raised 50% from general tax revenues, 36% from a 3.5% tax on employers' payrolls, and 14% from a special tax on individual income.

2. **Senator Long's "catastrophic health insurance."**
   (No bill as yet formally introduced: description is taken from Long's speeches.)
   Sponsor: Sen. Russell Long (D.–La.)
   Supporter: Senate Finance Committee.
   Benefits: Would provide same benefits as Medicare, therefore excluding drugs, dental and psychiatric and nursing home care. No upper limit on hospitalization: benefits would begin after 60 days of hospitalization and $2000 of other medical expenses. Patient to pay 20% of hospital bills thereafter and 25% of medical costs.
   Financing: Social Security financing with a 0.3% tax on the first $9000 of employees' wages, the matching 0.3% to be paid by employer.

3. **Medicredit** (S.444; H.R. 2222): AMA's proposal.
   Sponsors: Sen. Clifford Hansen (R.–Wyo.)
   Rep. Joel Broyhill (D.–Va.)
   Rep. Richard Fulton (D.–Tenn.)
   and a total of 200 members of the House of Representatives.
   Supporter: American Medical Association.

The group health idea is anathema to organized medicine. For one thing, it turns the rugged, individualist, fee-for-service, small-businessman physician into an employee.

economic interests with those of the consumer." In a paper called "The Health Maintenance Strategy," first drafted in March, 1970, and revised in June and October that year, Ellwood and his colleagues seemed to be consciously selling HMO's as an *alternative* to national health insurance. "The Nixon Administration must make a major decision on its strategy for dealing with the much-proclaimed health crisis in America. It can either rely on continued or increased Federal intervention . . . or promote a health maintenance industry . . . the health maintenance strategy offers . . . a feasible alternative to a nationalized health system."

This argument was apparently persuasive, for in a speech early in 1971, Mrs. Beverlee Myers, an assistant administrator at HEW, laid down the prerequisites for the types of HMO the federal government would encourage. Significantly, Mrs. Myers defined HMO's more widely than liberals would have liked: besides the Kaiser-Permanente model, with its own hospitals and other specialized facilities, she included organizations modeled on the San Joaquin Medical Care Foundation in California, that is to say, group practice arrangements, set up by doctors, which *retained* fee-for-service.

One can get the flavor of some of the organizations which qualify as HMO's under the Administration's definition by reading a long article published by *Fortune* this spring in which the profit-making possibilities of HMO's are glowingly discussed. Their profit ratio, the article argues, could be as high as that of oil companies, and one doctor who successfully sold stock in his HMO received the highest accolade *Fortune* has to bestow: "a fast-moving entrepreneur." "The most blatant forms of entrepreneurial practice qualify as HMO's under the Administration's proposals," comments Dr. Victor Sidel, of Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, New York. And Dr. Max Fine, of the Committee for National Health Insurance, described to me with horror the style of some of the HMO's that flourish in Southern California. "They send loudspeaker trucks round the streets," he said. "They offer fried chicken to anyone who joins the group. And they send solicitors round door to door, and pay them three dollars a head for every patient they sign up." One such group health outfit advertises in medical journals, offering free use of a company-owned Mercedes to any doctor who will join. Sports cars for the doctors, and fried chicken for the patients: that was hardly the vision of group health pioneers.

Both with HMO's and with national health insurance, the Republicans borrowed a liberal idea and made something very different out of it. National health insurance, in fact, has become one of those phrases, like the word "liberal," whose meaning has exploded, so that little pieces of it are littered all over the political landscape. There is a world of difference between the health scheme Labor and Senator Kennedy had in mind, and what Republicans have proposed.

Benefits: This is a plan for giving tax credits for those who voluntarily bought private health insurance policies. In order to qualify, policies would have to offer comprehensive coverage against both ordinary and catastrophic medical costs. Basic care would include physical examinations, well-baby care, child dental services, inoculations, and X-ray and lab costs. Catastrophic coverage would cover hospital, extended care, in-patient drugs, and all expenses in excess of basic coverage.

Financing: The government would pay all premiums for those with incomes too low to be liable for income tax. For others, the government would pay 10-99% depending on family or individual income, and would pay everybody's premium for catastrophic coverage. Premiums would be paid to private health insurance or to prepaid group health plans.

4. The Health Insurance Association's Health Care plan.

Sponsors: Sen. Thomas McIntyre (D.–N.H.)
Rep. Omar Burleson (D.–Tex.)

Supporter: Health Insurance Association of America.

Benefits: Benefits would include physician services, lab and X-ray expenses, and general and psychiatric hospital care: benefits would be phased in, but most would be subject to substantial deductibles and co-insurances.

Financing: There would be tax incentives to employers and individuals to buy standard coverage from private insurance companies. The government would subsidize private health insurance coverage for the poor and uninsurables through state pools: 100% for the poor, with federal and state governments paying decreasing proportion as income rises. Money to come from general revenues and Social Security.

Medicare and Medicaid went into effect in 1966. Within two years, cost inflation had reached the proportions of a crisis. And that steep, sudden inflation exposed other weaknesses in the health system.

There is the matter of the insurance companies. When Elliot Richardson was Secretary of HEW, he admitted in congressional testimony that his version of national health insurance would have the effect of swelling the premium income of private health insurance companies from $23 billion to $30 billion in the first year, or by some 30 percent. Dr. Fine calculates that even this is a substantial underestimate, and that the Administration's plan would have produced a windfall for the insurance companies (including Blue Cross and Blue Shield) of no less than $12 billion—more than 50 percent above its current premium income. The fact that in spite of these remarkable expectations the insurance industry opposes any form of national health insurance as an entering wedge of federal regulation, gives some idea of how ideological, and how profitable, the insurance business may be taken to be.

But liberals' objections to the Administration's proposals are not limited to the observation that they would enrich the insurance industry lavishly. The National Health Insurance Partnership, as the Administration called its national health insurance proposals, would limit the government's role to a minimum. It would merely require that the carrying of a stipulated minimum employer-employee health insurance coverage be made a mandatory condition of all employment. Those who were not covered in this way would be picked up either by a family health insurance plan, replacing Medicaid for the poor; or by "pool coverage," arranged in some not too clearly specified way for the unemployed, the self-employed, and the employees of small businesses. The government would also, under the Administration's plan, set national health insurance standards. And here the contrast between coverage proposed in the Kennedy-Griffiths bill and the modest benefits (and thickets of exceptions) promised by the Administration's bill is so great as to be ludicrous.

The principle of national health insurance dates back to the 1930s. It was temporarily interred when congressional efforts to enact the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill (first proposed in 1943 after Senator Robert Wagner had sponsored a similar bill in 1939) ended in 1950, in the face of fierce opposition from the American Medical Association. The AMA assessed its members twenty-five dollars a head that year to fight "the enslavement of the medical profession."

For nearly two decades the idea lay dormant. Public attention to the problem during the 1950s and the early 1960s focused on two efforts, one congressional, the other undertaken by private enterprise. Politicians abandoned any attempt to involve the government in making medical care available to the general population, and concentrated instead on taking care of the special problems of the old and the very poor. Ideologically, the thrust for the two programs eventually enacted in 1965 came from different directions. Medicare—free medical care for the aged under Social Security—was a liberal program. But Medicaid—federal assistance to the states to provide medical care for the indigent—was attractive to conservatives and states-righters, concerned about the growing burden of providing medical care for welfare recipients.

One important reason for political indifference to the medical needs of working- and middle-class people in those years was the rapid spread of private health insurance, both with commercial insurance companies and with the "nonprofit" Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans. By 1971, more than 76 million Americans were covered by Blue Cross hospitalization insurance; and of these about 66 million had Blue Shield policies for doctors' and surgeons' bills. (By contrast, only some 8 million people belonged to group health plans organized by the Group Health Association of America, of whom some 2 million belonged to the largest plan, Kaiser-Permanente.) Spread of health insurance came about largely because hospitals, and, to a lesser extent, the doctors, wanted to be assured of payment. Nevertheless the proportion of private hospital expenditure paid by insurance (excluding all government payments) rose from 34.6 percent in 1950 to 73.7 percent in 1968. Inadequate as it was, the spread of private health insurance for years precluded any clamorous demand for national health insurance.

Walter Reuther, shortly before his death, revived public discussion of national health insurance. In the Bronfman lecture to the American Public Health Association in Detroit on November 14, 1968, less than two weeks after President Nixon was elected, he called for "an appropriate system of national health insurance that will provide an adequate and workable financial mechanism to make high quality comprehensive health care available to every American." In January, 1969, Senator Kennedy announced that he intended to sponsor a measure to enact such a system. And then, abruptly, everybody was talking about national health insurance again. As Dr. William McKissick reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine:*

> The year 1969 witnessed advocacy of universal health insurance from political quarters that ranged from Representative John Dingell . . . to the Amer-

ican Medical Association . . . Governor Rockefeller, the Aetna Life Insurance Company, Senator Javits, Senator Kennedy . . . Walter Reuther . . .

and, he might have added, Reuther's adversaries in the AFL-CIO. When President Nixon was converted to the cause, it seemed truly an idea whose time had come.

A bureaucratic detail pinpoints the change in official Administration attitudes toward health care reform better than all the volumes of congressional testimony and the task force reports of the time. For years, every draft of health legislation ritually included boiler-plate language which, it was believed by congressmen and federal officials, had to be inserted to placate the AMA. Section 1801 of the Social Security Act of 1965, which enacted Medicare, is an example: "Nothing in this title," it proclaimed a trifle disingenuously, "shall be construed to authorize any Federal officer or employee to exercise any control over the practice of medicine or the manner in which medical services are provided."

Suddenly, in the changed climate of 1968 and subsequent years, nobody felt the need to write in clauses like that anymore. And not only that. Robert Ball, who quit this year as commissioner of the Social Security Administration, made the point to me that, after 1968 or 1969, most experts would have regarded it as a grave deficiency in legislation if it did not attempt to exercise some control over "the manner in which medical services are provided."

Why did the field of debate about national health policy and the role of the federal government shift so sharply to the left after 1968?

In a single word, the answer given by all the experts I talked to was: Medicare. The impact of the enactment of Medicare and Medicaid in 1965 was both financial and psychological.

The fact that hospitals and doctors were reimbursed on a cost basis, under both programs, accelerated the inflation of medical costs. Medicare and Medicaid went into effect in 1966. Within two years, cost inflation had reached the proportions of a crisis. And that steep, sudden inflation exposed other weaknesses in the health system, and triggered a general reassessment of long-accepted assumptions and values.

At the same time, once the federal government was involved in paying for health care, essentially for the first time, it became both possible and necessary to ask how much further it should be involved. As Wilbur Cohen, Secretary of HEW at the time Medicare was enacted in 1965, put it to me: "The passage of Medicare broke the back of the ideological controversy over the government's role, and opened up the possibility of discussing changes in the delivery system." Robert Ball agrees:

> There has been a most remarkable change in atmosphere. I went all through the fight for Medicare, and it would have been unthinkable at that time to get stronger legislation in terms of affecting the delivery of health care. When Medicare came in it was accepted as an economic measure, as something that would protect people against the costs of medical care. It was considered as part of the pension system. The great change which began fairly soon was that people began to feel that there was a real responsibility to do something about cost; to do something about quality; and to do something about organization. Medicare was a terrific catalyst.

It wasn't long before it became plain that the cost overruns on Medicare were going to be spectacular.

Between 1966 and 1968, everything went up: hospital bills, doctors' fees, laboratory charges, insurance premiums, and even—though more modestly—nurses' and orderlies' wages. (At Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, for example, nurses' wages went up 100 percent between 1959 and 1969; but over the same period interns' salaries went up 1650 percent!) Over the decade of the 1960s, hospital charges rose four times as fast as all other items in the Consumer Price Index; physicians' fees rose twice as fast. And that increase was heavily concentrated in the brief period after the introduction of Medicare. The rate of inflation of hospital costs, for example, increased from an average of 6.9 percent between 1950 and 1960 to an annual average of 14.8 percent between March, 1966, and March, 1970.

Some economists[1] have argued that the primary reason for inflation was increased demand from patients. But the Nixon Administration's own White Paper in 1971 commented that "while undoubtedly there were improvements in the quality of care for at least some of the population, more than 75% of the increase in expenditures for hospital care, and nearly 70% of the increase for physician services, were the consequence of inflation."

By 1969, some hospitals were charging as much as $150 a day for basic care—in effect for little more than a bed, food, and attention from a nurse when she had a moment. John de Lury, of the New York sanitation workers' union, gave a state legislative hearing a harrowing illustration of what the full cost could come to:

[1]For example, Dr. Martin Feldstein, in *The Rising Cost of Hospital Care,* National Center for Health Services Research and Development, 1971.

A ten-year-old boy was admitted to the hospital at 3:20 A.M. The boy died at 10:34 the same night. The family of this child was charged $105.80 for drugs, $184.80 for X-rays, $220.00 for inhalation therapy, $655.50 for laboratory work. The total bill for the child was $1717.80.

With the government reimbursing whatever hospitals and doctors charged, the cost of both Medicare and Medicaid spiraled out of control. Less than *one year* after Medicare came into operation, Congress had to increase by 25 percent the Social Security tax budgeted to pay for it. The actuarial estimates of both utilization and cost presented to Congress by the Administration when the program was under construction proved to be hopelessly understated. Cost overruns, projected over the next twenty-five years, added up to a stupendous $131 billion.

Medicaid was soon in worse trouble than Medicare. Two reporters, generally sympathetic to the program, wrote that "starting in late 1966 Medicaid hit New York's medical marketplace like a flash-flood." In January, 1967, the federal budget, assuming that Medicaid would be in operation in forty-eight states by the end of the year, predicted that it would cost $2.25 billion. A year later, however, although only thirty-seven states were receiving Medicaid, the actual cost came to $3.54 billion.

In human terms, there is no question that both Medicare and Medicaid have done incalculable good. Medicare, covering about 21 million people, paid portions of bills for roughly half of them last year; allowing for various overlaps among programs, Medicaid paid a part of the bills last year for about 16 million of the many more people who were eligible. No one can put a cash value on the lives that have been prolonged and the suffering saved as a result. But there is no denying that by pouring money into the medical system on a cost reimbursement basis, Medicare and Medicaid set off a wild inflation in costs.

The rise, however, had begun long before Medicare was enacted. The rapid spread of health insurance, both with commercial companies and with Blue Cross/Blue Shield, had been triggering an inflationary effect since the middle 1950s. Private insurance policies worked on a cost reimbursement basis, like Medicare, and far from having any deflationary control over medical practice, often encouraged *expensive* treatment. Many policies, for example, would pay for certain kinds of treatment only in a hospital, a proviso that naturally encouraged needless hospitalization.

Secondly, the acceleration of Medicare-induced inflation coincided with the general inflation of the late 1960s. Half of the inflation of medical costs, Wilbur Cohen believes, is due to the general inflation, which in turn he blames on the Vietnam War.

In any case, a flood of new money—Medicare and Medicaid are now paying for well over a third of all health care—was poured into the system at a moment when medical costs had been rising more quickly than most other costs. No serious attempt was made either to increase the number of providers or to hold down costs by imposing controls. The result was predictable.

The inflationary effect worked differently in the two cases of doctors' fees and hospital bills. In the case of physicians' fees, what happened was what economists call a "demand-pull" inflation. Since the supply of doctors remained virtually stable, greatly increased demand meant that doctors could increase their fees (sometimes directly, sometimes by splitting procedures and thereby charging more for what would have been one appointment) and still be sure of the same volume of patients.

Some have argued that hospital costs, too, rose mainly in response to demand-pull, as an army of new users descended on overstressed resources. The argument is attractive to hospital administrators, because, if accepted, its logical corollary is that even more money should be spent on hospitals—something administrators approve of for various reasons. But while admissions to hospitals rose by 21 percent over the period from 1961 to 1969, the supply of hospital beds rose even faster, by 25 percent. Medicare and Medicaid did indeed drive hospital costs up, but not by stimulating an excess of demand over supply. In the hospitals, there was cost-push inflation.

In October, 1968, two economists, Paul S. Feldstein and Saul Waldman, correctly summarized what had happened in the *Social Security Bulletin:*

> In Medicare's first year, the financial position of the hospitals improved considerably, possibly as the result of the following factors:
> (a) increases in occupancy rates;
> (b) reimbursement to hospitals for the cost of services to some aged patients, previously provided free or at reduced charges;
> (c) reduction of losses from uncollectibles . . .
> (d) payment to voluntary and government hospitals under Medicare of an allowance amounting to 2% of allowable costs . . .
> (e) receipt of additional revenue from higher charges.

Why did charges go up? Feldstein and Waldman offered two alternative explanations:

1. Hospital management may have miscalculated the effect of Medicare and believed higher charges to non-Medicare patients would be needed because it expected less than adequate reimbursement under Medicare.

It is not too harsh to say that "the hospital people" were given their own ticket to write.

2. Hospital management may have decided that the early Medicare period, which was a period of unusual change in hospital finances and accounting, was a convenient time to adjust their charge schedules.[2]

That is a gentle way of putting it. Bill Fullerton, in Wilbur Mills's office, spelled it out more bluntly. "After Medicare," he told me, "the hospitals got paid more than before: they got full cost. And that meant that, despite all their protestations to the contrary, for the first time they were really making money. I talk to plenty of hospital administrators, and they say, 'I have a little list of things I want to do for the hospital. When Medicare came along, I could start checking them off.' "

John de Lury put it even less kindly, and still accurately:

> The hospitals with the high patient costs are the newer ones, those on the make, with brilliant reputations, with teaching affiliations. Above all they are the ones with programs of vast expansion and edifice complexes. Their rates are high to support their vast ambitions, and they are making us pay through the nose.

The strategic accommodation accepted by the Johnson Administration in 1965, in order to pass Medicare, was with the hospital people: with the American Hospital Association and with Blue Cross. (In most American cities, hospital trustees, senior medical staff, and Blue Cross boards are so intertwined that it can truthfully be said the deal was made with a single interest: "the hospital people.") Two main concessions were made. Medicare was to be financed by reimbursing costs. And the hospitals were to be allowed to choose their own "fiscal intermediaries" to check, audit, and authorize disbursement. Some chose private insurance companies. More chose Blue Cross. Given the coinciding interests, attitudes, and personal contacts of many hospital administrators and of the Blue Cross people who were supposed to be riding herd on them, it is not too harsh to say that "the hospital people" were given their own ticket to write.

They could, and did, expand their buildings, take on new staff, invest in fancy electronic equipment, make generous settlements with the unions—and could be paid whatever the bill came to by the feds, just as long as the friendly fellows at Blue Cross or at the insurance company said it was OK.

The result was a bonanza not only for doctors and hospitals but for insurers, electronic data processors, surgical dressing manufacturers, drug companies, and all the other interests which feed at the $70-billion trough of the medical-industrial complex. It was no accident that in the years immediately following passage of Medicare, the hottest of the hot stocks on Wall Street were those of profit-making nursing homes for old people. The promoter of the hottest of them all, the tactfully named Four Season Nursing Centers, has just pleaded guilty to the biggest stock fraud in American history: $200 million.

What made the Medicare bonanza so attractive was this no-loss proposition: the federal government was footing the bill, and the providers were adding it up. As two Tufts Medical School professors wrote in 1970: "Medicare has proved a better mechanism for insuring the providers than the patients."

Government audits have tightened up recently, and have shown how inadequate both sections of the insurance industry, the profit-making companies and Blue Cross/Blue Shield, proved at controlling costs. Massachusetts Blue Cross, for example, was given a 15 percent increase in premiums by the regulatory authority on December 1, 1970, and then filed for a further 33 percent increase on May 10, 1971. In the previous two years, modest investigation revealed the executive payroll had almost doubled. Blue Cross of Chicago was criticized by HEW auditors for using Medicare money to pay for first-class air travel and entertainment for its executives. And so it went in the commercial companies, too. In certain cases, federal auditors found that insurance companies acting as fiscal intermediaries programmed their computers to omit from cost-control checking procedures hospitals in which the companies had invested.

Two particularly baroque tales illustrate just how free and easy the spending was: the episode of the monogrammed golf balls, and the rags-to-riches saga of the Medicare Billionaire.

In Virginia, Blue Cross was named as the "intermediary" for Medicare, Part A (hospital services), and Blue Shield was the "fiscal agent" on behalf of the state for Medicaid. They were charged by the law with deciding which "providers"—mainly hospitals in this case—should be paid how much, on a "reasonable cost basis." They were then to receive, disburse, and account for the money, and apply safeguards against "unnecessary utilization of services." The government auditors' report suggests that this hardly turned out to be the main problem.

The "Virginia Blues" took on staff until the fed-

[2]They also added a third point: some large hospitals remained in deficit even after increasing charges.

In Virginia, Medicare was charged with one-third of $2138.50 paid for thirteen dozen golf balls imprinted with the Blue Cross/Blue Shield monogram.

eral auditors found, two years later, that staffing was "about 23% in excess of requirements." They bought two big IBM machines, so that while the workload increased by 22.3 percent, money spent on data-processing jumped 1409.8 percent. Yet, the auditors found, the system remained "basically ineffective." Other expenditures seemed even harder to justify. Soon after getting the Medicare contract, the Virginia Blues built a new office building, and spent more than a million dollars on new furniture for it . . . from the furniture company whose sales manager was chairman of the state Blue Cross board of trustees' building committee. He did not, however, let that position influence him into giving Blue Cross undue bargains. With no competitive bidding, Blue Cross paid $1750 each for secretaries' desks.

Medicare was also billed for at least part of the cost of entertainment for Blue Cross executives and their "clients"—it would be interesting to know whether "clients" means insurees or doctors—including "cocktails, beer, wine, alcoholic beverages, tickets for stage plays and football games and golf fees." A portion of the cost of a company picnic was charged to Medicare, including 1050 buffet dinners, two bartenders, bingo prizes, and the rental of six ponies.

The Social Security Administration's auditors commented (dryly) that "since alcoholic beverages are not considered stimulants of production and do not help to disseminate technical information, they cannot be considered allowable costs to the Medicare program."

Finally there were the golf balls. Medicare was charged with one-third of $2138.50 paid for thirteen dozen golf balls imprinted with the Blue Cross/Blue Shield monogram. Teachers and social workers are not the only ones who sometimes benefit more from programs intended to help the poor than the poor themselves do.

Shortly after his first inauguration, President Nixon announced the names of a select group of trustees for the Nixon Foundation. Most of them were either well known to be old friends of the new President, or at least heavy campaign contributors. More than one owed a good deal to the medical-industrial complex; W. Clement Stone, for example, or Elmer Bobst the Vitamin King. But one name was then quite obscure: that of H. Ross Perot.

By the end of 1969, after his elevation to the board of the Nixon Foundation, H. Ross Perot had become a world celebrity by chartering two jets (one of them modestly christened "Peace on Earth") and flying off to Southeast Asia in a well-publicized attempt to ransom American POW's. By 1970, with stock of the Electronic Data Systems Corporation, which he controlled, selling at over $150 a share on the New York Stock Exchange, Perot's personal wealth was authoritatively estimated at $1.5 billion. No American, *Fortune* magazine guessed admiringly, had ever made so much money so quickly. But then neither Henry Ford nor John D. Rockefeller, nor even Paul Getty, had had federal Medicare funds to help him.

Perot, at one time an IBM software salesman, made his big leap in 1965 when Texas Blue Cross and Blue Shield subcontracted the data-processing work arising under their Medicare contract to the company he had founded in 1962, the Electronic Data Systems Corporation (EDS). Perot was at that time, and remained for almost a year afterwards, a part-time employee of Texas Blue Cross; he was manager of their data-processing department at a salary of $20,000 a year. Until then, EDS had been small beer. Its turnover had never exceeded $500,000 a year. The Blue Cross contract was worth $5 million; the contract ran for three years, even though Blue Cross's contract with the government, on which it depended, was for only one year. There was no competitive bidding, and while the contract between the Social Security Administration and the Texas Blues had a provision for the examination of records, the contract between Blue Cross and EDS did not. To get ready to handle this tempting contract, EDS had enjoyed a vital helping hand: a loan of $8 million from the Republic National Bank of Dallas, whose chief executive officer was the chairman of Blue Cross.

Once into Medicare and Medicaid work, Perot and EDS never had to look back. The corporation's gross revenue rose from $1.6 million in 1966 to $47.6 million in 1970. The rate of profit on that revenue rose from 15 percent in 1966 to 41 percent in 1969, and then fell back to a mere 29 percent in 1970. By 1971, EDS was doing the electronic data-processing work for Medicare in nine states, including four out of the biggest five. Two-thirds of its gross revenues have come from Medicare and Medicaid. EDS stoutly maintains that it has processed Medicare and Medicaid claims more cheaply than they would otherwise have been processed, and this may be true. In any case, on its own showing, EDS made profits of up to 41 percent on turnover, two-thirds of which came straight out of public funds which were supposed to be disbursed on a "reasonable cost basis." In other words, in a perfectly legal manner, and in less than five years, Ross Perot was able to make himself a very wealthy man in a way that would be regarded

in many other countries as incredible: by owning stock in a company that helped other private organizations decide whether the government should or should not pay out public funds for the medical care of the old and the poor.

In an atmosphere where such things were possible, it was probably inevitable that attention should turn from the mechanics of the health care system to its ethics. While the escalation of costs forced even conservatives to concede that the system faced crisis, liberals—who had largely confined themselves to quantitative and economic issues in the past—began to make more searching criticisms.

"The cost question turned the spotlight on the other deficiencies of the system," said Karl Yordy of the National Institute of Medicine. "It was not only the increase in costs produced by the fact that Medicare was on a cost-reimbursing basis," thinks Dr. Jack Geiger, the head of the State University of New York's new medical school at Stony Brook, "it was the rise in costs, plus the failure to deliver health care, that revealed the inadequacies of the system. The push for a reassessment of the system came from the fact that the cost of health care, and the difficulty of finding primary sources of health care, were beginning to hit the white middle class."

Whatever the reason, four new, interrelated lines of criticism began to be heard in the late 1960s with increasing force. Each probed more deeply than the last into the substructure of assumptions that underlay the American medical system.

* A new skepticism appeared about the value of technology in medicine; a new willingness to question an equation that had been virtually unchallenged for a generation: the assumption that good medical care means advanced medical technology.

* Institutions, and in particular the dominant institution of modern medicine in America, the hospital, became objects of increased suspicion.

* The physician's professional authority began to be challenged as never before.

* Ultimately, even the traditional ethics of medicine were called into question on issues of social and political responsibility.

For over twenty years, from 1948 to 1968, Congress had been persuaded to pour money steadily into medical research. Most politicians were aware that "health" was an issue with their constituents. But once the AMA seemed to block any reform of the health care delivery system, the only politically prudent way of showing concern for the health issue was by voting money for research. A formidable coalition pressed the good work forward. It consisted of lobbyists, led by two indomitable ladies, Mary Lasker and Florence Mahoney, and others less free from self-interest; congressmen and senators, led by Representative John Fogarty of Rhode Island and Senator Lister Hill of Alabama; and research administrators. These lobbyists succeeded in increasing congressional appropriations for medical research, channeled through the National Institutes of Health (NIH), from $7 million in 1947 to over $1 billion twenty years later. In sixteen out of those twenty years, Congress actually reversed its normal, stern, budget-cutting inclinations of those years, and appropriated more money than the Administration was asking for.[3] Not coincidentally, in the late 1950s and the early 1960s, the public began to read more and more about the wonders of arcane medical technology: about miracle drugs, and magic surgery, and electronic aids to diagnosis, and eventually about "space age medicine."

Dr. Jack Geiger was strategically situated to observe this phenomenon. He had run OEO-funded health centers in Mississippi and Boston before heading up SUNY's new medical school at Stony Brook. But before going to medical school he had been a science reporter for UPI, where it was his job to chronicle the marvels of the new medical technology. As a result of that experience he is convinced that inflated propaganda during those years led eventually to a backlash of skepticism about what technology could achieve in medicine.

"There was endless publicity about the cure for cancer, the cure for heart disease, and so on," Geiger said, putting audible quotation marks around the word "cure." "People began to feel it was only a matter of time before the brilliant, dedicated doctors discovered a cure for death."

He was hardly exaggerating. In 1961, President Kennedy was interviewed on NBC's *Today* show by Dave Garroway, who asked him: "Will we eventually cure everybody? Will the health of the nation approach perfection someday, by care and research?" And it wasn't only gushing television interviewers who seemed in the early 1960s to assume that research would "cure everybody" someday. For Mary Lasker, Stephen Strickland has written, "the conquest of disease was . . . an ob-

[3]The operation of the medical research lobby was analyzed by Elizabeth Drew in *The Atlantic* of December, 1967. Mrs. Drew pointed out that cancer, heart disease, and stroke, which received the lion's share of congressional attention, happen to be the major medical threats to elderly, middle-class males, the demographic category to which all the key congressional figures belonged. The story has also been well told in detail by Stephen P. Strickland in *Politics, Science and Dread Disease* (Harvard University Press, 1972).

tainable goal," while many senators thought that conquest was "assured, if not imminent."

And yet, after twenty years of these unprecedentedly high expenditures on research, American medicine, far from "curing everybody," was unable to prevent public health standards from slipping *behind* those of many other countries with far smaller resources. By the time the 1970 United Nations *Demographic Yearbook* was published, the United States was seventeenth in the international league table in infant mortality, behind Hong Kong, Western Samoa, and Fiji as well as most countries of Western Europe. Twelve countries, plus two of the constituent republics of the Soviet Union, the Ukraine and Byelorussia, claimed a higher life expectancy for females, and another six came within one year of the U.S. figure of seventy-four years; while in life expectancy for males, in spite of all the money spent on research into cancer, heart disease, and stroke, the United States ranked *thirtieth,* behind Spain, Greece, and five countries in Communist Eastern Europe.[4]

A reaction against the prevailing faith in technology was to be expected, and it came. Doctors and laymen began to wonder whether American medicine was not placing too heavy an emphasis on drugs, surgery, and research, at the expense of primary and preventive health care. Medical academics began to show a new interest in foreign medical practice. The National Health Service in Britain, once beyond the American pale because it was "socialized medicine," has probably been more comprehensively studied in the last five years by American than by British scholars. Scandinavian public health has attracted almost as much attention.

These comparative studies came back with some disturbing information. One study[5] found, for example, that twice as much surgery was performed in proportion to population in the United States as in England and Wales. This might have been taken as comforting proof of the old-fashioned reluctance of British surgeons to operate—except for the awkward fact that rates of surgery in American group health plans also turned out to be half those reported for Blue Shield fee-for-service practice. In other words, those American surgeons who earn a fee every time they operate perform twice as many operations as British surgeons. And worse, when American surgeons had a financial incentive to operate, they did so twice as often as when they had none. Another study showed that the incidence of tonsillectomies in California was twice as high as it was in Sweden, a country with outstandingly high standards of health care for children. Numerous other studies, not on an international comparative basis (a study of New York teamsters' and their families' health, for example), supported the suggestion that a disturbingly high proportion of elective surgery was unnecessarily performed.

Another trend fed the new skepticism: a galloping increase in specialization within the health professions. "Virtually all the attributes and the attending problems of modern American medicine," the medical sociologist Rosemary Stevens wrote in 1970, "spring from the gigantic technological achievements . . . which both precipitated and were facilitated by functional specialization." The general practitioner was becoming extinct. By 1970, there were twice as many men and women training for a single surgical specialty—orthopedic surgery—as for general practice. By 1968, 70 percent of all the physicians in the country claimed to be specialists. A majority of doctors, perhaps, continued to equate increased specialization with increased skill. And yet there was a growing awareness that while specialization, like research, had undoubtedly raised the standard of the best treatment—in the sense that sophisticated diagnosis, medication, and surgery were available—progress in these fields had failed to bring a commensurate improvement in standards of overall care, in contrast to those of other countries.

In 1969, for only the second time in two decades, Congress slashed the NIH budget. The cuts were a consequence of two unrelated events: the Vietnam squeeze on domestic spending, and stinging criticisms of NIH's financial management by a House subcommittee headed by Representative L. H. Fountain, Democrat of North Carolina. The cuts, while not very large, signaled a change of mood. By the end of the 1960s, the prevailing disposition in Congress, and among those in the general public who thought about medical policy, was to concede that research remained important, but to insist that improving the delivery, and reducing the cost, of health care must have priority over the litany of "cancer, heart disease, and stroke."

A similar sequence can be traced in attitudes toward the hospital as an institution. Most of the

[4]These international rankings are not absolutely precise, for two reasons. National statistics do not all date from the same year. And not all territories included in the U.N. data are sovereign nations. I have, for example, excluded Northern Ireland and the Ukraine (both of which have higher life expectancy than the United States). Interestingly, two U.S. dependencies, Puerto Rico and the Ryuku Islands, also have higher male life expectancy than the United States.

[5]By Dr. John Bunker, *New England Journal of Medicine,* 1970.

The charge was that at best hospitals were unresponsive to community needs, and, at worst, arrogant and racist.

high technology medicine is practiced in hospitals, so that for a time they, and their fund-raising efforts, benefited from the prestige of the new miracles that were being performed in them. Moreover, with the proliferation of specialists, many thoughtful analysts envisioned a greatly expanded role for hospitals as medical centers, coordinating the diagnosis and treatment of both in-patients and out-patients.

But by the end of the decade, attitudes toward hospitals were changing. Too many people were being hospitalized, partly because of technological trends, but even more because of the way insurance policies were being written. The average cost of hospitalization increased by 75 percent between 1966 and 1969.

Just at this moment, for largely professional reasons, a new wave of liberal and radical medical academics (many of them students of "social medicine," a new discipline for which universities and medical schools were setting up departments during these very years) wanted to see the hospitals' role diminished. "The principle of the hospital as the center of care, including ambulatory care, is being challenged," wrote Dr. Jack Geiger at about this time. "People shouldn't go to the hospital unless they have to," said Dr. Victor Sidel of Montefiore in the Bronx. "Why not?" I asked. "Because hospitals are dangerous places." He went on to explain that hospitalization may serve as a depressant where patient morale is concerned, and that the danger of infection persists in even the best-run modern hospital.

Hospitals were also being assailed from without. They were being attacked by poor people, especially poor black people, and by their radical allies, black and white. The charge was that at best they were unresponsive to community needs, and, at worst, arrogant and racist. The attack was made at many levels: in sophisticated academic argument; as part of radical confrontation tactics; and in the heat of spontaneous outbursts of anger and despair.

In 1970, Barbara and John Ehrenreich, who had been associated with a group of radical medical reformers called the Health Policy Advisory Center (Health-PAC), distilled the radical critique into a forceful and provocative book, *The American Health Empire.* Their thesis is one of alluring simplicity. Liberals, they say, are always lamenting the lack of system in the American health industry, or complaining that "the system doesn't work." They are wrong, say the Ehrenreichs. There is indeed a health system in America, and it works efficiently enough. The catch is that its primary objective is *not* to provide good health care for the American people. The *first* priority of the system, say the Ehrenreichs, is to make money; and this the health industry does in a highly efficient manner, for doctors, drug manufacturers, insurance companies, and the rest of the medical-industrial complex, including "nonprofit hospitals, which take their profits in power, in salaries for administrators and medical staff, and in real estate."

The second priority, the book goes on to argue, is research, which the industry needs to make profits, and which requires the clinical data provided by patients, especially in hospitals. The third priority is training more doctors, to perpetuate the system. Here, too, a supply of patients, preferably poor patients with "interesting" conditions, is required.[6] Some doctors will go on to do research. Some will teach. Most will make money, for themselves and for the medical-industrial complex. And, incidentally, they will have to provide health care for the American people.

This cynical but compelling analysis is supported by a historical interpretation. The Ehrenreichs argue that a three-stage revolution of scale has occurred in American medicine, analogous to the development from small business to corporation to giant multinational conglomerate. First, the individual doctor in private practice began to give way to the hospital: by 1969 less than 29 percent of the nation's health expenditures went to individual doctors. Then, even before this process had run its course, individual hospitals became dependent on the medical schools and teaching hospitals. In the last twenty years, almost all hospitals and health centers in New York, and a very large number of doctors in practice, have come under the medical and organizational influence of Columbia-Presbyterian, Einstein-Montefiore, and the city's five other major teaching hospital complexes. The same process has occurred in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Houston, Los Angeles, and other major cities. The resulting networks of affiliated institutions the Ehrenreichs call "health empires," and they argue that these empires have an institutional compulsion to expand, in order to attract the talent and the money—both from the federal government and from private foundations and bequests—they need to stay on top.

Radicals like the Ehrenreichs generally argue that these newly emerging giant medical institutions carry within them the seeds of their own

[6]The revelation in 1972 that a federally sponsored research project in Tuskegee, Alabama, had been paying black syphilis patients to forgo treatment in the interests of research illustrated how far medical researchers were prepared to go. It also stimulated debate among civil libertarians and on Capitol Hill about defining new canons of research ethics.

destruction. Almost all of them are located in the inner city—Columbia-Presbyterian, for example, on the fringes of Harlem—where the contrast between their wealth and privilege and conditions in the surrounding community will inevitably lead to dialectical contradictions and ultimately to conflict.

To a limited extent, the people of the ghettos began to verify this prediction. However, just as in ghetto rioting between 1964 and 1968, small, local businesses were attacked while major symbols of social and economic power—like the General Motors building, an oasis in the flames of Detroit—were left untouched, old, poor hospitals bore the brunt of the trouble, not the rich, expanding medical complexes. Confrontations have occurred between administrators and insurgents in several big-city hospitals: Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx, Cook County in Chicago, San Francisco General, and D.C. General in Washington, for example. The insurgents in each case were young, mainly white, middle-class radical doctors; or community militants; or some combination of these.

The suspicion that, for all its technical achievement, American medicine was falling away from both professional ethics and the concept of social responsibility was not confined to radicals or to the young. Consider, for example, the following harsh judgment on the quality of treatment dispensed to recipients of Medicaid:

> The task force, along with what is possibly a majority in the health profession and certainly a majority of the population, interprets the recent Federal enactments [those, that is, establishing Medicaid] as intending that access to basic medical care shall be a right or entitlement. . . . That right or entitlement is not fulfilled when millions in the population . . . are given a kind of service that is woefully inferior by every standard known to man or doctor.

That statement is taken from no radical diatribe. It is a quotation from the official report of a task force set up by the Nixon Administration to study Medicaid, with staff support from HEW, and chaired by the president of the Blue Cross Association of Chicago, Walter McNerney. In a paper written in 1972, Dr. Victor Sidel summed up the anguished reassessment that had been taking place in a thousand lectures, papers, and medical conferences: "Everything that we have learned about how clever we are, how important we are, how relevant we are, how trusted we are, how self-sacrificing we are, will have to be re-examined."

Besides speeches, reports, and articles, the wave of dissatisfaction with medical practice manifested itself in a variety of ways, on the part of both doctors and their patients. Doctors demanded peer review of each other's professional performance. Many medical experts argued for the development of a paraprofessional class, to relieve doctors of some part of their medical monopoly. Most significantly, malpractice suits against doctors rose sharply, and courts increasingly had a tendency to find for the plaintiffs, the patients.

Writing in the Spring, 1973, issue of *The Public Interest,* sociologist Nathan Glazer discussed this last phenomenon and expressed a concern felt by many Americans in the years of the great medical bonanza. He pointed out that the incidence of malpractice suits in England or in Sweden had not greatly increased, and asked

> why the best-paid doctors in the world—at least some of them—seem to find it necessary to engage in barely legal or illegal practices in order to force their incomes higher? Or is it indeed because they are the best-paid doctors in the world that so many have engaged in profiteering at the public expense? . . . Is it possible that the somewhat greater distance between healing and monetary payment that generally prevails in England and Sweden contributes to a morally healthier medical profession?

In that same article, reviewing recent academic studies of the American health system, Professor Glazer reports a "recent backlash of defense for the American health system."

If, in the late 1960s, congressional faith in unlimited research expenditure wavered under the influence of a new concern with the human problems of health care delivery, and a new skepticism about technology, that skepticism was rather short-lived. The "dread disease lobby" soon reasserted itself. In January, 1971, President Nixon proposed (with the support, incidentally, of Senator Kennedy) to set up a new, separate National Cancer Institute. He advocated it with the old can-do rhetoric about the need for the kind of effort "that split the atom and took man to the moon." The rest of the medical research community was strong enough to prevent this dismemberment of NIH. But by the end of 1971, Congress enacted, and the President signed, a new Cancer Act, authorizing $1.6 billion over three years for a new "assault" on cancer. At the medical schools, the high tide of radicalism is said to have crested.

Even before its attention was distracted and its energies paralyzed by Watergate, the Administration had lost any sense of urgency about national health insurance. Indeed it had all but abandoned its plans in their original

Even before its attention and energies were paralyzed by Watergate, the Administration had clearly lost any sense of urgency about its plans for national health insurance.

form. Before he left HEW on his way to the Justice Department via the Pentagon, Elliot Richardson had his staff prepare what came to be called the Mega proposal. This was a secret plan for comprehensive "simplification and reform" of the more than 300 HEW categorical social programs. In general, the plan followed the lines of the Administration's general philosophy of revenue-sharing and "the New Federalism"—not to mention its desire to cut back domestic spending.

The health section, which soon leaked out, proved of special interest. For one thing, it contained a harshly explicit critique of the Administration's own national health insurance proposals. "Many billions," it said, would be needed to convert these into a "true universal entitlement plan with a comprehensive benefit plan." In its place, the Mega paper suggested a new concept: Maximum Liability Health Insurance. In effect this was a much liberalized version of the concept of "catastrophic insurance." The government would provide cover from the "catastrophic" end of the scale down to a maximum liability fixed for each individual according to his income. Below that level he would be on his own, at liberty either to pay his own bills or to insure himself in the market.

This scheme derived largely from the theories of Dr. Martin Feldstein, the Harvard economist who worked as a consultant on the Mega proposal. Feldstein has now spelled out the maximum liability concept under another name ("major risk insurance," or MRI) in an article in the June, 1973, issue of the AMA magazine, *Prism*.

> Every family would receive a comprehensive insurance policy with an annual direct expense limit . . . scaled so that families with higher incomes would be responsible for larger amounts of their medical bills . . . the expense limit might start at $300 per year for a family with an income below $3,000. It might be ten percent of the income of persons earning between $3,000 and $10,000 and $1,000 for incomes above that level. MRI could be improved by introducing a coinsurance feature above that basic deductible. . . .[7]

Feldstein argues that his scheme would not only prevent financial hardship for individuals but would also save billions of dollars in public money, both by removing the existing tax deductions for medical expenses (though of course these could be removed in conjunction with any other reform) and by making people "more cost conscious in spending their own money and this in turn would help to check inflation."

Feldstein is an economist, but his analysis seems almost oblivious to noneconomic factors. In one of his papers, he attributes rising costs primarily to rising demand on the part of patients, brushing aside the degree to which it is doctors, and not patients, who make the effective decisions about the demand for treatment. He argues that the best way to measure the benefits of hospital care is in dollars! In short, he, and others of his school, analyze the medical system as if it were a marketplace like any other. They advocate "deductibles," "coinsurance," and other devices to make the patient spend his own money when he needs medical care precisely because such devices help to turn medical decisions into economic ones.

The revival of respect for essentially economic prescriptions for the health care crisis was to be expected. But it marked the end of a period in which economic problems caused a revaluation of the noneconomic deficiencies of the medical system.

Both the shift to the left in the late 1960s and the subsequent reaction can be explained by factors intrinsic to the health care system—up to a point. There is, as I have tried to show, a great deal of evidence that the way Medicare and Medicaid were introduced led to a rapid rise in medical inflation, and that inflation led to reassessment, to a sense of crisis, and to a change in the whole climate for reform of the system. The reaction can also be explained in terms of developments within the world of medicine. If rapidly rising costs led to a sense of crisis, then it can hardly be irrelevant that inflation of health costs has slowed down. Harry Schwartz, in his spirited 1972 book called *The Case for American Medicine*, claims that "between August 1971 and August 1972, the medical price index rose only 2.2%, substantially less than the cost of living rose in the same period." Checking with other health economists, I found that there is some dispute about the extent to which government policy from Phase I to Phase IV braked the inflation of medical costs, but it is not disputed that the sharp rise of the late 1960s is now over. Indeed, to the extent that the sharp inflation was caused by fee increases that would not be repeated for some time to come, it

[7] *The Rising Cost of Hospital Care*, National Center for Health Services Research and Development, 1971. Feldstein complains that "the role of increasing demand as the primary cause" of cost increases "is not generally understood," in spite of the fact that he has taken the trouble to demonstrate it with "a formal mathematical model." Yet at times he seems a little confused on this point himself: he concludes his paper by saying that "our current methods of hospital insurance have encouraged hospitals . . . to increase the sophistication and expensiveness of their product more rapidly than the public actually wants." The trouble, in fact, has come from a special type of "demand," usually known to those unfamiliar with Feldstein's formal mathematical model as "supply."

The important weakness in American health care which the crisis of the late 1960s revealed was the entrepreneurial concept of the doctor's social role, the intimate relationship between healing and monetary reward.

would be odd if the rate of inflation had not slackened off. And again, to the extent that the rise in costs created a new propensity to ask fundamental questions about the system, the passing of the wave in medical costs would naturally be expected to presage some calming of the clamor for reform.

But I suspect that something larger is also involved. The striking thing is how closely the changes in political and intellectual attitudes to the health care system have mirrored the changes in other areas of American life.

A parallel from the history of higher education may illustrate what I mean. In August, 1967, Christopher Jencks and David Riesman finished writing a book about American universities, which they called *The Academic Revolution.* In January, 1969, they sat down to write a preface to the second edition. In the intervening seventeen months, all hell had broken loose on American campuses. The "revolution" of their title, to the extent that it was more than merely metaphorical, had been a slow, gradual affair, transforming universities over a couple of decades. Now, to the embarrassment of Jencks and Riesman, people were rushing out to buy their book in the hope of getting some understanding of what looked like an all-too-literal academic revolution.

This experience set Jencks and Riesman to measuring, in their second preface, the sheer speed of change in American attitudes to higher education since they had started studying it at the end of the 1950s. Then, they recalled,

> both educators and laymen seemed appallingly complacent about American higher education . . . the only widespread complaints about higher education were that Americans needed more of it. . . . Almost all educators accepted the legitimacy and authority of the academic profession a few years ago, even when they criticized specific aspects of its operation. Today all this has changed . . . the public is becoming more skeptical about educators' claims . . . educators are far less sure than they were that their traditions and values are worth defending . . . a small but growing minority seems convinced that the academic system . . . is not just blemished but fundamentally rotten.

Change only a few words—"educators" into "doctors," "academic" into "medical," and so on—and this could stand as a summary of what happened in American medicine in the late 1960s. It was as true of American medicine as of higher education in the 1950s and the early 1960s—probably more true—that "the only widespread complaints were that Americans needed more of it."

The crisis of confidence of the late 1960s, in short, seems to have followed the same course in the universities as it did in medicine, and in fact as it did in the life of other social institutions as well. Doubt, criticism, crisis, radical challenges to old assumptions and established structures of authority, and a willingness even on the part of conservatives to move out of entrenched positions and accept a surprising degree of change: these were the characteristics of the years from 1966 to 1970. Then the old assumptions, the defenders of the status quo, and the doubts about the doubts began to have their turn once again.

The reasons for this pattern, I am suggesting, lie only partly inside the medical system itself, in the consequences of Medicare, or in the operation of demand-pull and cost-push. For, much as some of its leaders would like it to, the medical system does not in the end operate in isolation from the general mood of American life. In the most specific ways, medical institutions, like other institutions, felt the impact not only of liberal reform but also of the Vietnam War, of inflation, the civil rights movement, feminism, student dissent, and ghetto anger. It also felt the reaction to the great national crisis of the 1960s: the disillusionment with rising federal budgets, the impatience of the white middle class with strident radicalism, the counterattack of organized interest groups, and the stubbornness with which conservative intellectuals have patched up intellectual defenses of the free enterprise status quo.

Yet most of the things that were wrong with American medicine when President Nixon thought the system faced imminent breakdown are wrong with it now. Americans still spend far more on their health than people anywhere else in the world, and live shorter lives than do the inhabitants of many of the countries Americans' ancestors emigrated from in the nineteenth century.

What are the prospects for change at this time? The initiative for health care reform having passed to Congress, the eventual shape of national health insurance will emerge from the *tête-à-têtes* between Senator Kennedy and Chairman Mills. Even if they do succeed in drafting a bill by the fall, it will have to wait in line behind both tax and trade legislation in what have become overcrowded sea-lanes leading to the Ways and Means Committee. Even if legislation is drafted late this year, it is realistic to guess that it would not become law before, say, 1977. Perhaps five years have been lost.

This is not the result of any obstructionist desire on the part of Wilbur Mills. The chairman may be an old gray fox, a pragmatist who keeps his cards

up against his chest until he plays them. But he is also a positive man, a master craftsman of consensus. He personally wants to pass a historic—which means a substantial—national health insurance bill before he retires. He has steered thousands of pieces of legislation through Congress. But Medicare was to have been his monument. He sees that monument as slightly tarnished, by inflation and by the suggestion of incompleteness. National health insurance would be a fitting crown for one of the great congressional careers.

Mills does not think such a bill can be passed unless it includes a role—*some* role, however limited—for the insurance industry. On the other great issue, the method of financing, the evidence is that neither Kennedy nor Mills has yet committed himself. And there are good reasons why they should not commit themselves yet. The deficit is so high that it would be hard to finance a major measure through the budget. Social Security is so high that it would be hard to increase that for a while. And the "mandated" employer-employee approach has several disadvantages—not least that it belongs to the Republicans. No wonder many experts are turning toward some gradualist approach to national health insurance. They want to crawl up to it unobserved, and wave the flag only when there is a victory to announce.

One such gradualist tactic would start with the catastrophic approach and transform it bit by bit. If the Long bill took effect, not at $2000 and sixty days, but at $100 and a week, we would wake up one morning to find that Congress had amended it into national health insurance. In theory, Martin Feldstein's idea of starting at the top and working down could be extended piecemeal even more effectively. A third approach, which both Mills's and Kennedy's staff have examined, would be to start with mothers and children—for example, with federal coverage of prenatal care, delivery, and postnatal care up to the age of five. That would have numerous advantages. Good health care in the first five years of life is cheap—it need cost no more than $5-7 billion a year, Dr. Rashi Fein calculates. It also reduces the need for more expensive care later in life. And motherhood is notoriously hard to oppose politically.

Senator Kennedy admits the attraction of such gradualist ideas. But for him they all suffer from the same philosophic weakness. They give the government no leverage to reform the health care system as a whole and they therefore risk repeating the experience of Medicare. His personal preference is for Social Security as a method of financing, and for an interesting reason. His thinking goes back to what was perhaps the most important single cause of the mood of reaction we have been witnessing recently: the feeling on the part of many middle-class people that they were left out by the liberal reforms of the 1960s. Again, it is worth noticing that the argument is in no way specific to the medical field; it applies to social policy as a whole. Kennedy told me:

> I think there's one lesson we learned in the 1960s, and that is that programs which are directed toward alleviating social needs ought to be targeted in a universal way. What is the most successful social program we have in this country? Social Security. And why? Because it's universal. A policeman in Boston, for example, isn't going to be against a particular program that helps the blacks, so long as he's being helped too. Once he feels the pressures on him are being taken care of, I think he's enormously tolerant of doing something for the disadvantaged—so long as he feels that things are moving along for him too.

That is the language of consensus politics. It is, interestingly, identical with the view of Irving Kristol, who, through his editorship of the journal *The Public Interest* and friendship with Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan, had a considerable influence on the social policies of the first Nixon Administration. And it may well be true that it will take a return to consensus politics, on Capitol Hill and perhaps in the White House too, if the Democrats can recapture it, before a major national health insurance measure is passed.

But the important weakness in the American health care system which the crisis of the late 1960s revealed was not the organizational and financial crisis which a cautious, compromise brand of national health insurance would deal with. It was the entrepreneurial concept of the doctor's social role, the intimate relationship, in Nathan Glazer's formulation, between healing and monetary reward, which has prevented a real, indeed a brilliant, improvement in medical technique from being translated into commensurate improvement in medical care. Cleansed of the entrepreneurial temptations which the Administration's interpretation has allowed, the Health Maintenance Organization could develop into the key institution in a transformation of the economic structure of medicine which would diminish the conflict between the doctor's and the patient's interests. Probably the best hope of spreading the HMO system would be by linking it with a national health insurance system; and there are certainly ways in which this could be done. But it is clear that in the crisis of the 1960s an opportunity for reforming one of the least attractive aspects of American life arrived, and was lost. □

FEEDING ON DREAMS IN A BUBBLE GUM CULTURE

by Sara Davidson

In the film Head, *four boys who have become idols of pre-teen girls around the world run on stage dressed in white suits, and play, or pretend to play, white guitars. Screaming fans surge up from the audience, surround them, and tear at their clothes. On the soundtrack, a manic, double-time chorus begins:*

Hello we are the Monkees,
You know we aim to please,
A manufactured image,
With no philosophies . . .

Somehow in the shuffle around amps, cords, and microphones, the bodies of the four boys turn into plastic mannequins. The girls keep stripping them and finally yank off their heads. When the dust clears, four decapitated dummies roll about the empty stage.

"Here they come. There's Donny!" shrieks a ten-year-old with blond braids. A pack of girls streaks toward the backstage elevator at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas, in a vain but magnificent attempt to ambush the Osmonds. The Osmonds are five brothers ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-four, currently one of the most beloved singing groups in the culture of subteen rock. Donny Osmond, the youngest and the object of greatest passion, is slender, with large eyes, dark hair, and an expression of studied innocence. He speaks to his fans through the lyrics of pop hits from the fifties such as "Puppy Love" and "Too Young," which celebrate the pining of the misunderstood teen-ager.

For two weeks, since the Osmonds have been

Photo above: The Osmonds in Las Vegas.

performing in the Circus Maximus, all lobbies and corridors of the hotel have been under siege by girls from six to fifteen. The girls' minds are so focused on trying to get near the stars that they do not register the bizarre sensory details: the clatter of balls, dice, and slot machine bells; the keno runners dressed in togas, with names like Princess Fatima; the hysterical, lewd cackles of people hitting jackpots.

Most of the girls spend their hours on the floor, obliviously writing notes and trading rumors.

"I met Donny in the hallway this morning and he kissed me on the lips," says a nine-year-old dreamily.

"Liar!"

"I'm not a liar. It's true."

"Prove it."

Silence. The girls go back to their task—composing notes to Donny that promise their undying love. What they want in return is, in rising order of preference: to receive an autograph; to have their picture taken with the Osmonds; to kiss Donny Osmond on the cheek.

So that the girls need not go home empty-handed, the Caesar's Palace gift shop has replaced its ordinary stock of souvenirs with Osmond products: albums, posters, T-shirts, hats, songbooks, pillowcases, watches and clocks. The parents of these girls seem to be easy hits, and don't balk at tipping forty dollars for front-row seats at the dinner show. One woman from San Diego, Eleanor Williams, stationed herself, with her daughter and a Polaroid camera, at the stage elevator for nine hours. When the Osmonds were finally hustled by, Mrs. Williams shoved the girl forward, yelled "Grab Donny!" and snapped a picture. "Every child needs an idol," she announced to no one in particular. "As long as you don't get mental about it."

Before I went to Las Vegas, I had never seen or heard the Osmonds, nor did I know much about the Jackson 5, David Cassidy, Bobby Sherman, Marc Bolan, Rick Springfield, Andy and David Williams, the Raspberries, or the Carpenters. I do not have a young daughter and I rarely listen to Top 40 radio. None of the subteen groups are heard on FM rock stations, and their existence is largely ignored by the general media. This has created a situation in which it is possible for performers to sell millions of records, amass fortunes, and acquire large constituencies of fans, and yet be virtually unknown outside of a specific subgroup.

Within this group, though, there is an unquestioned value system, a common language, and a gallery of heroes and heroines. The subculture even has its own means of communication—a network of fan magazines with names like *16*, *Fave*, *Star*, and *Tiger Beat*. The magazines discover young boys on television programs or in recording groups, and publish their pictures and biographies (often with more elements of fiction than truth). Fans write in to these magazines reporting their opinions and requesting more "news" about their favorite stars. The magazines then print bigger pictures and more details: lists of hobbies, habits, likes and dislikes.

What the girls value, what makes them feel safe, are: goodness, purity, family loyalty, kindness, and simplicity. One nine-year-old from Atlanta made Donny a scroll that read, "D is for docile, O is for obedient, N is for not naughty, N is for nice, Y is for You're so sweet and innocent!" At the bottom she wrote, "I hope you'll marry me when we both grow up." A seven-year-old named Patricia who lives in my apartment building tells me, with gravity, that she has loved Donny Osmond for six months. "I want to marry him when I'm twenty." "Why?" I ask. She smiles and looks away. "I think he's a sweet person and I like his records. I want to live with him in a big white house with a swimming pool and have lots of babies. But I *don't* want all the babies to come at once."

Most of the subteen heroes of the seventies first caught the attention of fans on television. David Cassidy, twenty-two, was an obscure actor when he was cast as Keith Partridge in *The Partridge Family* four seasons ago. The passion with which young girls responded to him reached such proportions that Cassidy nearly cracked from his utter inability to comprehend it.

Bobby Sherman, who is thirty-two, the oldest of the current crop, was seen on *Shindig*, *Here Come the Brides*, and later *The Bobby Sherman Show*. He catered to the subteens by recording sappy love tunes and having his picture imprinted on franchised lunch boxes.

The Osmonds began their professional career as regulars on *The Andy Williams Show*. But they couldn't get a recording contract of their own until they were featured in fan magazines and reader enthusiasm persuaded record executives that their potential with pre-teens might be lucrative.

A few groups have come up primarily through their music: the Carpenters, a brother and sister team with personalities so bland they make Tricia Nixon Cox seem mysterious; and the Jackson 5, shiny-faced, Afro-haired brothers from Gary, Indiana.

The most successful subteen heroes represent a happy, loyal, tight-knit family with which their fans can identify. The Osmonds, the Jacksons, and the Carpenters are members of actual families, and David Cassidy is visualized less as Cassidy the actor—the only child of separated parents—than as Keith Partridge, who lives in a family with lots of other children. All the families appear to be a kind of kids' nation. The parents are benevolent or behave in childlike ways, and the fun they have is al-

ways kids' fun. My seven-year-old neighbor told me the most wonderful dream she ever had was about the Partridge Family, because in the dream, she said, "I was singing with the family. I was *in* it."

The image constructed around subteen stars is that they are unsophisticated, unjaded, shy homebodies. The fan magazines write stories about how Donny Osmond believes in God, old-fashioned courtship, and four-leaf clovers; how David Cassidy sips Cokes and "talks on the phone a lot," and likes to sit in the den watching television with his girlfriends; how the Jackson brothers love to while away an evening playing hide-and-seek with their younger cousins. Ward Sylvester, who manages Bobby Sherman, says: "All the publicity is intended to show how normal they are, so the girls will feel comfortable with them. The worst thing you can do is to suggest you're too hip for your fans. If you live in a fabulous house, drive a Rolls, and have a kooky or debauched life-style, a girl won't be able to dream that she might meet you on the street and you would ask her out for a soda."

The songs recorded by subteen stars are simple, repetitive, with naïve lyrics, easy to remember and, mercifully, easy to forget. Older rock fans dismiss the stuff as "bubble gum music," but Micky Dolenz, one of the Monkees, the prepackaged group who capitalized on subteens in the sixties, defends the genre as "first-grade music for kids in first grade." Micky says: "An eight- or a nine-year-old isn't going to understand a fifteen-minute guitar lick in six-thirteen time. When the Beatles started getting more heavy and experimental, thousands of kids were left out there dying for something they could understand. It's like they were crying, 'Relate to me! Play for me! I don't want to just tag along and watch somebody else having a good time. I want to have fun too!' "

Gloria Stavers, who has edited *16* magazine for almost that many years, explains: "It's very simple. Years ago in rural societies, people told stories about Prince Charming, and girls dreamed of riding off on a white horse and living in a castle. Now young girls can see a Donny Osmond on television, buy his records, read about him in magazines, and dream of going off with him to Las Vegas." Gloria, a tall, fair-skinned woman originally from North Carolina, seems surprised that the subteen idol business even needs to be explained. "It's a natural part of the growing-up process," she says matter-of-factly. "A girl at the age of eleven or twelve needs a safe, distant object for her budding and rather intense awakening to feelings of love for the opposite sex." The intensity with which girls attach themselves to idols varies, though, and those who become superfans, Gloria says, tend to be shy and self-critical. "That's why there's always a girl in the '16' syndrome, a female figure close to the star whom the fans can emulate and look to for advice. There was Annette Funicello, Connie Francis, Cher, and now people like Susan Dey in the Partridge Family and Marie Osmond." Marie, who is thirteen, the only daughter in the Osmond family, peddles a cosmetics line to fans and runs a pen-pal club. Gloria points out: "Marie is not a sexual rival, she's an entrée into the Osmond family. She represents the supportive female a young girl needs as she starts to look for sustenance outside the nest."

Ward Sylvester, who built a fortune by being canny about subadolescent reverie (he was associate producer of *The Monkees* show before he came to manage Bobby Sherman), speculates that girls need a romantic dream life because they have so little control over relationships in actual life. "A boy can decide when he wants to start dating, and how fast things will progress," says Sylvester, a bachelor in his early thirties. "A girl is much less in control, and there are more pressures on her. She can't initiate relationships or structure them, unless she wants to fantasize her ideal dates."

Hey hey we are the Monkees,
We've said it all before,
The money's in, we're made of tin,
We're here to give you more!

What a trip! You board a plane in Hollywood, get off in St. Louis, and find walls of girls roaring at the sight of you from behind chicken-wire barricades. From airplane to limousine, then up the garbage elevator into a hotel room, where you'll be caged for the next twenty-four hours except for a weird thirty minutes when you are shot out on a stage and exposed. Your eyes are blinded by the lights and you can't hear from the screaming, but there comes a point in some city, some season, when in the midst of the holocaust, you say: Why me?

Answer: The world knows something I don't. They've discovered another Christ?

Answer: There is something special and powerful about me. I may not have known it before, but I suspected!

Answer: This is wrong—there must have been a clerical error in the sky. Tomorrow or the next day, everything could vanish.

Answer: Nothing personal. That's show biz.

A man who was involved with the Monkees from their conception to demise, but who is media-shy and insists on remaining anonymous, tells me he has seen it happen to every person he's known who becomes the object of mass worship. "It goes to their heads, there's no way it can't. They lose touch with reality and forget it's going to end, which it always does."

Sara Davidson is a free-lance writer who is currently at work on a book about women coming of age in the 1960s.

Donny Osmond and fans.

When Bert Schneider and Bob Rafelson conceived of a television series based on a zany rock group called the Monkees, they hired four zany young guys, only two of them with professional experience and all of them broke. The idea was that they would not act so much as be themselves, and would use their own names. But they were to act as if they were really a musical group who lived together in a beach house. The layers of ambiguity grew from there.

At first, most of the Monkees' singing and playing was faked, and their hit records, modeled after the Beatles' sound, were produced mainly by studio musicians. Before long, the four boys wanted to create and play the music themselves. To be brief: the Monkees became millionaires, idols, the hottest group in the sub-Beatles market. According to Anonymous, "They all did get a little crazed. Eventually they began to believe the Beatles were imitating them. When they filmed *Head*, they decided they were as important to a movie and as talented as Marlon Brando, and they should get credit for writing and directing as well. They were all quite sure that they could make it on their own, and decided they would quit and go solo." Within months, one of them was broke again, one was in a mental hospital, and none had an easy time finding work.

It is not unusual for teen idols to be forgotten—or worse—figures of ridicule by the time they hit thirty. Knowing this, even subliminally, increases the strain of giving endless concerts and photograph and autograph sessions. David Cassidy, while on a tour of Europe last year, rolled up his eyes and mouthed an obscenity when a lady photographer asked him for one more "jump for joy." According to a report in the London *Sunday Times*, David "collapsed in tears" at the Amsterdam airport when he stepped down the ramp to face yet another battery of newsmen and another swarm of mewling girls. David protested that he is not "the white knight the teen magazines make me out to be. . . . I get depressed and occasionally I stop smiling. It's a drag to keep on living a fiction created by other people." As a show of independence he posed nude for *Rolling Stone*.

The Osmonds and the Jackson 5 seem to have an easier time of it, probably because they are shielded by their family structure from pressures, doubts, and the tendency to develop a case of runaway hubris. I spent two weeks with the Osmonds recently in Las Vegas and Provo, Utah, and was struck by how little they even think about their status in the subteen subculture. The brothers enjoy the screaming crowds and sometimes like to "play with them," but they don't seem to take it personally. Having fans is just part of show business, they say, and having masses of fans means

the Osmond act is, for the moment, doing OK. They are devout Mormons and trust that their work, however unusual, is part of God's plan.

Many reporters who meet the Osmonds come away feeling they have had an overdose of saccharine and banality. Their notes are filled with lines from the Osmonds like: "We have the greatest parents in the world." "We have the greatest fans." "We love our parents." "We love our fans." But I am fascinated with the Osmonds, because they seem the most ambitious, energetic, and congenitally happy group of people I have ever seen living together. Their evolution from amateurs in rural Utah to international pop stars represents a virtual feat of positive thinking. In 1962, the Osmonds, a family with nine children, arrived in Hollywood with no connections. They made a list of their goals and set about systematically checking them off. First, get our singing together; next, learn to dance and move; next, master our instruments; next, a hit record. By mid-1972, they had achieved something unprecedented in the music industry: eleven gold records (each representing one million sales) during a twelve-month period. They had also earned more than $4 million.

You will probably not be able to keep them straight, but for the record, the Osmonds are:

Father, George. A former insurance broker, tall, gray, compulsively cheerful. He directs operations and worries about pleasing everyone. "I haven't an enemy in the world, I don't think."

Mother, Olive, the family's driving force. She is bright, shrewd, and super-organized. She writes notes on her palms to remind herself of appointments, and to be extra safe, sets her alarm wristwatch. She has a heavy frame, a round face that is duplicated in all her offspring, pitch black hair, and a penchant for wearing black that lends her a severe, somewhat menacing air. The appearance is deceiving, for she is warm and optimistic, constantly giving affection and advice.

Virl and Tom, the two oldest sons, both deaf. Although Olive spent hours teaching them to talk as if they were not handicapped, the whole family learned deaf-mute sign language. They are married and work on Osmond projects.

The five brothers who comprise the rock group known as the Osmonds, always referred to in chronological order: "Alan-Wayne-Merrill-Jay-and-Donny." They are, respectively, twenty-four, twenty-two, twenty, eighteen, and fifteen. To help people connect their names and faces, they differentiate themselves by hobby and taste: Alan likes photography, Wayne "thinks deep," Merrill paints, Jay plays football, Donny collects key chains and wears purple. Not one is a physical beauty. There is a certain, shall we say, pudginess about their faces. But there is also an aliveness, a joyous exuberance that sparkles through, giving each that unmistakable electric aura of a star.

Marie, thirteen. She sings, dances, and has recently cut two single records, but her real ambition, she says, is to be a secretary.

Jimmy, ten, being groomed as a future subteen idol. He is called on stage for novelty numbers, and is featured in a television cartoon series.

Except for the two married sons, the entire Osmond family goes on the road together. In Las Vegas before the show, the five performing brothers huddle in their dressing room for a warm-up. Dressed alike in white jump-suit tuxedos, they run in place, sing scales in harmony, breathe, and stretch their mouths. Olive tells them to change a line in the act. Then there is a prayer. Someone who works closely with the Osmonds says the prayer goes, roughly: Dear God, Thank you for letting us appear before so many people. We pray that they will like us and come see us again and again, and that Caesar's Palace will renew our contract. Amen.

Finally their manager gives a pep talk. The boys come out cheering, yelping, and clapping. "I feel like a show, guys!"

"I feel like fighting!"

Their father yells, "Go guys."

"C'mon guys, c'mon!"

Slapping ribs, arms, and behinds, they run through the wings onto the stage.

"The fantastic Osmonds!"

Having worked themselves up, they start at a peak of high energy and race, literally race, through the show. The sheer professionalism of the group is awesome, as is the range of their talent. Since their purpose in Las Vegas is to broaden their audience, so they'll be able to survive once the pre-teen fad has passed, they throw something for everyone in their act. The brothers tap-dance; play saxophones, banjos, and electric instruments; do circus acts; juggle; sing show tunes like "Fiddler on the Roof," barbershop numbers like "I Want a Girl," rock hits, jazz, and Motown soul. In one part of the program, they enact scenes from their scrapbook. We see the Osmonds starting as a children's barbershop quintet at weddings and church suppers. Their lucky break comes—an offer to sing on the streets of Disneyland, where they are discovered by Andy Williams' father. While on television, they sing "Moon River" with Andy, but on their own they start learning to play rock. In 1970 they release their first single, "One Bad Apple," which flies to the top of the charts. Donny records some flowery ballads in his girlish soprano, and at the age of twelve becomes king of teeny hearts.

Donny's voice has dropped an octave since then, but it still has an ingenuous sweetness that spurs girls to shriek and vault on stage, tripping over their long dresses. When the show ends, security

The stuff he's blasting out of could turn into a pickle jar overnight.

Probably no duffer has ever stopped to think about it, but every time he's been in a trap, he's also been in what glass containers are made from.

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Given its natural ingredients, its packaging benefits and its environmental virtues, it's no wonder that consumer preference for glass containers continues to grow. For a copy of "The glass container story," write: Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, Dept. D, 1800 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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It was Some Party. Ballantine's was there.

THERE was no siren song sweeter than the prose of the Cunard brochure with its breathless promises of "a week of life as it should be lived."

The 1920's. The Transatlantic Week. The Cunard liners. Eastbound across the Atlantic. New York to Southampton. 5 days.

Bon Voyage baskets, streamers, the sound of the dressing gong, the stewards' starched jackets, and everywhere the scent of gardenias and oranges and the sea.

It was a time when one never knew who would be on board. When everyone was a celebrity, even the dogs. A dinner jacket was the most important piece of clothing in a gentleman's wardrobe. And every sweet young thing stocked in a supply of floaty dresses.

Midnight on the Mauretania—3 days out. The lilt of the "Dardenella" easing up from the lounge. People slouched in deck chairs hating to say goodnight.

Ballantine's was there. Like the voyage, a scotch to be savoured. A scotch the color of old money. Then and now, when the world goes all out, Ballantine's is there.

Taste the scotch that was there

Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

THE WHOLE BODY SHOULD TAKE PART IN THE SELECTION OF A PIANO.

Begin body-testing a prospective piano by examining its craftsmanship with eyes and fingers.

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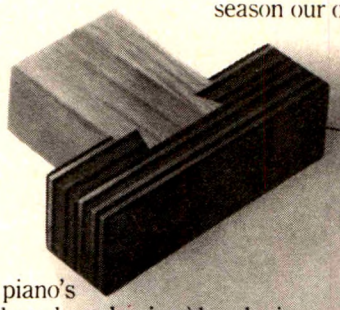

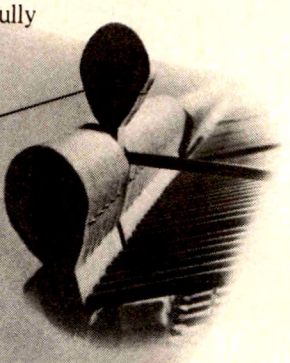

Test the piano's action (or keyboard mechanism) by playing with a variety of touch and pressure.

Fingers, wrists and elbows come into play as you try loud "attacks," smooth passages, short crisp notes, etc.

Do you like the tone?

Each note should sound clear and true, over the full range.

Also, be sure to ask how well the instrument is built to stay in tune.

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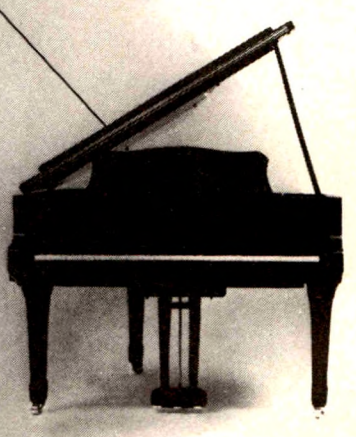

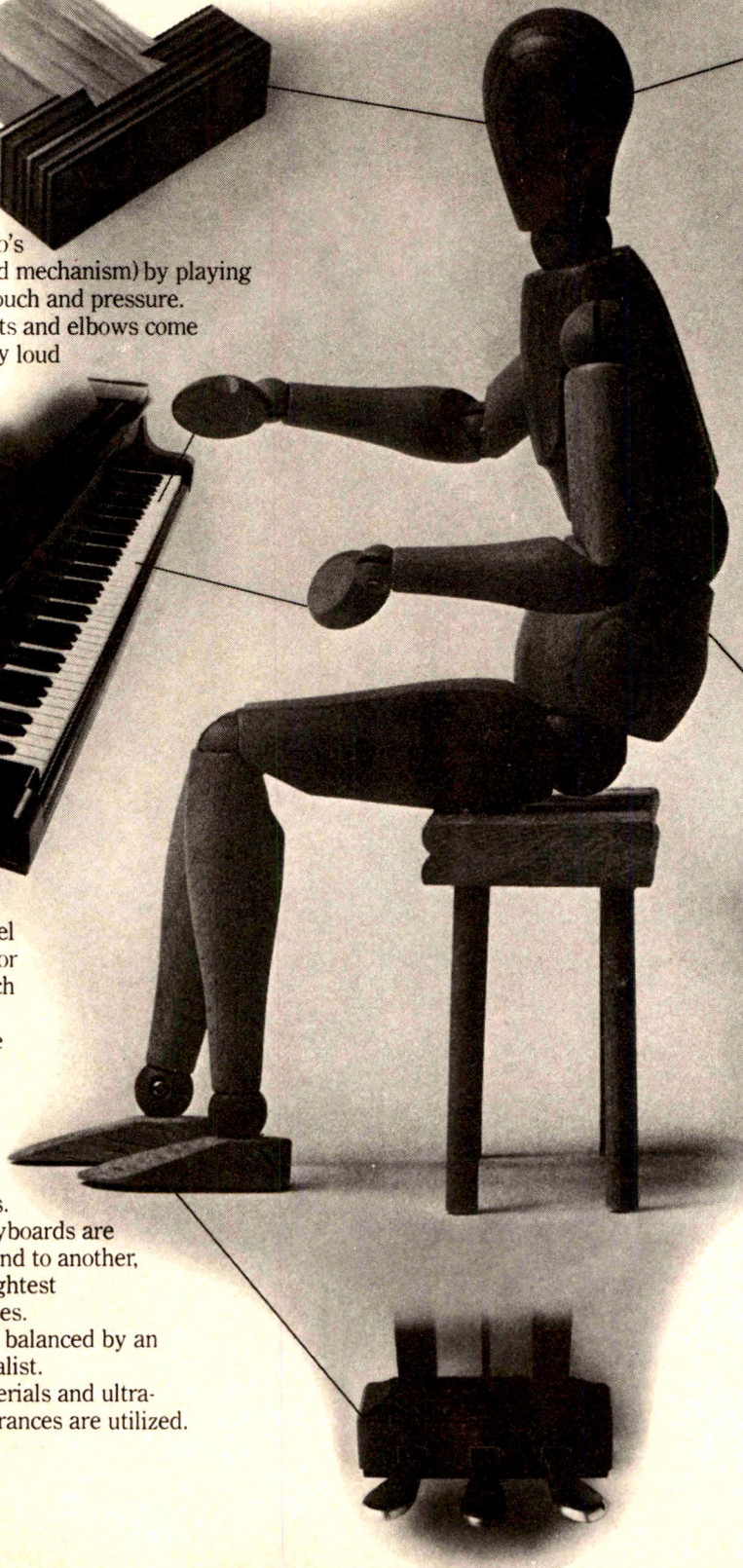

Be sure one key doesn't feel noticeably lighter or heavier to the touch than another.

Also try the action for speed of response, and for sensitive transfer of power from your body to the strings.

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If it does, buy it.

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Check the piano's sound when soft-pedaled or sustained.
(Yamaha pedals are smooth and responsive.)

actly like their parents. Their religious conviction seems to be the cement holding the entire structure in place. Mormon teachings specify each person's role in the family, society, and eternity. Being around the Osmonds reminded me of accounts I had read of Brahmin families in India, whose lives are defined and ordered by religious law. With the Osmonds, there is so much positive reward in their system—fame, love and warmth, worldly success—that although they live in something of a cocoon, why risk losing everything they have together, on the slim chance that something better is outside?

Sunday in Las Vegas. Donny and assorted relatives are watching church services on television in their suite. The subject of the sermon is smut. Suddenly there is pounding on the door. A girl cries, "Donny, I love you! Let me in!"

Donny laughs without blushing.

"What do you think of that, Donny?"

He laughs again. "It's far out."

Donny is a fairly uncomplicated young man, quiet, accommodating, not assertive. When the family is not working, he tends to keep company with ten-year-old Jimmy, or he retreats to his room to play the piano or experiment with electronics.

Although he sings about nothing else, Donny has never been in love. He is not old enough to go out alone on dates (the family rule is that one must be sixteen). This evening in Las Vegas, however, he is scheduled to have a "dream date" with Diane Kramer, an eleven-year-old from Houston, Texas, who won a contest sponsored by *16* magazine. Diane's letter requesting a date with Donny was picked from 25,000 entries. Diane wrote to Donny: "We've got so much in common. Our birthdays are in December. Our names begin with D. You collect key chains. Well, guess what, I collect keys!"

Diane and her father, an Air Force master sergeant, have been flown to Las Vegas and given prime seats for the dinner show. Diane is too nervous to eat, so she stares at the stage curtains. She is slender, with green eyes and straight blond hair, and is wearing a dress with flowers of purple—Donny's favorite color. Around her are hundreds of girls in purple dresses. Diane says she doesn't mind the crowd being there. "I know how the other girls feel."

Diane has her moment at the climax of the show, when Donny wades into the audience to sing "Why?"

I'll never let you go,
Why? Because I love you . . .

Having been cued, he heads straight for Diane, sings to her, kisses her cheek, and gives her one of his purple hats. Afterwards in the dressing room, he sits with his arm around her for pictures. They exchange about two sentences, both admirably banal.

"I hope you enjoyed the show."

"Oh, I did."

Then Diane, beaming, leaves with her father. Donny goes to watch television in his room.

Is the commercial exploitation of an infatuation like Diane's harmful? Is the question even relevant? It's a bit like debating whether letting children play with guns encourages them to be violent. If you don't buy them guns, chances are they'll pick up a stick and pretend.

What does seem clear, though, is that all the feminist consciousness-raising conducted so earnestly in recent years has not yet affected the earliest aspirations of vast numbers of young girls. Diane's dream date seemed pathetic to me, but when I described it to my seven-year-old friend Patricia—"All Donny did was sing to her, kiss her cheek, and give her a hat"—she blanched. Then she hurried to her desk.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm writing Donny."

"But that contest is over."

"I'll pretend I don't know."

With lips moving silently, she began printing in big letters: "Dear Donny, I am a girl who likes your records. I like purple too. We have a lot to talk about. Can I come to Las Vegas?" □

TRULY TO LOVE YOU

Truly to love you
I must become you,
And to become you
I must leave behind
All that is not you,
These passionate monsters,
The imaginations
Of my jealous mind.

by Robert Graves

Deyá. July 7, 1971

VIEWPOINT

CHINA THROUGH ROSE-TINTED GLASSES

by Stanley Karnow

After being *terra incognita* to most Americans for more than twenty years, the People's Republic of China is currently opening up to U.S. newsmen and other visitors. The result has been an outpouring of newspaper dispatches, magazine articles, television shows, and books on China and the Chinese, and there seems to be no end to the accounts on the subject we can expect in the future. Quantity, however, has not visibly improved quality. Having frequently magnified the Communist regime's shortcomings in the past as they assessed China from afar, on-the-spot American observers now appear to be leaping to the other extreme of portraying the country in nothing but euphoric prose. Thus we may be substituting one set of illusions for another, without coming substantially closer to any plausible understanding of a land whose realities are difficult enough for even disinterested scholars to fathom. The potential danger in this, I fear, is that the pendulum may swing back again to jeopardize a stable relationship unless both Chinese and Americans seek a balanced appreciation of one another. At the moment, though, the American view of China is plainly tilted.

Some of our most prominent journalists are responsible for the tilt. In 1961, for example, the columnist Joseph Alsop was writing that the Chinese diet averaged six hundred calories per day, and that this "methodical and rationed" starvation was a deliberate policy designed by the Peking government to reduce the population and thereby ease the pressure on available resources. But after a recent visit to China, during which he was regally treated, Alsop ecstatically praised Chinese agricultural progress and estimated Chinese farmers to be among the richest in Asia.

The usually perceptive New York *Times* columnist, James Reston, underwent a similar transformation. He asserted a decade ago that the Chinese had "made such a ghastly mess of their revolution" that they were attacking India in order to "halt the more democratic development of that country." Reporting from China in 1971, however, Reston likened the Chinese revolution to an old-fashioned "cooperative barn-raising" that ought to make Americans "outrageously nostalgic and even sentimental."

Even a seasoned correspondent like Harrison Salisbury, also of the *Times*, was carried away during his China tour. Quoting a Chinese official as saying that labor reform had been "the great experience of my life," Salisbury commented that he knew the man was telling the truth "from the emotion in his voice, the reverence with which he spoke."

The list of other American converts could go on to include, besides newsmen, such diverse celebrities as John Kenneth Galbraith and Shirley MacLaine as well as a distinguished Washington lady I prefer not to identify, who gushed at me over lunch in Peking one day not long ago: "It's so marvelous here I could stay forever."

Predictably, the shrewd Chinese leaders see through such flattery, and some have even voiced disappointment that the U.S. media are not tougher on China. Recalling the coverage during President Nixon's trip to Peking last year, for example, Premier Chou En-lai complained to a group of visiting scholars not long ago that the American television crews on the journey "only took pictures of beautiful things" and ignored China's uglier sights. Chiao Kuan-hua, the deputy foreign minister, made the same point recently. "American journalists are not critical enough," he said. "They used to write that everything in China was wrong. Now they write that everything in China is right."

Writing in *Commentary* a couple of months ago, Sheila K. Johnson

detected a resemblance between the present admiration for China and the enthusiasm shown by American visitors to the Soviet Union in the 1920s and 1930s. But in my opinion, many of those who applauded the Soviet experiment in those days had socialist leanings, while the current crop of China partisans bears no particular ideological stamp. Ironically, in fact, among the most vocal critics of China at present are members of the leftist Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars who have been disappointed by the Chinese rapprochement with Richard Nixon in much the same way that the Old Left became disenchanted with the Kremlin following the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact of 1939. It seems to me, then, that a number of other factors are combining to prompt Americans to look at China through rose-tinted glasses.

The new Maoist man

One of these factors, in the case of the media at least, is simply fashion. Both the Ping-Pong breakthrough in the spring of 1971 and President Nixon's Peking trip less than a year later were carefully stage-managed to create maximum impact, and the media, always hungry for a new story, rediscovered China. But a different China. The monstrous China of the Korean conflict and the Cold War which threatened its neighbors and enslaved its own people now became the China of acupuncture, ancient art treasures, delicious food, purposeful peasants sculpting the countryside, and, of course, the brilliant, handsome, witty Chou En-lai. The New York *Times*, the taste maker of American journalism, no longer called the Chinese government "the most totalitarian regime of the 20th century," as it had in 1959, but instead published pieces affirming that Mao Tse-tung's doctrines had "propelled China into a continuing revolution that is producing a new society and a new 'Maoist man.'" Going even further, Salisbury in his book contended that this new "Maoist man" presented a spiritual challenge to decadent Americans: "When would the New American Man and the New American Woman walk the earth, proud and confident, making the oceans boil and the continents shake?"

Although the White House cannot easily manipulate reporters to express certain viewpoints, it does set a tone, and, I would submit, the Nixon Administration deliberately contributed to the China vogue in the press. George Kennan once noted that there is a "curious trait of the American political personality which causes it to appear reprehensible to voice anything less than unlimited optimism about the fortunes of another government one has adopted as a friend," and Mr. Nixon's behavior fitted that pattern exactly as he prepared to improve U.S. relations with Peking. Perhaps, with his public relations mentality, he felt that he could not "sell" China to the American voter unless he depicted it in glowing terms. In any case, he ceased referring to the Chinese regime as Communist, and he instructed the U.S. Information Agency to stop producing materials critical of China. He also ordered State Department and Central Intelligence Agency specialists not to reveal details on continuing political tensions inside China, and, when news of Lin Piao's alleged coup attempt against Mao Tse-tung and subsequent death appeared in American newspapers, his aides reportedly considered giving lie-detector tests to U.S. officials suspected of having leaked the intelligence.

Henry Kissinger added to this heady mood by lauding Chou En-lai and praising China's *Weltanschauung*. The climax of the buildup was the President's journey to Peking, which he organized as a television spectacular. Suddenly China was respectable. And the media took their cue from the White House.

In large measure, I think, both the media and the public have swung from extreme hostility to extreme affection—and could swing back again—because they share a peculiarly American passion about China. That feeling has often been described as a "love-hate" syndrome, but I would characterize it as a sense of responsibility toward China. While other Western nations accepted the Chinese as they were, we tried to befriend them and to mold them into our own shape. We set aside the Boxer indemnity as an educational fund. Our missionaries went forth to civilize the Chinese with doses of religion and toothpaste, and, as children, we all collected pennies to save them from famine.

Our emotions rose during the Japanese invasion of China. Chiang Kai-shek became *Time*'s Man of the Year, and Harold Isaacs, appraising that period in retrospect, would later write that "the image-makers in their simple-minded enthusiasm had turned China at war into a movie set and had made the Chinese into plaster saints." The American sense of responsibility toward China continued even after the glorious Chiang and his wife began to show serious signs of corruption and ineptitude. Blithely assuming that Americans held the key to China's destiny, *Time* asserted in mid-1946 that if the United States "cannot somehow bring about a liberal revolution within the Kuomintang, then it had better clear out" of the country.

Apart from strategic considerations, the take-over of China by the Communists and their subsequent anti-American posture traumatized Americans. We were disappointed, confused, and incredulous that the Chinese could turn against us. Our illusory trust in them had been betrayed, and we could only explain the phenomenon to ourselves by inventing the new illusion that they were Soviet puppets. Thus Dean Rusk described the infant People's Republic of China as a "Slavic Manchukuo," and a New York *Times* editorial intoned that "it is both our right and our duty to wait for further evidence before we recognize the Communist regime as a genuinely sovereign government." Afterwards, when that

Stanley Karnow, former Far East correspondent for *Time* and diplomatic correspondent for the Washington *Post*, now reports for NBC.

dream had evaporated, we persisted in the notion that the Chinese people were different from their Communist masters and, we hoped, still retained a fondness for us. That notion, oddly enough, is echoed in present efforts by Peking to distinguish the American people from the U.S. government, which, despite the current détente, continues to be labeled "imperialist."

I observed an exaggerated form of the American ambivalence toward China in the late Henry Luce, with whom I traveled around Asia some years ago. Born in China of missionary parents, he was torn between his love for the Chinese and his implacable hatred of Communism, and this schizophrenia prompted him to irrational outbursts. He would explode at the suggestion that the Communist Chinese were successful, with the argument that "Communists can't be successful," and, with equal vehemence, he would explode at the suggestion that the Communist Chinese were failing, with the argument that "Chinese can't fail." Luce found an outlet for his Sinophilia in his veneration of Chiang Kai-shek, and he admitted as much in a memorandum he sent to his editors from Taiwan. He conceded that he "did not probe energetically into the question of what if anything is wrong with Taiwan" because, he wrote, "I was in the home of my friends." He nevertheless went on to portray Chiang as radiating "vitality and confidence," concluding that the Nationalists had done "a wonderful job." It may be interesting to speculate on what he would have written from China, which he hoped to visit before his death. My guess is that he would have sent his editors the same kind of memorandum.

Just as Luce refrained from probing "energetically" in Taiwan, most American newsmen visiting China these days are reluctant to pose tough questions. I have been on two journalistic tours to China within the past year or so, and on neither trip did my colleagues or I delve as deeply as we might have into certain sensitive subjects. For example, we hesitated to ask about China's defense establishment and its advanced weapons program, and we made no attempt to seek out dissenters opposed to the regime, as reporters almost invariably do in the Soviet Union. Nor did we complain when the Chinese refused to show us such innocuous places as a newspaper office or a television station. Hard as it is to admit, I think that our mildness was partly motivated by the opportunistic concern that we might be blacklisted from getting back to China if we raised a fuss. But more significantly, we were probably sentimental enough to believe that we could not be discourteous. Subliminally perhaps, we still viewed the Chinese as underdogs to whom we owed our sympathy, and thus we bent over backwards to be polite.

China gap

Matching the American passion for China is an abysmal American ignorance of China, especially in the media. This stems in part from the reluctance of media executives to train or employ specialists whose range is limited. As a consequence, there are few American journalists who speak Chinese or know much about modern Chinese history, and even those who do are not secure. In Hong Kong a few years ago, a rare correspondent who was fluent in Chinese and had traveled in China failed to impress his editors because, as one of them put it, "he can't cover anything else." During the President's trip to China last year, most of the publications represented viewed the journey as a prestige exercise and sent along their Washington bureau chiefs or White House correspondents rather than their Asia veterans. Similarly, the television networks regarded the event as a vehicle for their superstars, whose coverage was generally so absurd that *Newsweek* critic Joseph Morgenstern was prompted to comment that they "popped up with hundred-year-old egg on their faces."

The ignorance about China also stems from the short attention span of the men who manage the media. They are interested, indeed excited, when the Cultural Revolution is convulsing the country or when the President visits Peking. But they quickly turn off as the story loses its drama. After all, accounts of grain production or birth control or esoteric political rivalries among people with unpronounceable names do not thrill newspaper readers or television audiences. The result is a lack of continuity in China coverage. Moreover, the failure to follow the subject leaves the media unprepared to report fully when a major development does occur. The President's trip is a good case in point. I know of no journalist who could have predicted Mr. Nixon's announcement in July, 1971, that he planned to visit China. The project was so secret, in fact, that its disclosure surprised even senior State Department officials. Yet any correspondent who had studiously watched the complex evolution of Sino-American relations since the end of 1968 could have given his clients more than a headline. The number of correspondents in a position to do so, however, was woefully small.

Tourist circuit

The fact that some American reporters are currently getting into China, even for short periods, is certainly an improvement over the days when the country was closed to U.S. media. Now we can at least acquire a sense of China's physical magnitudes and human dimensions instead of relying mainly on information and refugees coming into Hong Kong, as I did for years. Here again, though, the untutored visitor faces serious pitfalls. The foreigner in China is on a guided tour. He is taken to showcase communes, factories, and schools, where the Chinese he sees are carefully selected shills.

On a trip to China a few months ago, our group of seven newsmen was accompanied everywhere by two officials, and the efficiency with which we were handled on a visit to a Peking air-raid shelter suggested that the officials in charge of the underground site did little else than cater to foreign guests. Outside the

capital, at a school for indoctrinating Communist Party cadres, a welcome sign in English also indicated that we were in a showcase installation. In fact, we strayed from our prepared itinerary only once—when our car accidentally hit a cyclist on a road near Peking. With our guide in command, we drove the injured cyclist to a hospital located inside an army camp that would normally have been off limits to us. But we saw nothing of the camp beyond the room in which we were served tea.

Yet despite obvious news management, many journalists who visit China inevitably operate on the old-fashioned reporter's principle that seeing is believing. Editors reinforce this tendency to equate presence and credibility by attaching enormous importance to datelines. I recall a television debate several years ago in which Han Suyin cut short Joseph Alsop's critical remarks about China with the devastating question: "When was the last time you were there, Mr. Alsop?" Now that Alsop has been to China, we may expect him to use the same line to parry criticism of his observations.

Although every major American wire service, newspaper, and television network is bucking to open a bureau in China, I'm inclined to doubt that newsmen stationed permanently in Peking will perform appreciably better than visiting reporters. The foreign correspondents I saw there recently are, like the diplomatic community, restricted to a ghetto inside the city. They travel around the country only with special permission, which is not easily granted, and their only opportunity to observe the Chinese leaders is at banquets, receptions, and airport ceremonies. "The only Chinese I talk to regularly," a correspondent told me, "are my servants and my interpreter. They are provided by the government, so you can imagine how free our conversations are."

The problem of probing realities inside China even baffled Edgar Snow, who knew the country and its leaders better than any other American writer. A glance at his book *The Other Side of the River*, published in 1962, shows that he was unable to penetrate to the core of China's troubles at the time, even though he traveled extensively and had extraordinary access to Chinese officials. Among other things, he failed to perceive the tensions then going on inside the Communist Party, and caught up with them only eight years later in a revised edition of his book entitled *Red China Today*. A comparison of the two editions underlines the extent to which Snow, despite his experience, was very much in the dark. In the original, for example, he describes Liu Shao-chi as Mao's successor and states that Liu "today works as closely with him as formerly." By 1970 Liu had been purged, and the sentence in the original version replaced by a footnote saying that "by 1966 it became clear that Mao by no means did or ever had viewed Liu Shao-chi as his successor."

The tools a reporter needs in China are the same tools he must use everywhere—background knowledge and skepticism. The journalist in China should also fortify himself with the humility to recognize that he can only scratch the surface of a society that has intrigued and puzzled foreigners for centuries. □

THE SECRET WORK
by Irving Feldman

Nadezhda Mandelstam has told the story. In Strunino, after her husband's arrest, working the night shift in a textile factory, she runs, sleepless and distraught, among the machines, chanting his forbidden poems to herself to preserve them. And so for twenty-five years in Perm, in Moscow, in Voronezh, Leningrad, Ulianovsk, Samatikha . . .

A man with chills hugs himself,
rejoicing in his fever. She,
the frozen century's daughter, rejoices
in her secret, hugs to herself
the infant hidden in her breath,
the prophet she keeps close, safe, swaddled,
speaking.
She covers over, makes him
smaller, safer, no bigger than
a seed, a spark—search where they will,
they will not find him here, yet here
he is, a little voice praying,
an enormous voice prophesying,
this live coal held on her tongue
burning behind clenched teeth.

To herself, *in* herself, over
and over, what must not
be said aloud, not written down,
not whispered in corners, or left
to be smelled out clotting
at the ends of broken phrases
. . . the poems of her husband
going out in Siberia's night.

THE Atlantic

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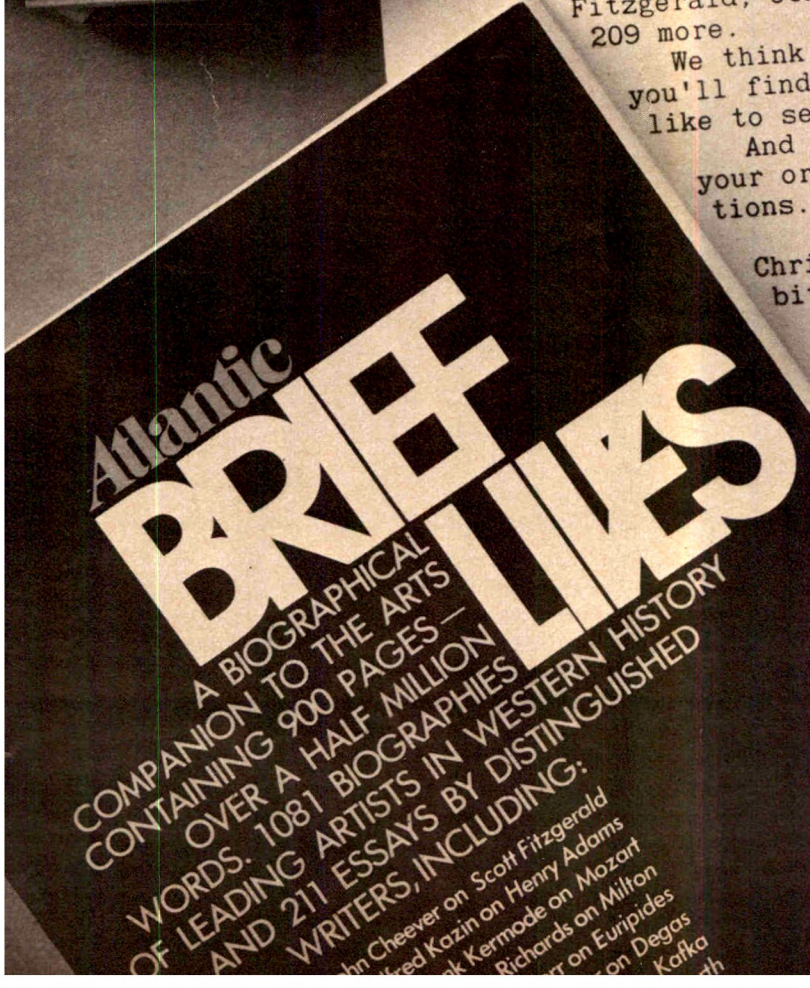

LUKE'S SONG

A story by John Bart Gerald

Luke was a stranger, fair-haired, blue-eyed, high cheekbones, and skin like the snow out on the back fields where you could see him mid-winter dragging up wood to the barn. Keep the fires going. Sound of the chain saw ripping up the quiet in the whole lower end of town where the smoke hangs heavy from all the wood fires. Most people had their barns packed up to the hayloft by mid-November with the wood sectioned and split. For Luke that's what all the long evenings of autumn were for, when the sun keeps hanging on and the dusk takes its own slow time to fade away on the mountainsides bursting reds and oranges and yellows popping right out on the maples and skinny white birches saying to the firs sweeping down off the crests—dark green stately giants, invincible—we are going to shine. And when the maple and birch and beech are all naked out there in the snow the evergreen stands alone with its kind through the silence and cold and darkness of the winter nights. Just as if that was the way it was meant to be.

Luke, in shelter from the wind with the light bulb letting out its hundred-watt glory through the barn window and the space in the sloppy way the doors hung, was making his peace with mother nature. Never did catch on as far as the townspeople were concerned.

Wife was the same way, least that's what he called her, driving up to the Grand Union about five fifty-eight just as they were closing the registers, with baby on hip and the little boy running down the aisles zipping the cans off the shelves, slocking the bags of beans and sugar into the shopping cart, sardines and chocolate like they lived on it. She'd pick up the ham or pounds and pounds of ground chuck. Got to the post office too late. Drove around for days after the registration plates expired until finally one of the officers would pull them over if they were lucky before the state got to them. Wonder the boy ever got to school on time.

Now. There isn't that much to do in a small town. Most every family in town managed to get through the day all right. But Luke and his people left a path through the day and through the town like a man with one snowshoe and that one on the left foot wandering across a high meadow. Tracks were there for anyone to see, bear-paw and footprint breaking through the crust. We liked him. Liked his skinny wife. Had a body like a young willow keeping well out of his way when the anger was on him, eyeing his shoulders and back with the white light glitter in her eyes, laughing at the way he messed up the boys' hair.

You could see them at church Sunday morning sitting in a row, him with his suit on, she with a dress full of colors and designs, the baby sucking on her tit full sermon with the boy reading the back pages of the hymnal nose running, a little family of saints, apparently. Unless you lived on their street. Heard long about nine-thirty say, them getting into a fight with the windows open—she never pulled the curtains anyway. They'd stomp around, scream and holler, you know—never did catch on, then suddenly it was all quiet and the lights would go off plink pop, then there'd be the cricket music and the rustle of full trees and the soft white glow of the moon up there amid the stars. She'd start cooing like a dove. The kids in houses either side—parents didn't know what to do at first, cooing like the ice breaking in late spring, you'd know the water was moving fast underneath and they'd talk to each other, man, like singers on the old opera. If it wasn't too late, Wellerford would go out and turn on the radio full blast in his pickup truck and tinker with the motor to keep the kids' ears clean, least that's what he did on Saturday afternoon when it happened.

Were some people said they wouldn't last five months in town, not that Old Station didn't encourage young people who kept their curtains drawn, had a stable source of income, saw eye to eye with the townfolk, voted Republican, kept their noses clean, and in effect kept out the kind of men and women used to drive up and spend the day who knows where from—sprouting out of the hills and back farmhouses, or the kind Luke brought home to visit from trips to the city. Or the visitors from out of state who were all of a piece with hair sprouting a foot or so behind their ears and beards and bandannas and babies hanging on their hips or backs and quilts stuffed in the back of their VW vans like gypsies with dogs and cats and darned if

there weren't chickens and rabbits and once in a while a kid goat back there too, be brought out and played with, all the kids running around an animal bag of feed apples.

Never knew what would be in the back of a pickup pulled up at Luke's house, kind of like a discovery bag of prizes for the kiddies, went on like that for two or three years. Never knew what was going to happen, could be right in the middle of Sunday lunch or after everyone had gone to sleep on a Wednesday night, clankety clank some old heap lied through inspection with the grace of God and in at least two or three minor collisions since then sputter up to the house and stop exhausted, and out would tumble three or four raggedy kids and then some grown-up kids three or so, once in a while a couple but you never would know who was married to who if that was the case and in the summer half of them didn't have much luck keeping clothes on their bodies anyway. Moira would come out and start hugging and kissing, don't know how Luke liked that standing on the porch smiling with his arms folded, resting on one leg then the other—never got quite so excited, more likely to hunker down and scratch the ears of his dog.

Every now and then on a weekend there would be in that low-slung farmhouse and buttermilk barn five or six young men in their twenties with a whole hassle of women and children and dogs and animals, so they'd be out digging holes for crappers behind the barn lest the plumbing get stopped up.

What it did to the street was not to be believed. Set everyone right on edge and the drone of the TV sets, six o'clock news, and all the chicken salad sandwiches and barbecued hot dogs, twelve-year-olds working up a two-base game in the cow pasture, couldn't quite take the edge off the men. Nobody knew what they were doing, where they came from or just what they were doing there in Old Station—drinking beer and smoking over at Luke's house. Not to say it wasn't on most people's minds. Sooner or later most everyone who felt the urge would meander by, the Old Station police department, a selectman, representative from the Lions, forest warden, Commander of the Amvets—that's just to start you thinking—would drift by. Tommy Parkins and his brother-in-law would pass with the gun rack slung double in the back window of his pickup. But not so you'd notice anything unordinary about the traffic.

Then when you'd just about be getting used to the visitation, right, they'd all pile back into the VW or Econoline, Corvair or old Dodge pickup, goats and squawking chickens crying laughing children, beards and bandannas and sweat and there Luke would be standing on the purple deck of his front porch with his woman tucked up in his armpit, the baby screaming her head off inside and the boy wrestling the dog while all those people waved good-bye and disappeared.

Once late January state police found a VW bug up against a telephone pole on Cherry Hill Road and pretty soon the church warden dropped by to ask Luke about it. Nobody ever did find who belonged to the car or what happened to them. Out at the roadhouse someone claimed to have followed a bus from Luke's out to the interstate. It was an old school bus and could have been carrying anything but the roads were iced and the bus got up to seventy or so heading north, so it was only a fool would try to keep up with them. Sooner or later the police chief decided Luke was engaged in some kind of illegal traffic and while they were all off visiting family one weekend he took a sample out of a fifty-pound bag of white powder leaned up against the chicken food in the barn to the state police headquarters over at the capitol. Turned out to be grade A lime. Forgot to shut the storeroom door, so the goat got in, ate the chicken food, kicked the shit out of the lime bag, chewed its way through an old harness, and ate a broom. Luke went down told the chief he'd just as soon sue next time, could use the money to get through the winter.

Johnny Hodges, Burt Murchison, and Chambers Hampton came back from the war in boxes, flown up from Washington to the radar station, and the highway department brought them into Old Station on a sander. People wanted them buried at home. It was spring and the apple trees were pushing out white blossoms with the little sprays of pink deep inside smelling like a lady never forgot. The boy scouts were out, kerchiefs and banner, and the World War II vets, the ladies' auxiliary, the fire department, the politicians, and most of the people who belonged in town, they were all there. The flags draped over the coffins like clean sheets. The earth rich, holding to itself, dark brown, not quite ready for planting and the soft breeze of one of those days comes early, reminding you of summer and lilies, the swinging rope down by the river and the great trunk stretched out and slipping under the current. The families were all there. Burt's wife and children. No one cried. The crying was all done. Burt's wife had eyes which looked like the sky had put them out—like she woke up one morning and looked up at the clear sky and her eyes kept opening wider and wider and wider as though she was looking for Burt up there or the warm staff of his body since she had stayed with him, alone, even after they'd said—there was nothing there. Her eyes blinked like a wren on a branch, and blinked as the shovelfuls fell on the casket and the man's words droned on and on. When it was all over they turned back to their cars, and Luke was standing by his pickup truck with his family, waiting. □

Mr. Gerald's latest book is *Conventional Wisdom.*

THE BLIND HARPER

At home with the impoverished Anglo-Irish

by Mary Manning

"Before he died the Harper put a curse on the Kilrotherys. The Earl has a wall-eye, and the heir a slight lisp. I think it's dying out. So are the Kilrotherys. So are we all."

I've just been staying in Kilkenny with distant cousins, the Gavin-Wilmots, three stalwart maiden ladies in their late seventies. Their father, the General, died a few years ago at the age of ninety-six, leaving his affairs in dreadful disorder. Only God and their solicitor know how the Miss Gavin-Wilmots manage to keep going. Mount Gavin, their place (please understand that in Irish county parlance a house is not a home or even a house, it's a *place)* is a square Georgian dwelling, three stories, not counting the basement and the hall door slap in the middle. We approach through an avenue of limes, half a mile long, surrounded by disheveled parkland; most of the timber has been sold and the land rented for grazing. The stables are vast and empty. There has not been a horse box occupied for fifty years; even the stable clock is faceless and the weathervane is broken. The bell which used to ring thrice daily for thirty retainers is rusted and silent forever. However, the gardens are very fine and during the summer months are open to the public. Distasteful, but it helps with the upkeep!

The ladies are terrible snobs and would seem to be living still in the world of Somerville and Ross and widespread feudalism. Miss Violet Gavin-Wilmot does the gardening herself—the gardens were laid out by her grandfather—and she is aided by old Jimmy, who lives in the tumbledown lodge, and a procession of small boys from the village who do the weeding. They live in one wing of the house. The rest is given over to spiders, mice, and an occasional invasion of pigeons through broken windows. Miss Marigold, who is a bird watcher, says she has seen some "very rare visitors" in the great drawing room. Mount Gavin is situated one mile from the village of Kilrothery and twenty miles from the Norman city of Kilkenny.

I arrived on a Friday afternoon and was welcomed by the ladies with tea and scones. Later I was brought up to my room by Miss Pansy, who took care of household duties. Even though it was June, the house was strangely cold.

"Dinner at seven, dear. A glass of sherry at six-thirty in the small drawing room off the library. Oh no, don't bother to change, we *never* do. You better close your windows after sunset, if you're afraid of bats. We got rid of the mice several months ago, so pay no attention to the smell in the wardrobe. You haven't a thing to fear." She closed the door, smiling affably. I closed the windows without waiting for sunset, mainly because there was no sun to set—the sky was overcast and lowering. The smell in the wardrobe was hard to analyze. I can only say it revived memories of the unisex washrooms on the New York, New Haven & Hartford RR.

After a dinner of mutton broth, mutton chops, mashed turnip, and red jelly, we adjourned to the small drawing room for our coffee. By lamplight (it was now pouring rain outside and very dark) the room took on a rather dim grandeur. You didn't see the cracks in the china or the sad condition of the upholstery or the threadbare carpets. The Georgian mirror over the fireplace—in between the black spots—reflected the cropped white heads of the ladies, their gnarled red hands engaged in stitching what seemed to be their own shrouds, and the recumbent forms of three smelly old dogs. One of them, a pom called Gertie, seemed to be at point of death. Three lamps were all they would allow themselves and they were designed more for camouflage than reading.

"Now dear." Violet laid down her sewing and addressed me. I could see she was the leader; the younger sisters obeyed, theirs not to reason why. "Tomorrow morning we'll take a trot round the gardens and later Marigold will drive you down to the village. Are you listening, Marigold?"

"Yes, Vi dear."

"You'll probably need to do some shopping. Oh yes, you will. You'll probably need stamps, everyone does. Tomorrow evening you and I are invited to dine at Fox Hall. We take it in turns to attend

social functions, nobody wants three single girls. The General hammered *that* into us. A quiet day Sunday. Church in the evening. Vespers. Supper very informal afterwards at the castle. No need for formality. The Kilrotherys don't care. That makes quite a busy weekend."

"It certainly does," I answered gratefully. "Do tell me about Fox Hall."

"Oh." Violet tittered and tossed her head. "The ironmonger's widow, Lady Fox. Her late husband made a fortune in some kind of vulgar ironware, for which he was knighted. He was up from nothing."

"I'm very fond of Jeannie Fox," said Pansy gently; she was echoed by her sister.

"Of course. She *means* well. The General would have said no, but times have changed. The other guests will include Ollie, Sir Oliver Piper, of Piperstown. Bad legs. Wheelchair; breeds Siamese cats. Never married. Has male nurses or attendants."

"Favorites, dear, like James the First," said Marigold knowingly.

"His mother was a Butler. Everyone in Kilkenny is a Butler or related to Butlers. We're all cousins—distant or otherwise."

"What *is* a distant cousin?" remarked Pansy. "I've often wondered."

"Someone quite far removed," said Marigold, "usually to Australia."

Violet continued raising her voice to keep the others in their place. "Dr. Macartney is to be there also. He is our local G.P. Now retired. His son has taken over. Only just in time; the pills were getting mixed up."

"Violet dear," Marigold ventured, "there was only *one* pill for everything and he kept them loose in his pocket, mixed up with bits of fluff and breadcrumbs."

"To be perfectly frank," Violet addressed me frowning, "he is dreadfully coarse and outspoken, doesn't believe in God, but basically true blue. Yes, I will say for Dr. Alfie his manners are the same in castle and cabin—straight from the shoulder!"

"*His* mother was a Butler." Pansy snipped off thread like one of the Fates.

"Then there is to be Colonel Bob Cunningham V.C. retired. Late of the Queen's Own. Our father the *General,* of course, was Seventh Lancers. The Colonel is a widower. Lives alone, tended by a housekeeper who does *not* have his best interests at heart. His place, Cunningham Court, was sold during the war. It is now a Catholic Seminary. Sad!"

There was a brooding silence broken again by Violet.

"I must explain about church, our church. The rector, Bill Whitehead, has to cover three parishes so we only have a service every three weeks. This time it's Vespers. I hate to shock you, dear, but there are only fifty-two Protestants between the three parishes."

"Where have they all gone?"

"To far-flung outposts of the Empire, one presumes."

"You forget the Empire has gone too, Violet," remarked Pansy.

Violet stabbed at her needlework. "First the Stab In The Back, I allude to the rebellion of 1916 and then the Troubles, when so many of us were burned out. During the reign of Queen Victoria our church was crowded."

"I'm afraid, dear, that was because the Countess handed out food to the starving peasantry persuading them to turn . . ."

"And of course with customary Irish treachery they turned right back when the Famine was over. To be frank, our church service is Low. We can't even have a choir; there don't seem to be any Protestant singers. The organ is operated by the handicapped son of a Protestant plumber. Naturally poor Bill Whitehead is very depressed and angry and his sermons are *not* cheerful."

"Yes," sighed Pansy, "he's much happier at funerals."

"I'm afraid this is a very dull backwater," said Pansy, putting away her shroud. "Except for the Blind Harper."

"The Blind Harper?"

"Yes, during the rebellion of 1798 Darby O'Flynn, a famous Blind Harper, was captured by British troops and hanged from a tree in Kilrothery park. He was supposed to have been a spy for the rebels. The Earl handed him over to the British, in spite of appeals for mercy from the surrounding countryside. Before he died the Harper put a curse on the Kilrotherys."

"Did it work?"

"Yes indeed. Withered arms, deaf-mutes, webbed feet, harelips, cauliflower ears, twisted noses. Just one thing after another."

"Is the present family—er—afflicted?" I asked fearfully.

"Not too bad. The Earl has a wall-eye, and the heir a slight lisp. I think it's dying out. So are the Kilrotherys. No money. So are we all."

"And now to bed," Violet announced decisively. She certainly barked out the orders. I was sure she took after the General—Seventh Lancers of course!

There seemed to be a large animal scampering around my room all night. Toward dawn I fell asleep but my dreams were rather fevered, and centered round the Blind Harper.

"Well, now I'm going to take you on a conducted tour of the gardens," Violet announced the

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Mary Manning's previous articles for *The Atlantic* have included a report from Belfast and "The Dublin Social Scene" (February, 1973).

next morning shortly after breakfast. It was raining heavily, and was, the ladies acknowledged, very cold for June. Violet was wearing a sagging tweed suit, a horse blanket over her shoulders, a man's hat on her head, and seven-leagued gumboots on her feet.

"I'll lend you the General's deerstalker." As usual she rapped out the orders. "You must have something to wear on your head. Those are very light shoes you're wearing. Never mind, you can dry them in the kitchen when we get back. Marigold, be ready with the car at eleven, that will give her time to dry off and then you can make for the village. Now, forward men, as the General used to say."

We crossed the badly mown lawn followed very slowly by the dogs. I caught a glimpse of the old gardener asleep in the nearest greenhouse with the *Irish Times* over his face.

"There's old Jimmy." I noticed the adjective "old" was prefixed before everyone's name, including quite rightly the dogs. "Come on Chappy old boy! Here Chummy old girl! To heel! Ah yes, there's old Jimmy. He should be pricking out some seedlings, but he loves a little nap. After all he's eighty-two." Some beech trees were grouped at the farthest end of the lawn. Violet waved what had become to me a mailed fist at them. "You would have loved this in early spring. Sheets of *Eranthis hyemalis* under the *Fagus sylvatica* and white clouds of *Galanthus.*"

"This is all Greek to me, cousin Vi."

"Latin, old girl, Latin. We always use the botanical names. The General couldn't bring himself to say snowdrop. It was our dear mother named us, we were all three born in India and she was homesick for our Irish garden. The general used to call us his wallflowers. Term of derision, of course, and it sank in. . . . Men can be brutal!"

I tottered after her; my shoes were squelching. Now yew hedges enclosed us in a square. This was, I gathered, the rose garden. In the beds were quite big bushes some six feet high. The flowers were undoubtedly roses, but their shape was different, flatter faces, and many were strange shades of mauve and crimson. A few were striped.

Violet stood still and surveyed them worshipfully. "Aren't they glorious? We wouldn't have a hybrid tea in the garden. So *vulgar.* The General called them upstarts. These are the roses of olden days. Elizabethan, Tudor." She moved in amongst the beds snipping here and there with her secateurs and talking to herself: "It's Charles de Mills; he's getting far too close to the Duchesse d'Angoulême and he's so strong." Snip! Charles was put in his place. "Oh and would you look at Alaba Celeste. She's being overpowered in the bed by Fantin de la Tour." My head was spinning; I seemed to be moving in a wonderland of botanical double entendre. My cousin moved on to another

bush. "Now I must introduce you to dear Madame Hardy. We had a little trouble with her at first; she was too near King Arthur, but now all is well." She faced me sternly. "And let me tell you one thing: Rosa Mouschata is hopeless in the bed, but very good against the wall. Remember." I promised to remember. I would have promised anything in return for warmth and shelter.

"We better return to the house; I can see you're rather chilled. You must get to the village before closing. I have two busloads of tourists this afternoon; horticulturists from Scotland. They're the worst; you need half a dozen Sherlock Holmeses to watch *them.*"

"Are you open tomorrow, cousin Vi?"

"Oh no. Never on Sundays."

I was taken down to the kitchen for drying-out purposes. "We'll put your coat and shoes beside the Aga stove; they'll be dry in a jiffy. We've had it since 1932; it's quite a museum piece." I was introduced to old Ellie, a mountainous subhuman female, attached to a kitchen chair. Suffice to say the kitchen was below sea level, vast, stone-floored, and faintly nauseating. Pansy brought me a spoonful of cooking sherry in a cracked Waterford glass and then my wearing apparel was pronounced dry and the call came from above to start for the village. Marigold, booted and spurred with old Gertie, the aged dog, under her arm, was awaiting me in the hall. "You don't mind old Gert: she loves a little outing!"

The village of Kilrothery resembled, it seemed to me, all other Irish villages. It consisted of one straight main street with a very small Protestant church one end and a very large new Catholic church the other end. In between were three public houses boasting "lounges"; several small shops; a

beauty salon, "St. Rita's"; and the hotel, not surprisingly named The Blind Harper, which was smart and up-to-date, and, Marigold told me, noted for its excellent cuisine. "Run by a Swiss, *need* I say." The houses along the street used to be a drab gray, but since the government ordered everyone to think beautiful the villagers had gone mad painting their houses the colors of the rainbow. They also competed with each other with flower-filled window boxes, the hotel being an easy winner.

Marigold obviously loved it all. Every inhabitant, every stick and stone was a familiar old friend. She drove slowly through it like a queen bowing and smiling and waving, calling out greetings.

"Casey the butcher is our first stop. We'll park here." Casey's house, he lived over the shop, was suitably enough painted a blood red. He was chopping away at a sheep's torso when we entered. There was nobody else in the shop and I was introduced as "our cousin; her grandmother was a Butler."

"You'll find this quieter than New York. I had a cousin came here from New York a few years back and he got so frightened by the quiet, he left in a few days." He sank his voice to a conspiratorial whisper and addressed Marigold: "Did you hear what Mr. FitzUrse was took up for?"

"Mr. FitzUrse! Took up? Whatever do you mean?"

"Annoying errand boys they called it."

"Annoying errand boys? Nonsense. He's a member of our congregation. Very old family. His sister is married to a Butler."

"Well ma'am, they said it was boogery pure and simple. Of course they hushed it up, but I got it from the housekeeper and she should know. A lot of gentlemen gets very queer in their old age."

"I want six good-sized lamb chops, Mr. Casey, if you please." Marigold drew herself up with dignity. "Thank God Mrs. FitzUrse is dead."

"Ah indeed, thanks be to God. A nicer lady never drew breath. She loved her bit of calves liver. John, sez she the last time I sees her, John send me a bit of calves liver and I'll be a new woman. Now wasn't that a lovely thing to remember her by—calves liver. That will be sixty-five p., Miss Marigold. God bless . . ."

"He's a terrible gossip. I shouldn't listen to him," murmured Marigold as we emerged into the street. "Now we must go to Gaffney's, the provision merchant. He sells literally everything. Also he's a bad case of arthritis and never stops talking about it."

Gaffney's was very dark and smelled of bad cheese and Mr. G. was very twisted and pallid and also smelled of cheese.

"Half a pound of Blue Band margarine, bottle of tomato chutney, and half a pound of back rashers. How's the arthritis, Joe?"

"Well, I'm rubbin' meself all over with Father James lotion and I gets the wife to put a fresh cowpad between me shoulders every second night. Me nephew brings them to me straight from the fields steamin'."

Marigold shuddered. I listened fascinated. "Cowpads, how odd!"

"'Tis an old cure, they say, comes down from the kings of Ireland. Very dull day."

"Isn't it? Yesterday was lovely though. How's your wife?"

"Well, thank God. The brother was took bad though. Got an awful pain in the pit of his stummick. Of course we thought it was his appendage. The doctor came and felt him all over. That's no appendage, says he, 'tis a windlock. So he gives him three terrible slaps on the stummick and tells him to go to the end of the field and wait. And when it came, Miss Marigold, it was like a bomb goin' off. And he's never felt better."

"Wonderful! That will be all thanks, Joe." We left, followed by the inevitable God Bless.

"He seems to have a very sad life," I murmured.

"Not at all. His son is high up in the government. Now we must go to the chemist. Poor old Ellie has kidney trouble and she wants some Doan's backache cure and salts. We better drive there. It seems to be raining again. Are you sure you don't want stamps? Quiet, Gertie. You'll get your drop of whiskey when we get home." (Gertie has since died of acute alcoholism.)

"No stamps thank you. There won't be time to write; you've planned such a gay weekend for me."

The chemist or Medical Hall, as it was styled, was dazzlingly clean, and rather like entering a Frigidaire. Mr. Gogan the pharmacist had already retired for lunch but Miss Donnelly, his assistant, waited on us.

"Very dull day, Miss Marigold," Miss Donnelly greeted her. The poor girl's teeth were positively chattering. Marigold gave her orders. "You ought to have a stove here, Miss Donnelly."

"Mr. G's always getting one and never gets it. He doesn't feel the cold himself because of his underwear. Two sets of everything down to ankles and wrists. All wool."

"Gracious! No wonder."

"Sure I have to run down to The Blind Harper to get a bit of warmth. Thank you. Good day. God Bless . . ."

"How does she *know* about Mr. Gogan's underwear?" Marigold pondered her thoughts aloud.

"The thought did occur to me."

At six-thirty that evening Violet tapped on my door. "Ready, old girl? I just changed into a low-neck." She was wearing a shapeless gray wool dress, the neckline coming just below the collarbone. "This was run up some years ago

by a little woman in the village. How nice you look. Don't need to wrap up too much. Jeannie Fox has that dreadful central heating blazing away all the year round. Pansy, give Gertie a little whiskey and milk. Marigold, don't forget to stoke the Aga. See you later." Violet's driving could only be described as keep going—smash through at all costs. No quarter given or received. As we approached Fox Hall she kept up a continuous mutter of disgust and disapproval. "The old house was burned down in the Troubles and this red brick suburban horror was erected about twenty years ago by the ironmonger. Look at it! Only needs a bandstand and public urinal to be a People's Park." Just before we entered the house she muttered, "By the way, the doctor's teeth keep falling out if he gets excited. Just look the other way; we all do. And the butler Stanhope toured with a Shakespearean company for years in the provinces. He's almost a gentleman. By the way, I told them you were American."

"What did they say?"

"Oh, they took it in their stride."

Two very shrill, menacing dachshunds flew at us as we entered and were immediately quelled by the butler, who was Falstaffian in girth with a voice and manner to match. Lady Fox, plump, bejeweled, and mauve-haired, received us in what the butler described as the small salon. The carpet was a deep moss green and the slipcovers and curtains were madly floral. Decorating the mantelpiece and occasional tables and a bookcase were silver photograph frames containing the likenesses of the late Sir Gordon Fox and sons Derek and Geoffrey, with their wives and children.

The cast of characters was exactly as Violet had foretold. The doctor was a large old man with a long weatherbeaten face. The Colonel was tall, thin, rather stooped; he wore glasses and his teeth could only be described as intermittent. Sir Oliver, who resembled a very nattily dressed, mean old chimp, radiated malice from his wheelchair.

After I had been asked what I thought about President Nixon and if it was true there were a thousand murders a day in New York, I was taken on a guided tour of the silver photograph frames. Gin and tonic, as well as sherry, was handed out by Stanhope, who I suspected partook freely himself in privacy. Presently dinner was announced and a very beautiful young man called Eric arrived to wheel Ollie into the dining room. I was seated between the doctor and the Colonel. The contrast to Mount Gavin was painful. The dinner table was laden with silver and glass and all things nice and there seemed to be several of what used to be described as noiseless servants. Almost before we had finished the soup course, the doctor had given me his whole philosophy of life. It bore some resemblance to that of Samuel Beckett.

"Only two salient facts, dear lady, birth and death.

The predicament in between, so-called life, is a dirty business; a tale told by forty billion idiots."

"Don't you think we ought to have some form of international population control?" I asked. It was most unfortunate; I had unwittingly laid a time bomb.

"Yes, what's the answer, Alfie?" asked the Colonel, leaning forward, trailing his sleeve in his soup.

The doctor laughed. It was the laugh of Count Dracula on a night flight. "Sterilization is the answer, my friends. Fifty percent of all male children sterilized at birth. Same for the girls. Just to make sure. They can still copulate, of course, but they damn well can't overpopulate the world. The Church has got to fall into line. If I were facing the goddamn Pope at this moment, do you know what I'd say?" It was a time for serious intervention. The Colonel said very loudly: "Ollie, have you read the report of the Irish Wildlife Society on conservation?" The butler shouted "Sherry sir?" as he filled the doctor's glass and Ollie snarled back at the Colonel: "Don't be a fool, Bob, I never read anything except detective fiction." The Colonel continued: "These asinine drainage schemes of the government are destroying the natural habitat of very large numbers of game birds." The moment had passed. Everyone breathed easier. Now the second course had arrived, steak entrecôte, and everyone was busy helping himself, or watching others help themselves.

"And what's going to happen to my fishing rights?" asked the Colonel passionately of nobody in particular. "Ruin stares me in the face!" He turned to me as if I were the nearest personification of ruin. "You see, I rent my fishing stretch to visiting sportsmen in the season. Lord knows I get a wretched price for it—six guineas a day."

"They get fifty pounds a day in Scotland," said dear Ollie, adding fuel to the flames—his favorite pastime, I guessed. "What's *wrong* with us?"

The doctor banged the table; everyone started apprehensively. "Because we don't guard our salmon beds. We don't watch our spawning stock, which any Tom, Dick, and Harry can poach at his leisure. Oh no, we're too busy spawning unwanted children. Mark my words"—he shook a grimy forefinger at the hostess—"in another year there will be no more fishing on the Puddy."

After dinner, over coffee and brandy, country matters were discussed. The conversation was somewhat confused. The guests were all feeling Lady Fox's excellent wines.

"They're rebuilding the Blind Harper's cottage," announced the hostess. "Sugar, Bob?"

"Three please. You mean that old pigsty behind the hotel?"

"Yes, they're going to make it into a tourist attraction and serve Georgian teas in it, with someone harping beside the open fireplace."

"Nothing would ever make me give teas," said Violet decisively. "A tour of the gardens and that's it."

"What do you do about privies, Vi?" asked the doctor. He bit into a chocolate mint. There was an ominous click as his upper dentures descended. Everyone looked away. Click! They were in again. To cover the crisis, the Colonel asked me if Boston was north or south of New York and if any of my husband's ancestors had gone over on the Mayfly. Lady Fox chimed in eagerly with a question about the Boston Strangler. "I adore crime," she exclaimed. "I follow every crime passionately and the Strangler was my favorite."

At that moment a very pretty maidservant appeared wheeling a trolley laden with strong drinks. Stanhope had evidently retired.

"Whiskey anybody?" cried the hostess, waving the ice tongs.

"Frankly no," said Violet sternly. "I have to drive home."

"Chrissie," her ladyship addressed the sexy servitor, "have they found that poor girl's body yet?"

"No, my lady, they haven't. It's terrible. Half the village is out looking for the body and the other half doesn't dare take a stroll in case they walk on it." She undulated out of the room all smiles.

"I don't think Chrissie wears anything under her uniform," said Lady Fox when the door had closed.

Ollie tittered. "There's certainly full frontal exposure."

The doctor laughed. "She's just keeping abreast of the times."

"This girl," continued the hostess, mixing death-dealing highballs. "One of the Canavans has disappeared leaving no trace. The worst is feared."

Again the doctor laughed. Everyone froze; something diabolical was coming. We were not disappointed. "One of the Canavans? Well, if I know the Canavans she's off in Liverpool having a cut-rate abortion."

The rescue squad again rushed in. "The Blind Harper's been seen *and* heard, twanging a lament," said the Colonel loudly. "Something's afoot."

"Talking of feet, what will I do about General Burton's head?" cried Lady Fox, topping him. The conversation was now out of hand.

"What do you mean, General Burton's head?" asked Ollie. His face was scarlet; his mean little eyes were popping.

"I mean the stuffed head of a moose my husband's uncle shot in Canada in 1870. We've just been cleaning out the attics and we came across this enormous thing."

"Give it to the museum; they're always glad of a moose there. What sex is it?" asked the Colonel, showing tremendous interest born of alcohol.

"How can I tell, Bob? There's only the head."

"Speaking frankly," barked cousin Vi, "I've always wanted to see a moose. A real live moose in its primeval forest setting. Harmless lordly creatures . . ."

"Not so harmless," broke in the irrepressible doctor. "A bull moose in the mating season would charge an elephant."

Lady Fox ignored this and addressed Violet: "Would you like the moose, dear? You can have him. Say not a word. Fred will bring it over in the morning."

Violet paled. "Oh Jeannie, I couldn't really—it's too much—"

"Not another word; it's all yours."

The next afternoon there was a large crowd outside the Catholic church streaming into evening Mass; adding insult to injury, there was even a guard controlling traffic. Alas, there were no crowds outside the Protestant church. Only a few bicycles, a couple of shabby Minis, and the Fox Hall Rolls.

"But much more dignified, don't you think?" said Pansy proudly as we walked through the graves to the entrance doors. "At least we don't look like bees swarming."

"Frankly," said Violet, casting a contemptuous glance down the street, "I always feel that God is on our side. He is one of us." Many a one, I thought, had said that before—including Cromwell and the more prominent members of the Inquisition.

My cousin's pew was just behind Lady Fox's. The Colonel was seated across the aisle. He was winking away like a lighthouse. The setting sun cast a golden, rather dusty glow over the bald heads and arthritic bodies of the congregation. Lady Fox was dislocating her neck bowing to all and sundry and the snores of Sir Bannister Carey were already audible at the back of the church.

The rector was youngish, beetle-browed, and powerfully built.

"He's very clever," Violet whispered.

"Played rugby football for Ireland," added Pansy.

"Once the idol of the crowd," sighed Marigold.

Poor fellow. He was now playing to the smallest audience outside a flea circus!

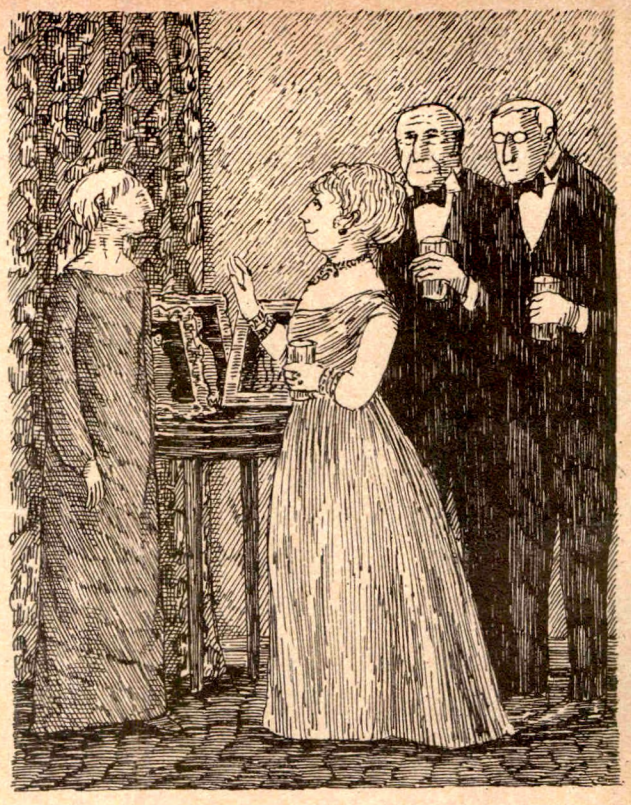
"Hymn number 314," he announced angrily. The congregation staggered to its feet. I heard the Colonel's voice tuneless, but undaunted, rise above the quavering sounds around us.

> For my comrades see the signal
> Waving in the sky,
> Reinforcements now appearing,
> Victory is nigh.
> Hold the fort for I am coming,
> Jesus signals still,
> Wave the answer back to heaven.
> By thy grace we will.

I distinctly heard the Colonel's emendation: "Yes, *by God* we will."

The rector ascended the pulpit; he gripped the lectern with his hands and glared down on his sparse congregation.

"My text this evening," he began on rather a low note, "is taken from St. Paul, revised version by George Orwell." ("George Who?" whispered the sister.) " 'And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Money and the greatest of these is Money.' " I couldn't help thinking if he'd taken the text from the Marquis de Sade it would have passed unnoticed. Apart from the stone deaf, those who weren't dozing were thinking of their supper and those who weren't thinking of their supper were wholly incapable of any thought whatsoever. And this, I thought, was the end of Anglo-Ireland, for when all these people were dead, and death seemed imminent, who would take their place? Nobody. "Let us consider *murder.*" The rector raised his voice. "Murder of the mind and the spirit. Because of our growing spiritual anemia, murder and money now dominate the world. The greed for money; the greed for power; and above all the greed, which transcends everything else, for oil. My friends, let us face facts. Let us wake out of our evil torpor. Christianity has failed. All religions have failed. Man has now lined up black against white. Red against yellow. Yellow against everything. 'Let us kill' is the international slogan." ("This must be one of those angry letters to the Corinthians," whispered Marigold. "Galatians I *think,*" Pansy whispered back.) "Religion has failed to control Man. Because we have ravaged the fruits of the earth, we must now ravage the moon. Capitalism is crumbling. In fifty years Communism has leaped from barbarism to civilization and from civilization back to barbarism. We must act now." He pointed a shaking finger at the soporific form



of Sir Bannister Carey. "The devil that is in our midst we must throw out *now.* Those that would deflower our fair land, those hoggish land speculators, those grubby industrialists who befoul our rivers and massacre our woodlands, those oil fiends who blacken our beaches must Go! Go! Go! The demon Oil will choke *us,* as it has already done in other countries. Christ beat the money changers out of the Temple; he lashed them with words and he lashed them with whips." ("Hear! Hear! Hear!" came from the Colonel, who had now identified with the Messiah.) "And we must do the same. Out with them!" He pounded the edge of the pulpit with his powerful fist, thereby waking up at least five members of the congregation. "I will end with a quotation from William Blake:

> Cruelty has a human heart
> And jealousy a human face.

"And now"—he turned disgustedly away—"hymn number 543. 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' " He repeated "blood," rather gloatingly I thought. Ah, the Colonel was on his feet again, topping everyone with his off-key baritone.

At the conclusion of the service the rector stood outside the church in his shabby soutane, shabbier than ever in the callous evening sunlight.

"A wonderful sermon. It will hearten us for the rest of the week," said Pansy with heartfelt sincerity.

"Thank you. Your flowers were, as usual, a joy—" The rector almost fractured her hand with his powerful grip. "How are you, Colonel? This new development threat is very serious. Ah, Mrs. Chumley. I suppose you heard we're holding an ecumenical commemoration service in the Cathedral for our Blind Harper? Yes, we must all pull together. What did you say, Colonel? No, I don't

think assassination would solve the development problem. It never solves any problem. Good night."

"Tell me about the Kilrotherys," I asked nervously as we drove hell-for-leather toward the castle, our next engagement. At one point I thought Violet deliberately tried to run down two Christian Brothers who were taking an evening stroll. "Of course they're Butlers?"

"No, oddly enough, the family name is De Burgh. Simon De Burgh granted land by Henry II. Norman. We're all Normans in Kilkenny. I have to laugh when I think of President Kennedy boasting of being Irish. Fitzgerald is a Norman name." Marigold seemed to have local history at her fingertips. "Kilrothery everything in an unbroken line until Charles II and then . . ." She paused. "The Lady Kilrothery of the time, a great beauty, though you wouldn't think it from the portrait was—er—rather close to Charles, I fear. The son resulting bore an unmistakable likeness. However, Kilrothery received a further grant of land and was created Earl of Kilrothery and Inistole."

"For services rendered," said Pansy. "Now, however, what with taxes, death duties, and gambling—the tenth Earl threw away a fortune on horses—they are severely reduced. The present Earl—'Boodle' is his pet name—does make some money with his small stud farm—he rents most of the land for grazing and his cattle have begun to pay—but it has been helpful to open the castle during the summer months."

Violet now took up the music; the sisters conversed like a string trio. "There are two Kilrothery children. The heir finished Eton two years ago, but hasn't been able to get into Oxford, Cambridge, or Trinity, Dublin, and one doesn't recognize any other possibility. The daughter is only interested in horses. Their pet names are Looney and Mooney. Frankly, the heir plays a guitar in some ghastly band. Boodle is heartbroken but what can he do?"

"We are," said Marigold, "distant cousins."

"That brings us very close," said Pansy. "Ah, the castle." We had rounded a bend in the mile-long avenue and there was the castle, gray, stalwart, magnificent, deathless, and expensive.

As we ascended the steps to the enormous entrance, I thought if I'd been a child I would have held on to somebody's hand. Violet, however, pushed open the door without as much as by your leave and walked in as if she owned the place.

"We're now in the great hall," announced Marigold in a stage whisper. "That very fine *Holy Family* over the fireplace is attributed to a Belotti, but we're not quite sure. There is some doubt about the Virgin. Now there is the Kneller portrait of the Lady Kilrothery I mentioned previously."

"There is also some doubt about *her*," whispered Marigold. "The chandelier acquired by the seventh Earl in Venice fell during the Famine. The starving tenants put it together; for this they were provided with hot soup."

"I may add the Kilrotherys were the first to feed dog meat to their tenants during that awful time. I mean the meat of dogs—except, of course, the hounds."

"Where the devil is everybody?" snapped Violet. The words were hardly out of her mouth before a door at the end of the hall was thrown open and a huge Irish wolfhound limped out and advanced toward us somewhat threateningly. He was followed by the Countess herself.

"Don't mind Finnuola; she has no teeth. Welcome, darlings." The Countess kissed my cousins languidly. She was thin and pale and had once been pretty, but the hard life in the impoverished upper classes had drained her. Her voice was high and choked—the effect being as if she had swallowed a fish bone. She was wearing a very shabby pants suit, a string of pearls, and on her feet a large pair of bedroom slippers.

"We're all exhausted. Four busloads and we stopped counting the cars. I had to weigh in and help the guides. People kept asking for souvenirs. I know I should sell tweed leprechauns but I haven't the energy. Those tahsome Americans are always asking for something. Oh I say, I'm terribly sorry—I know you're American—but you're different. Follow me. We're all drinking in the library."

The library was roughly the size of Kilrothery Protestant Church and was lined with books handsomely bound and obviously unread. Draped around the massive fireplace, in which I was thankful to see a fire was burning, were various members of the Kilrothery family and entourage.

I was introduced to the company as the American cousin and was immediately questioned as to President Nixon's sanity and if it was true that Ethel Kennedy had shot her husband. At this point I felt I ought to stand up and make a statement. The Earl, who was wearing pea-green tweeds and an orange turtleneck sweater, pushed me into a chair. He had a very red face, long gray hair, and bulbous blue eyes, one of them definitely wandering—the Blind Harper's eye, I guessed.

"American? I knew an American fellow rented Mount Garville for a year for the hunting. You remember, Pam? What will you drink? Irish? Good, when in Rome . . . Yes, he came from—where was it, Pam?"

"Massachusetts, darling."

"Damn stupid name. He had an absolutely stone face; never opened his mouth. You had to quarry a word out of him. Anyway, he bought a couple of yearlings from me. . . ."

Pam introduced me to the rest of the company: "Looney and Mooney, my children." The children were possibly in their early twenties, had long

golden hair to their shoulders, and both were wearing green corduroy pants, loose white shirts, and bare feet. Impossible to discern the sex. "And these are my two darling guides, Persephone Butler-Ponsonby and Melinda, her sister." Both the darling guides were wearing white dimity Directoire-style gowns to their ankles and cavalry boots. Their hair was long, straight, and black and their faces were deadly pale, the eyes outlined in green. "And this very famous young man, 'Crotch' Smithers of the Weasles. I know you've heard of him?" A figure rose out of the fireplace and extended a limp hand. It was about five feet tall, had a huge bush of red hair and beard to match. Through the hairy curtain one could just discern a pair of brown eyes, tip of a nose, and a few teeth. He was costumed as a gondolier. My cousins were addressed lovingly as Auntie Vee, Auntie Pee, and Auntie Em.

"We took in seventy pounds today," announced Looney. "I made quite a bit in tips as a car parking attendant."

"Trouble is, Mum," said Mooney, "we're amateurs at this game. The only real pro in the business is Altamont at Westport House. He has a first-rate cafe, a gift shoppe, antiques, and howls of tortured prisoners laid on in the dungeons. Now he's getting in a zoo. You simply have to give them their money's worth. You can't do it patronizingly, half and half, holding your nose. It's a business."

"What do you do about public conveniences?" Boodle addressed Violet.

"We're thinking of putting something in the stables."

"Good idea. Incidentally, Pam, when *is* Goodie Rockingham going to pick up his Jaguar? It's still out there in the stables with the weeds and grass growing up around it."

"I know. Isn't it tahsome?" Pam made signs for her glass to be replenished. "Goodie drove over for lunch with that curious German film star who was wearing a picture hat—a *man,* dear! The Jag wouldn't start when they were going home, so poor Boodle had to drive them. That was about six months ago, and they've never come back for it. I suppose Goodie is so rich he doesn't miss it. He's a demolitionist."

"A what?" Violet stared.

"He knocks down cities all over Europe for speculators to build office blocks. He's made a fortune."

"I'll go after him," said Boodle angrily.

"You can't, Daddy," said Looney. "He's in the Argentine with his polo team."

"If you've had enough to drink we'll go down and eat." Pam rose, languidly carrying her drink. We followed her down a flight of stone stairs and through a labyrinth of dark passages. I noted the rows and rows of bells overhead, planned to summon retainers who had now departed forever. The

kitchen was the size of a minor league cathedral. It was beautifully warm and very smelly. A very old woman was ladling out soup into crested silver bowls which were set out on a long kitchen table.

"Sit down, everybody; sit down," commanded the host. "Well, Nanny, tiddly again I see. What have you got for us tonight?"

"Oxtail, master Simon," croaked the old dame, who was obviously still living in the nursery. "And there's that foreign bread and cheese."

"What was the sermon like?" Boodle turned his wayward gaze on me.

"Angry."

"Poor Bill Whitehead. Nice fellow. Dull wife. Good at stud though, five children. Pass the cheese, Looney."

Crotch, I couldn't help noticing, was now seated in Hogarthian pose (Rake's Progress), one hand cupping Persephone's exposed breast while he ate soup with the other.

"Does the castle have a ghost?" I asked Looney.

"We have an elemental. Same as Lep Castle. It comes at two o'clock in the morning. First there's an icy wind and then a frightful smell and then you run for it; otherwise you're found dead. More soup please, Nanny."

"I never heard such tahsome nonsense talked." Pam watched old Nanny apprehensively as she poured half the soup onto the table. "Nanny dear, I think you can go to bed now. We can look after ourselves."

"Good night, Nanny; good night, sweet Nanny," sang Looney and Mooney, aided by Crotch and attendant ladies. "Good night and God speed you."

"Have you heard about the new factory at Begarragh?" Violet addressed the Earl.

He put down his spoon and all the blood in his body rushed to his face.

"Mind your blood pressure, darling," cried Pam warningly.

"You know what I'd do if I were Prime Minister or Teashop, whatever the damn Irish name is, I'd scrap every damn so-called industry and turn the whole economy over to bloodstock and cattle. That's what we understand; that's what we're good at. We are an agrarian nation, always have been, always will be. Those infernal factories and so-called industries are doomed to failure. Who wants disposable plastic underwear? Who wants that awful goddamn crockery? I asked an English fellow what the devil he was going to manufacture up in Begarragh. Parts, he said. Parts of what, I asked. He refused to answer."

"Private parts obviously," said Looney.

"There's English money behind the development," murmured Pansy.

"That's the English," said the Earl bitterly, "always developing on other people's land."

"It's the march of progress," murmured Crotch, who was now being spoon-fed by his mistress with many loving little nudgings and pinches.

"It's no march, it's a goose step," said the Earl morosely. "Pass the wine. Is there any coffee?"

"Times have changed," said Pam resignedly. "We must accept it. So tahsome!"

"I suppose times have changed." Her husband pondered this new idea. "You know even the Catholic Church is changing. Bill Whitehead and the P.P. play golf together and they're both working on a recreation hall!"

"What you need here, folk," Crotch erupted suddenly, "what you need is a drawing together of forces. You need an event. A happening. Something Big. Something to smash them with." He spoke in a Yorkshire dialect which only the Brontës could have transposed to paper.

"What do you suggest?" asked the Earl coldly. "A public hanging?"

"Precisely! Right! Great idea!"

"Of course. Inspiration Crotch." Looney rose from his seat kicking several dogs aside in his excitement. "The Blind Harper. The story of Darby O'Flynn. Like Oberammergau; all the villagers taking part. His arrest by the Redcoats—the appeal to the castle—the wicked Earl refuses—old mother totters out, falls on knees begging for mercy—refused—and then ladies and gentlemen—The Hanging."

"What I mean is a real hanging," said Crotch. "It can look like an accident, but it's for real."

"And who's going to volunteer to be hanged?" asked the Earl.

"Easy. Advertise for a would-be suicide. Think of it, Pa! Special trains from Dublin. We'd get Michael MacLiammoir down to direct. Grannia Yeats"—her husband's grandfather was a Butler[1]—"to play the harp—a wild lament of some kind."

"Make it a harp festival," said Mooney. "Harps from all over the world."

"Oh darling, a hanging, that would be too tahsome!"

"Don't worry Pam, we'd cut him down in time."

At this point Violet rose and said we must be going home. The Earl accompanied us to the front door and we left them all planning further desperate measures.

"I presume, Boodle," said Violet as we stood on the steps, "that bearded young man is going to marry Persephone?"

"Good God no. That's completely platonic, I'm told. He has been married at least twice and has one legal wife somewhere. Besides, she's engaged to a prophet."

"A prophet!" gasped the ladies.

"Yes. An Indian who makes curried yoghurt. The bearded young man, my dear Violet, is a millionaire; he has bought Castle Bellingham."

"Boodle, you're joking."

"That young man has made a million on his records. People pay to hear him bawling out three lines of unspeakable banality. Our day is over, Vi. Unless I become a frightful sort of circus master it is impossible to keep Kilrothery going. The writing is on the wall."

"Never give up, old boy." Violet wiped away a tear. "When the General was dying—as you know he was Seventh Lancers—he asked to be propped up on his pillows. He drew his last breath, raised one arm pointing towards heaven, and said *'Charge'* and fell back dead. That's the spirit."

"Rascally developers; speculators, brutish gombeen-men; usurers have taken over our world," sighed the Earl mournfully.

"Never mind," said Pansy stoutly. "There are always the Guinnesses. I sometimes think of the Guinnesses as ambulance men speeding to the rescue with the kiss of culture. If a Georgian roof falls in, phone Desmond."

"That's fine." Marigold was right there with the history. "And the first Guinness was a butler[2]—small *b*—so I've been told, which makes it even more symbolic."

And high in the evening air methinks I heard a harp playing a wild lament and sounds of ghostly merriment. And I thought betimes that is the Blind Harper enjoying the last laugh. □

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[1]William Butler Yeats.

[2]Mr. Desmond Guinness says there is absolutely no truth in Miss Gavin-Wilmot's extraordinary statement.

THE SICK SIXTIES

Some speculations on the postwar baby boom and how it grew

by James Q. Wilson and Robert L. DuPont

The decade of the 1960s began in a mood of contentment with domestic affairs and confidence in international ones; it ended in an agony of bitterness and frustration over both.

The history of the change is well known, and the reasons for it are thought to be also. The country discovered poverty, confronted race, entered a war, and endured a series of tragic assassinations. By 1966, it was clear that any one of these issues, *to say nothing of all three in combination,* was sufficient to strain the political capacities and social bonds of the people very nearly to the breaking point. Not only were the problems themselves serious and difficult; in each case the *existence* of the problem was thought to be the consequence of institutional and political failures: poverty the result of neglect, riots the result of racism, and war the result of . . . what? Confusion? Miscalculations? Conspiracy? No small part of the divisiveness of the 1960s stemmed from the widespread belief that our problems could be explained and in part corrected by the assignment of moral blame. It is simple enough to document the "problems," and their remarkable growth.

Crime

In 1946, there were in this country 6.9 murders per one hundred thousand population, the highest since 1937. In the seventeen years that followed the end of World War II, the murder rate declined more or less steadily, so that by 1962 it was 4.5 per one hundred thousand population—less than two-thirds of what it had been in 1946. By 1968, it stood at 6.8, higher than at any time since 1946.

Robbery is perhaps the most feared crime, inasmuch as it so often occurs among strangers, without warning, and involves the use or threat of force. It is not so accurately counted as murder is, but most of the serious offenses probably are called to the attention of the police. In 1946, the robbery rate was 59.4 per one hundred thousand population, higher than it had been at any time since 1935. Then robbery, like murder, began to show a long, slow decline in its incidence until, by 1959, the rate was only 51.2—a drop of 14 percent. The following year it went up suddenly to 59.9, the largest one-year increase during any of the preceding seventeen years. By 1968, it had more than *doubled,* to 131.

Auto theft is also a more or less accurately counted crime: cars are insured, and victims must report the loss to collect their payments. This crime followed, until the 1960s, an opposite pattern to that for murder and robbery: the mid-1940s were a *low* point for auto theft, probably because the production of automobiles for civilian use had ended during World War II, so that by 1946 there were not many cars worth stealing. The low point for auto theft came in 1949, when only 107.7 cars per hundred thousand population were stolen. Then, as the country returned to a peacetime economy and new cars began rolling off the production lines, the auto theft rate began to drift upward. By 1960, it had risen to 181.6, an increase of almost 60 percent. For a year or two, the rate paused at this new high—new, at least, for any period since 1935. Then, from 1963 to 1964, it went up by the largest amount of any year since records were kept: over 30 points. In the language of the stock market

chart-makers, auto theft had "broken out," and from that year on, it showed sharp annual increases.

If the figures are to be believed, the increase in crime assumed epidemic proportions in the first few years of the 1960s. Interestingly, murder was somewhat slower to show this increase than robbery or auto theft. One reason for this may be the continued improvement in the delivery of emergency health care to people who have been assaulted: speedy ambulance drivers and skilled doctors and nurses may have saved the lives of persons who had been shot or stabbed. (In 1933, there were six times as many crimes listed as aggravated assaults as there were homicides. By 1960, the ratio had increased to seventeen to one, a crude measure, perhaps, of the improvements resulting from radio-dispatched ambulances and new medical and surgical techniques.)

Drugs

During most of the 1950s, the number of narcotic-related deaths reported by the Medical Examiner in New York City hovered around one hundred a year. In 1960, it touched two hundred for the first time since at least 1918, and perhaps ever. In 1961, there was a sudden, sharp increase, to over three hundred, and by 1967, the number had passed seven hundred a year and was still climbing. By the end of the decade, more than twelve hundred New Yorkers had died either from a lethal overdose of a narcotic or from some other cause related to being a habitual narcotic user. Furthermore, the proportion of all narcotic-related deaths due to an overdose had increased: less than half of such deaths before 1961, but more than 80 percent after 1971.

Before 1963, Atlanta probably had no more than about five hundred heroin users. By the end of the decade, the number of users had increased tenfold, to five thousand.

In Boston, the estimated number of heroin users never exceeded six hundred in the period between 1960 and 1963. Between 1963 and 1964, there was a sudden estimated increase of more than four hundred users. By the end of the decade, the number of users in Boston had increased tenfold.

Welfare

In March, 1965, Daniel P. Moynihan, then an Assistant Secretary of Labor, published a document entitled *The Negro Family.* The study described the weakness of the family structure among a large minority of blacks and argued for a national policy to correct the causes of that weakness and to support processes that would strengthen such families. The conditions he described were not new: since as early as 1950, about one-fifth of black married women, as compared to about one-twenty-fifth of white married women, were separated from their husbands. A large and growing number of these women with children but without husbands were on welfare (that is, receiving Aid to Families With Dependent Children).

One fact in the Moynihan report, however, was utterly without precedent. Since 1948, the annual number of new AFDC cases paralleled almost precisely the unemployment rate for nonwhite males. Whenever the nonwhite unemployment rate went up, as it did in 1949, 1954, and 1957, the number of new welfare cases went up. All this was to be expected—indeed, it was exactly what most supporters of the AFDC plan desired. But in 1962-1963, a remarkable thing happened: the number of new persons admitted to AFDC started going up even though the unemployment rate was going *down.*

From 1961 to 1964, the unemployment rate for nonwhite males fell from 12.9 percent to 9.1 percent, but between 1962 and 1964 the number of new AFDC cases opened each year increased by almost sixty thousand. In short, entry onto the welfare rolls was for the first time being influenced by forces independent of general economic conditions and of unemployment in particular. For decades the line plotting unemployment and the line plotting new AFDC cases were parallel; beginning in about 1960, they moved in opposite directions. From its graphic appearance, the phenomenon might be referred to as the "welfare scissors."

If a second edition of the study had been published in 1969, it would have shown that the scissors continued to open: by then, the nonwhite unemployment rate had fallen to 6.5 percent, but the annual number of new AFDC cases had grown by 222 percent.

The reasons for the increase in welfare applicants at a time when economic conditions were improving remain a matter of conjecture. For some the increase was the result of the increase in illegitimacy, especially among black children, but it is far from clear that this happened (there have probably been important changes in the willingness to *report* a birth as illegitimate, but whether the *number* of such births has gone up is uncertain). If it occurred, the change took place in the first five years of the 1960s. From 1955 to 1960, the proportion of nonwhite births that were reported as illegitimate went from 20.2 percent to 21.6 percent, a trifling change; from 1960 to 1965, however, it rose from 21.6 to 26.3 percent, an increase of about one-fifth.

Professor Wilson teaches in Harvard's Department of Government, and is the author of *Varieties of Police Behavior* and other books and articles. Dr. DuPont is head of the Narcotics Treatment Administration in Washington, D.C.

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Nor is it clear that the rise in welfare consumption in the early 1960s was the result of increasing proportions of women being deserted by their husbands. In 1960, 11 percent of married nonwhite women were separated from their husbands; by 1966, it was still 11 percent. The proportion divorced remained constant at 5 percent and the percentage of nonwhite female-headed households increased only slightly between 1960 and 1966.

What *is* clear is that a growing percentage of women eligible for AFDC began to apply for it, and to get it. Welfare became either socially more attractive or administratively more accessible or both. While only a minority of illegitimate children receive welfare, and while many women deserted by their husbands never apply for welfare, in the early 1960s more and more of those eligible for such aid sought it and, in many cities, got it.

Unemployment

During only three years between 1947 and 1957 were there as many as one million young persons (aged 16 to 24) unemployed. But since 1958 the number has never dipped below one million, and by 1961, unemployed young adults numbered 1.5 million, almost twice as many as in 1955.

The United States made enormous strides in providing jobs during the 1960s, but adults benefited more than young people. During a decade when the unemployment rate generally declined, the unemployment rate for persons 16 to 19 years of age increased, so that while the young made up only a sixth of the unemployed in 1961, they accounted for more than a quarter of it by 1971. In one year, 1963, the number of unemployed persons aged 16 to 19 alone increased to 17 percent.

The increase in teen-age and young adult unemployment was particularly sharp among nonwhites. Not only was a higher proportion of young nonwhites unemployed, but the increase in youth unemployment was greater for nonwhites than for whites: between 1960 and 1963, the peak year for the decade, the unemployment rate among persons aged 16 to 19 went up by 23 percent for whites but by 28 percent for nonwhites. In 1963, there were 176,000 unemployed young nonwhites, more than twice as many as eight years earlier; they accounted for almost one-third of all the young nonwhites in the labor force.

The early years of the 1960s suffered a sudden and marked deterioration in certain key social indicators that, taken together, was unprecedented during any of the previous twenty or thirty years. Some of these indicators, such as teen-age unemployment, were noticed and believed; others, such as those about crime and families, were noticed but not believed; and still others, such as those pertaining to heroin addiction, were scarcely noticed. Or more precisely: "informed opinion" did not notice or believe many of these indicators.

The price that we paid for this oversight—in confusion, frustration, and social divisions—was substantial. At the very time when the United States was embarking on the longest period of sustained prosperity since World War II—a period that was to produce major improvements in incomes, educational levels, and housing and health conditions of almost every major segment of our population—the quality of life, especially of life in public places, was rapidly worsening. We were achieving the Great Society without producing the good life, enhancing our prosperity without improving our tranquillity.

The crucial years seem to have been 1962 and 1963. Well before the war in Vietnam had fully engaged us or the ghetto riots had absorbed us, the social bonds—the ties of family, of neighborhood, of mutual forbearance and civility—seem to have come asunder. Why?

There is no single explanation, but one fact is obvious: by 1962 and 1963, there had come of age the persons born during the baby boom of the immediate postwar period. A child born in 1946 would have been 16 in 1962, 17 in 1963.

The numbers involved were very large. In 1950, there were about 24 million persons aged 14 to 24; by 1960 that had increased to just under 27 million. But during the next ten years the number of young people increased by 1.3 million a year. That ten-year increase of 13 million persons was greater than the growth in the young segment of the population for the entire rest of the *century*. And during the first *two* years of the decade of the 1960s, we added more young persons (about 2.6 million) to our population than in any preceding *ten* years since 1930.

The result of this has been provocatively stated by Professor Norman B. Ryder, the Princeton University demographer: "There is a perennial invasion of barbarians who must somehow be civilized and turned into contributors to fulfillment of the various functions requisite to societal survival." That "invasion" is the coming of age of a new generation of young people. Every society copes with this enormous socialization process more or less successfully, but occasionally that process is almost literally swamped by a quantitative discontinuity in the numbers of persons involved: "The increase in the magnitude of the socialization tasks in the United States during the past decade was completely outside the bounds of previous experience."

If we continue Professor Ryder's metaphor, we note that in 1950 and still in 1960 the "invading army" (those aged 14 to 24) was outnumbered three-to-one by the size of the "defending army"

(those aged 25 to 64). By 1970, the ranks of the former had grown so fast that they were outnumbered by only two-to-one, a state of affairs that had not existed since at least 1890, and may never exist again in our lifetime.

The significance of these numbers is best understood by looking at one city. Take Washington, D.C. It has a large black population, a high crime rate, and is the source of countless stories about popular fears of criminal attack and countless political speeches about the need to get tough. One would think that it is a city the population of which had deteriorated substantially in the last decade or two. In fact, by most measures, quite the opposite is the case.

Consider the black population, which is almost three-fourths of the total. Its median educational level increased from 8.8 years of schooling in 1950 to 11.4 years in 1970. In 1950, there were only ten thousand black adults in the city with a college education; in 1970, there were 22,000. Black median family income, adjusted for inflation, tripled during the two decades. In 1970, when there was substantial unemployment in the country as a whole, the unemployment for black men aged 20 to 59 in Washington was only 4.5 percent and for black women the same age 3.6 percent. Washington has manifold problems of poor housing, poverty, and inadequate schooling, but it is not by any conceivable measure a vast lower-class slum or a city that has lost ground economically or educationally. To a substantial degree, it is a black middle-class or lower-middle-class community.

Yet Washington has for almost a decade been besieged by crime, heroin, and welfare problems due in large part to the change in the age structure of the city's population. In 1960, there were about 65,000 persons aged 16 to 21. Ten years later, as a result of the postwar baby boom, that number had risen to more than 86,000—an increase of more than 30 percent. During the 1930s, there had been only about eight thousand live births each year in the city; by the end of World War II, that number had risen to about twenty thousand per year.

The vast majority of these additional children entered the life of the city and its institutions just the way they had always done—they went to school, took jobs, got married, and had children of their own (though far fewer than the number of children their parents had). A small proportion of them did the things that some young people always do, but this time it was a small proportion of a very large number.

The schools were among the first institutions to notice the change. The number of dropouts from Washington junior high schools began to increase in 1962 and peaked in 1964. Then, as the children got older, the number of dropouts from the senior high schools began to rise, peaking in 1968. When those in school or out of school started looking for jobs, they discovered that the number of new young applicants had increased faster than the number of jobs. In Washington, the unemployment rate for blacks aged 16 to 21 had been around 8 percent during the 1950s, but during the 1960s it rose steadily until it reached 16 percent for males and 20 percent for females by 1970.

The proportion of young males in Washington who became addicted to heroin before the 1960s had been, as best one can estimate it, less than 3 percent. One might have expected that rate to remain the same for the new, larger population of young people coming of age in the 1960s. If it had, the number of addicts would have gone up by at

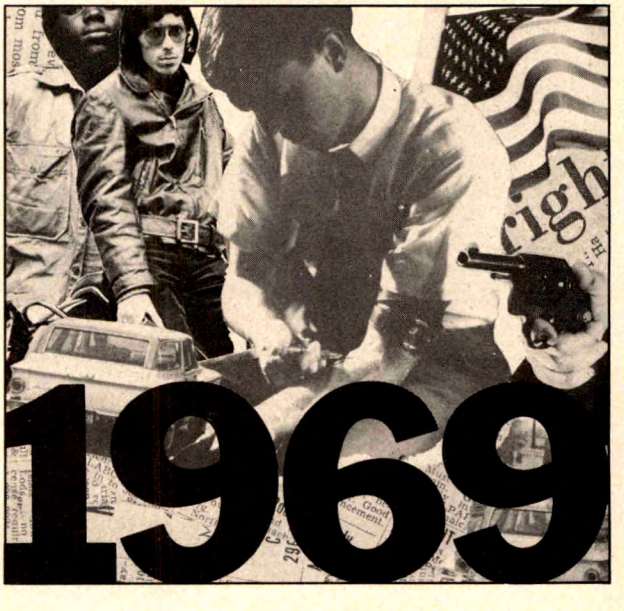
least a third—a serious problem, but nothing like the epidemic that actually struck. In fact, the addiction rate for males born in the decade following 1945 who grew up in Washington was over ten times the "normal" level. As the epidemic mounted, certain age groups were devastated. Of the 6000 young Washington men born in 1953, over *13 percent* became heroin addicts and in some large areas of the city about *one-fourth* the males born in that year became heroin users. In the single year 1969, about 5 percent of 16-year-old males became addicted to heroin.

The reason for this increase can be found in the way addicts are recruited: new users are enlisted in peer groups by enthusiastic experimenters. If more than a very small number of addicts exists in a city, and if they are distributed among several different friendship groups, the rate of recruitment of new addicts can increase geometrically. The process may continue until all susceptible persons are recruited, or public countermeasures are taken, or both.

Some women were becoming addicts as well, but there were fewer female than male addicts. Welfare rather than heroin was the women's problem. For several decades, AFDC had been utilized principally by older women who had lost their husbands. In the 1960s, as large numbers of young women entered childbearing age, there was both an increase in AFDC utilization and a change in the kind of recipient. The women on AFDC in Washington tripled between 1961 and 1971, from 5000 to over 16,000, and the largest growth occurred among young women. The number on AFDC who were over 30 increased by 140 percent, but the number who were under 30 increased by 300 percent and those under 20 increased by 800 percent. In ten years, the age of the typical woman on AFDC fell from 30 to 23.

Crime increased rapidly in this same period. Here, of course, even a crude estimate of the number of young persons involved is difficult. We obviously do not know the age of those who commit crimes, only the age of those arrested for crimes. And we do not know how many crimes are committed by the same person. But we can make some guesses, based on a recent study in Philadelphia that is perhaps the best analysis available of youthful crime. Professor Marvin Wolfgang and his co-workers at the University of Pennsylvania examined the delinquency records of all the males born in 1945 who lived in Philadelphia between their tenth and eighteenth birthdays. They found more than ten thousand of them, more than one-third of whom had at least one recorded contact with the police by the time they were eighteen, and half of these had more than one such contact. Of the delinquent acts recorded, perhaps a quarter could be regarded as relatively serious crimes. Most of the crimes were committed when the boys were 15, 16, or 17.

Suppose those proportions were true for Washington (they are not likely to be exactly the same, because the racial and economic composition of the cities differs). Since the number of persons aged 16 to 21 increased by 21,000 during the 1960s, if one-third of these committed one or more delinquent acts, by 1970 there would have been at least seven thousand more delinquents in the city than there had been when the decade started. Since each delinquent would have committed at least three offenses known to the police before he turned eighteen, 21,000 more offenses resulting in an arrest would have been committed. Many thou-



sands more that did not produce a police contact were no doubt committed.

Three implications of these data are of paramount importance. One is that much of the increase in crime, welfare utilization, and heroin addiction can be explained by the sheer numbers of young persons involved without adducing any theory about the breakdown of the family, of the church, or of society.

The second is that, except for heroin addicts during certain years in certain districts of the city, those responsible for these behaviors were a small minority of all the young persons. We estimate that of the 147,000 persons born in the decade after World War II who lived in Washington in the 1960s, about 17,200, or less than 12 percent, were either on heroin or on welfare or both.

But the third is that changes in the age structure of the population cannot alone account for the social dislocations of the 1960s. While the number of persons between the ages of 16 and 21 in the District of Columbia increased by 32 percent between 1960 and 1970, the social problems increased much more: the rate of serious crime went up by over 400 percent, welfare recipients by over 200 percent, unemployment rates by at least 100 percent, and heroin addiction by (our best guess) over 1000 percent. Detroit, to cite another example, had about 100 murders in 1960 but over 500 in 1971, yet the number of young persons did not quintuple.

It is possible that the sudden increase in the number of "risk" persons sets off an explosive increase in the amount of crime, addiction, and welfare dependency. What have once been relatively isolated and furtive acts (copping a fix, stealing a TV) become widespread and group-supported activities.

Heroin addiction is an example. We have had addicts since at least 1900, and we have always had young people who were potential addicts. We also know that addiction spreads like a contagion, with one friend "turning on" another. Yet ordinarily this contagion is rather contained and results in no epidemic of the sort that broke out in the 1960s. The sudden, dramatic increase in the number of potential addicts seems to have created a self-sustaining contagion that rapidly produced a more than proportionate number of actual addicts.

At the same time, our society did a number of things that nurtured this reaction. The media spread the message that a "youth culture" was being born and celebrated the cult of personal liberation that seemed to be central to that culture. Enhanced personal mobility made it easier to carry a contagion from one group to another. Social programs designed to combat poverty brought together groups that once would have been isolated from each other and thus facilitated the contagion. The contacts of upper-middle-class suburban youths with ghetto blacks as a result of civil rights programs increased access to the drug culture, or perhaps created in the eyes of the whites the mistaken view that such a "culture" existed, and was desirable, when in fact only deviant and episodic drug-taking existed.

The institutional mechanisms which could handle problems in ordinary numbers were suddenly swamped and may, in some cases, have broken down entirely. The deterrent force of the police and the courts may not be great in normal times but it may have declined absolutely, not just relatively, in those exceptional times. The increase in crime produced a less than proportionate increase in arrests and, of those arrested, probably a less than proportionate increase in penalties. If the supply and value of legitimate opportunities (that is, jobs) were declining at the very time that the cost of illegitimate activities (that is, fines and jail terms) was also declining, a rational teen-ager might well have concluded that it made more sense to steal cars than to wash them.

One is tempted to ask, "What might have been?" If the age structure of the decade had been normal, if crime and addiction and welfare dependency had not increased so dramatically, could we have come to grips with our problems any more successfully than we did? Indeed, what would we have considered our problems to be? The war and its divisiveness would have occurred in any event. The demand by blacks for equality of opportunity would still have arisen, though the number of young blacks available for militant protest would have been smaller. The ghetto riots might still have occurred.

But perhaps some problems would have been easier to address had not the social structure appeared to have collapsed. We might have had a more sensible discussion of riots and what to do about them if it had not been so easy for some to link (incorrectly, we think) the existence of rioting with the rise of ordinary criminality. Programs designed to solve teen-age unemployment would clearly have been more successful if so large a fraction of employable teen-agers had not been deeply involved in heroin addiction and remunerative crime. In retrospect, we might not have described certain Great Society programs as failures if the problems they sought to remedy—unemployment, dropping out of school, low educational achievement—had not been suddenly enlarged in scope and altered in character. Rebuilding or rehabilitating our inner-city neighborhoods might have been much easier had not so many of these areas been destroyed as communities by crime and addiction.

But we are not yet sure we can even explain what *did* happen; we shall never be able to explain what might have happened. □

A great dinner, cont'd.

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THE JESUS INFECTION

by Maxine Kumin

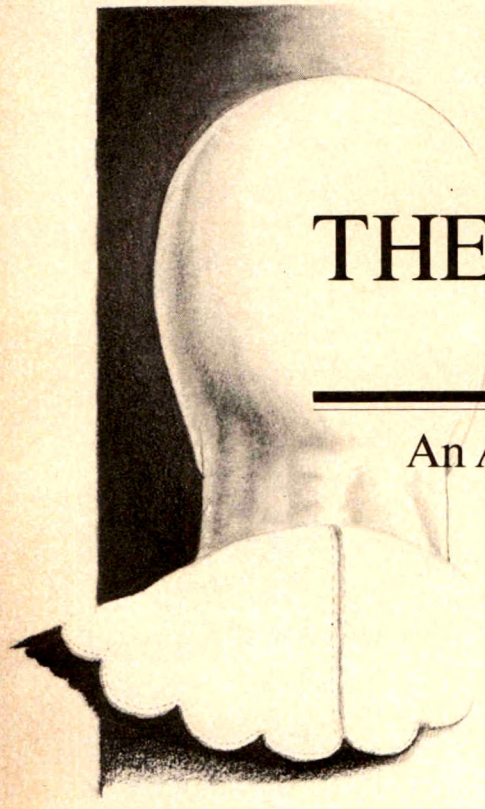
Jesus is with me
on the Blue Grass Parkway going eastbound.
He is with me
on the Old Harrodsburg Road coming home.
I am listening
to country gospel music
in the borrowed Subaru.
The gas pedal
and the words
leap to the music.
Oh throw out the lifeline!
Someone is drifting away.

Flags fly up in my mind
without my knowing
where they've been lying furled
and I am happy
living in the sunlight
where Jesus is near.
A man is driving his polled Herefords
across the gleanings of a cornfield
while I am bound for the kingdom of the free.
At the little trestle bridge that has no railing
I see that I won't have to cross Jordan alone.

Signposts every mile exhort me
to Get Right With God
and I move over.
There's a neon message blazing
at the crossroad
catty-corner to the Burger Queen:
Ye Come With Me.
Is it well with my soul, Jesus?
It sounds so easy
to be happy after the sunrise,
to be washed in the crimson flood.

Now I am tailgating
and I read the bumper sticker
on a Ford truck full of Poland Chinas.
It says: Honk If You Know Jesus
and I do it.
My sound blats out for miles
behind the pigsqueal
and it's catching in the front end,
in the axle,
in the universal joint,
this rich contagion.

We are going down the valley on a hairpin turn,
the swine and me, we're breakneck in,
we're leaning on
the everlasting arms.



THE PHRENOLOGY OF LOVE

An Atlantic "First" by James Polk

Evalt got Papa a subscription to *Frontier Trails* for his eightieth birthday, thinking that his father might take to Western history as a hobby, like so many other old men in Montana. Instead, Papa got fascinated with the ads for metal detectors and gave Evalt no peace. He left copies of *Frontier Trails* open all over the house, showing the picture of Wyman B. Ulrich, of Laverne, Oklahoma, who had tracked down a hoard of antique coins with his Kit Carson Detecta and swore by it. Papa talked about buried treasure so much that Evalt thought of committing him after all, but finally he justified the Detecta as a Christmas present, wrote a check for $69.95 plus postage, and sent away for one. It arrived after New Year's, an aluminum lunch box with important-looking dials and an extension called a Searchloop. Papa gloated over it in his room for the rest of the winter, muttering like a troll.

During an April chinook, Evalt was busy getting his nine-weeks' grades into the principal and let Papa go out by himself in the balmy weather to hunt metal. Papa stayed in the hills until after nightfall, got his feet wet, and came down with pneumonia. There were heart complications, painful stabs in the chest. Papa thought it was cancer and screamed day and night over imaginary tumors, his fingers clutching at the bedclothes, his hair a matted white nest. He died in June, just after school let out, so Evalt had the summer free for guilt.

The scream stayed in the house. It throbbed like radar from Papa's room upstairs and Evalt began to feel driven, a rat in a box from one of his class experiments. He had taught biology at the high school for fifteen years, living alone with his father and hardening into a fixed point for the community: a dry, turnip-colored Swede who kept students in line with detention slips and low grades—therefore a "good teacher." A sensible man as well, he tried sensible ways to block Papa out—the Late Show, the complete works of Harold Robbins, and even some bedtime whiskey, although he knew what happened to sorrowing Montana high school teachers who did that.

Nothing helped. In late July he locked up the house and took a trip to Yellowstone, where the children whining for Old Faithful to begin and the crowds throwing coins in Morning Glory Pool made him feel more in touch with humanity. When he came back to Hebb, he was able to burn Papa's things in the garbage can, although he kept the Detecta; it had cost $69.95 and had hardly been used at all. Then he remodeled the upstairs room into an apartment with an outside stairway and rented it to the first person who answered the ad. This was Mrs. Grace Split, a lady who played the bull fiddle in a Western band at the Liberty Head on Highway 9.

She was big-boned and heavy, able to sign his mimeographed lease with the paper flat on top of the refrigerator. Watching her chew on his ballpoint as she read the last clause over again, Evalt felt uneasy. He was usually good at placing people, but Mrs. Split was beyond him. She looked Chinese—not yellow, exactly, unless her powder and

rouge covered it up, but slanty-eyed and grinning like a Buddha. She would never see forty again, but then, Evalt figured, a more mature woman would be quieter than some kid.

After she moved in, Papa's scream was hushed but Mrs. Split's party noises took over the house. A rough crowd began clomping up and down the stairs: the women had long dyed hair and jackets with embroidered dragons and JAPAN on the backs; the men wore boots and stetsons and looked like they worked the rodeo circuit or roughnecked on oil rigs. Mrs. Split got in late, well after midnight, and there was usually a bunch of them to help carry her fiddle. Evalt would lie rigid in bed and listen, wondering if he had done the right thing. But he didn't want to evict his first tenant and decided instead to have a serious talk with Mrs. Split before school started.

When he went up, the door was open and he was relieved at how much she had changed Papa's room. There were flowered spreads over everything, gold-threaded fiber glass curtains, oil-on-velvets of Christ, holy statues, dried rushes, and a poster of the Virgin Mary praying on mounds of cloud as fat babies showered her with roses. Over the TV was the biggest crucifix Evalt had ever seen and the most realistic dying Jesus, with greenish flesh and caked red wounds. His yawning mouth, filled with tiny sharp teeth, made Evalt think of Papa, and he turned away, embarrassed.

"Well, just guess who come up to see how I'm doing!" said Mrs. Split. "Now don't you stand there looking around at my housekeeping like that; I ain't the world's best; we're just folks around here."

She had a loud crow of a voice, as if she were calling in a lot of ornery kids for bedtime, but she seemed glad to see him. She was sitting on Papa's old bed in a navy dress with cut-out cloth daisies on the bosom, her shoes off, her brown nylons rolled down to the knees. A bull fiddle stood like a person behind her. On the bed stand was a lamp with a revolving shade made from photos of the Rocky Mountains stitched in plastic braid. It cast blue pulses of light on Mrs. Split's head and Evalt could not help but stare. She was bald as an egg.

"Let's us get off on the right foot," she said. "How about me calling my favorite landlord by his first name?"

He told her it was "Evalt" and she considered this for a time without much satisfaction.

"Won't do," she decided. "Got a middle one?"

"Well . . ."

"Oh, come on, I won't tell a soul."

Evalt never used his middle name and it took him a few moments to remember, and to wonder if Mrs. Split had any right to ask. But then he told her: "Jerome."

She seemed to approve of this one and got up from the bed. Rummaging through a cedar box filled with rosaries and neckerchiefs, she fished up an oversized deck of cards. These she studied for a while, smoking from a metal cigarette holder, and then read out:

" 'Born at Stridon in Dalmatia in 342, his day is September 30.' "

She lowered the card and watched him like a cat, scraping one of the cards under her chin as if shaving away the bristles.

"Give up?"

"What do you mean?"

"I asked you who was born at Stridon in Dalmatia. Thought you was supposed to be a schoolteacher."

"I do biology."

She shrugged, looked at the card, and read on: " 'Spent two years in the desert where he brooded on man's folly and suffered every sort of temptation.' "

"Mrs. Split—"

"Call me Grace, hear?"

"What I came up for—"

"Don't know that one either? Well, I reckon you won't get the next two, so I'll skip to number five which is the real giveaway show. Now listen: 'Usually depicted kneeling before a human skull and beating his breast with a stone.' Now you got it, eh?"

The game seemed important to her, so Evalt pretended to play, looking thoughtfully around the room as if the answer were hidden somewhere. It occurred to him that he was having a good time.

"It's some religious thing, isn't it? Some Catholic thing," he said when he could stall no longer.

She laughed, showing spaced teeth and glints of gold.

"I'm glad you ain't my teacher, 'cause the answer is your own middle-name saint, Saint Jerome. Thought you'd get that one sure. No Saint Evalt in this deck, maybe that would have been easier, but I dunno. If we was really playing, you'd owe me a quarter, nickel per points missed. It's called Lives of the Saints Card Instruction: never played it?"

He said no, but added that he knew poker and pinochle, and she was delighted to hear it.

"Well, sir, we'll have a quick hand of something right now, if you don't mind penny ante with a lady. Have a ciggy-butt?"

"Thanks, I don't smoke."

"You probably figure you'll get cancer, but let me show you." She unscrewed her holder and dumped out some brown crystals into her hand; he noticed that her fingers had flattened tips from the fiddle strings. "This stuff is the poison from a ciggy-butt that usually gets sucked into a person's

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James Polk is a thirty-three-year-old Harvard graduate now working as an editor at a Toronto publishing house.

lungs, but see, it all gets trapped by these here beads. They're white to start out with, but look how black—"

She came closer, smelling of face powder and lethal tars, and Evalt edged back a little. He lectured.

"Some people say it's not the nicotine but the smoke itself that carries the carcinogens. The Surgeon General has warned us. Even with our best filters, smoke doesn't do the body any good."

"Oh, the body!" She humphed, dismissing it. "The body is damned. I been smoking this filter for years and I'm fit as my old bull—no, shit, oh Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, oh no, oh he he he he!"

He thought she was breaking into a seizure and reached forth his hands to calm her down. But she reeled away from him, whooping and slapping her thigh, then pointed to the dresser where he saw her hairless blue reflection laughing back.

"He he *hee* . . . oh my. No wonder you look like you seen a ghost when you first come in. I just took it off and clean forgot . . ."

She motioned to the bedpost where her wig perched like a treed marsupial, and burst out laughing again. When she was herself, she told him how she had tried to bleach her hair with Purex back in the days of platinum blondes and had awakened each morning to find big hanks of it on the pillow. She had worn kerchiefs to school until she earned enough money waitressing to buy a hairpiece; it had been part of a fairy-princess Halloween costume but was the best she could do in those thin times before vinyl falls and wiglets.

Evalt watched the light playing over her naked head as she talked, and felt robbed when the hair was put back in place. The next night he returned for a poker match, lost five dollars, and went to bed savage because he hadn't caught her with the wig off. On the following morning, after fevered dreams of Papa, who beckoned him into the hills with the Detecta, he rushed up to check Mrs. Split's thermostat despite the sunny day, and soon found his fingers adrift under her cut-out daisies. With a broad Chinese grin, she twisted her body like a porpoise, and in this fashion, without seeming to be forward, guided his hand over the high points of a large territory.

But he did not get a full, springy erection until he had taken off the wig, lifting it away as a chef does a steam-cover, a priest the altar cloth. His palms tingled as they touched the nude flesh: it was a firm scalp, but softly knobbed and exquisitely feminine. Rapt, he stroked an all but invisible tonsure of fine pale hairs which circumscribed her head like an electric glow, aurora borealis. Overwhelmed with emotion, he kissed her full on the crown and heard her chuckle "he he he" beneath him in a satisfied way.

In bed he was acid and too quick, since it had been a long time, but that afternoon he was fine: he had never felt such thrust before, certainly not with the routine girls he had taken out, and sometimes paid for, in college long ago. That night, when she went to work, he frittered around downstairs, waiting like a clenched fist until he heard the cough of her pickup, the secure tread of her feet on the steps. But there were also the voices of her scruffy friends ascending with her, and he realized the honeymoon was over.

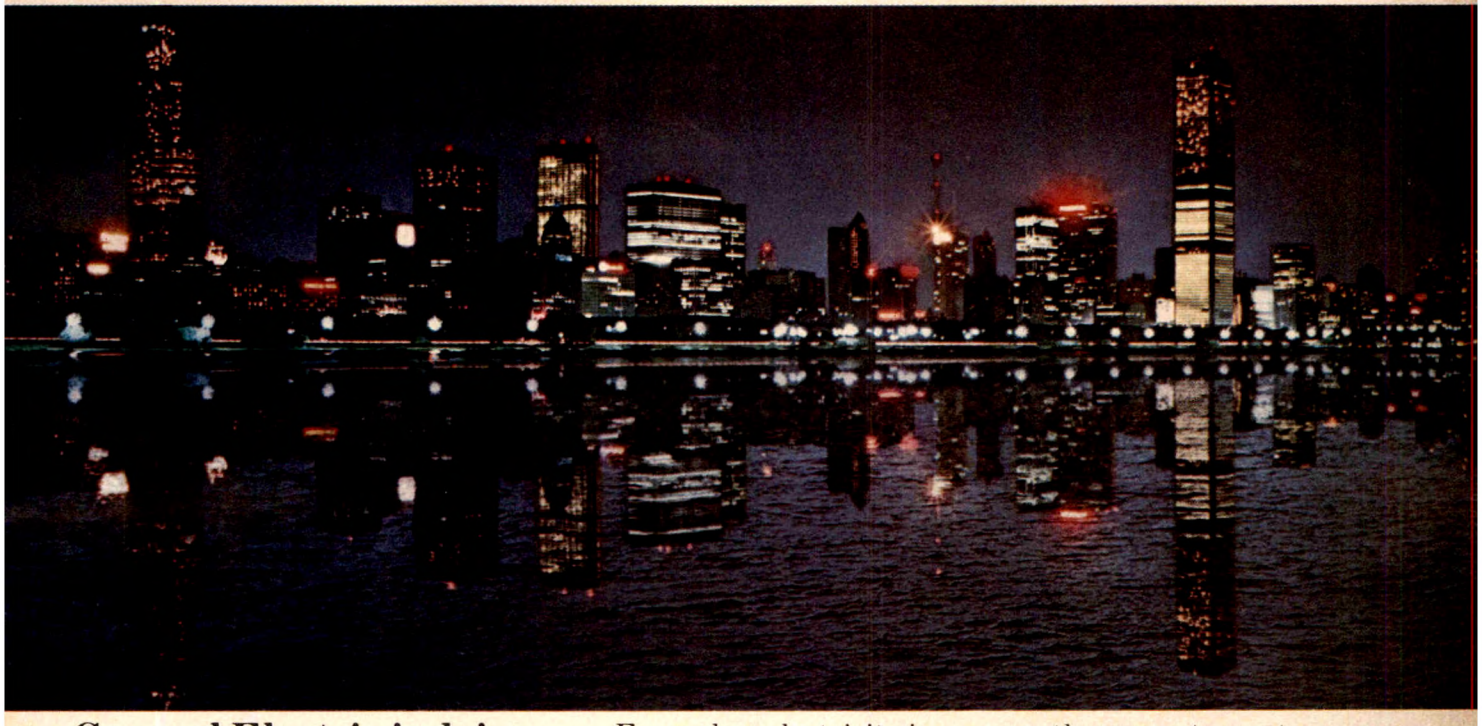
He fought shy of visiting Grace with the others around, and they wouldn't go away. It was the Labor Day weekend; and Evalt sat through it listening to them stomp and hee-haw overhead as he watched cartoon shows on TV and tried all the five positions on his Relax-a-Chair. His mind began straying into schemes for orgasms with volleyballs and watermelon, and one desolate midnight he started to feel himself up, running shaky fingers over his Vitalis-soaked widow's peaks in a barren mockery of the real thing.

On Sunday he could stand it no longer and went out to feast his eyes at the Liberty Head. It was crowded with noisy country people, but he found a hiding place at the end of the bar, where he stared at his face in the mirror as the waterfall on the Olympia beer sign spilled ceaselessly above him. Then the band played "Blue Skirt Waltz," "Hey Good Lookin'" and "Cold Cold Heart." On the faster ones, Grace twirled her fiddle around like a top and slapped the belly of it; for the slow ones she would call, "This is gonna be a Moonlight Waltz," and give out with "Ahh *haw*" when the singer with the Adam's apple finished one of his mournful verses. Evalt didn't dare bother her with so many onlookers, and finally he went home alone.

The next week, when school started, Mrs. Split left with the band for a three-week tour of northeastern Wyoming. For fifteen years Evalt had chafed for school to begin; after his shapeless summers he needed something to hold the months together. But he had never noticed until today how ugly the maroon brick building looked stuck on its bare field of asphalt, how depressing the rusted bicycle racks. Built in 1927, the inside had been subdivided each time the county refused a tax levy and it was now a hive of dark corridors and dead ends. Descending into the lower hall, Evalt wondered if the real learning process at Shale County wasn't the rat-in-maze resourcefulness students developed to find their way without getting trapped forever in the auditorium or the temporary auto shop.

Naturally Evalt knew his way, past the line of lockers and the pictures no one looked at: big sepia prints in black frames of the First Thanksgiving, the Death of Arthur, Hiawatha standing in his canoe, tired Romans on the floor with a harpist. He plunged into a passage fumy from generations

In ten years, we'll need enough electricity to run two Americas.



General Electric is doing something about it.

With a design to make five GE nuclear plants do the work of six. With gas turbine power plants to help meet today's shortage. With a new kind of fossil fuel plant that turns exhaust heat into electricity.

Every day, electricity is being called on to do jobs never dreamed of years ago. Cleaning up our air and water. Reducing crime and accidents. Fighting disease.

If electricity is going to keep doing all these jobs, America needs more power plants. Now. But because of today's concern for our energy resources and the environment, efforts to build new plants are often blocked.

GE is trying to help solve this dilemma. With new thinking. New technology.

One example is GE's new nuclear plant. The BWR/6. It's designed to produce more electricity for its size than any GE nuclear plant yet. Five will produce as much as six of our earlier plants. And like all nuclear plants, the BWR/6 adds no smoke or harmful oxides to the air.

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With powerful gas turbines that can be set up almost anywhere in a matter of months. They can be turned on in minutes to meet peak demands. And a single gas turbine can make enough electricity for 25,000 people.

With more efficient fossil fuel plants. GE has a combination steam and gas turbine plant – called STAG for short. In a STAG plant, up to 70% of the heat from the gas turbine exhaust is used to make more electricity.

There's a tremendous need for electricity in this country. GE and the utility companies are coming up with new technology to help meet this need.

Today, tomorrow and ten years from now.

Progress for People.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

What makes a newspaper great?

Sometimes our readers get mad at us.

But when they start hurling complaints, we've got someone here to catch them. His name is Dick Cunningham. He is the Minneapolis Tribune Reader's Representative.

Cunningham, former reporter and assistant city editor, has been appointed to this new full-time position to improve relationships with readers. So all calls and letters from readers with a gripe are routed right to his desk.

But Cunningham's job isn't just to sit back quietly and take abuse. Not by a long shot. He makes sure that virtually every reader's complaint or question about news content or coverage gets a serious, well-thought-out answer.

He researches all comments and then takes them to meetings for discussion with the editors who make the newspaper's day-to-day decisions. And he even posts them in the middle of the newsroom, so the rest of the staff can readily see what issues readers are raising.

Then Cunningham personally answers each reader — with a full and courteous explanation of why the Tribune published what it did. If any other action is required (such as a correction in the paper), he sees that it's taken care of.

And if that isn't enough, Cunningham is also in charge of the Tribune's Bureau of Accuracy and Fair Play, established in 1945 to provide, for people involved in the news, a continuous review of accuracy, completeness and fairness.

What's happened so far because of the new Reader's Representative? For one thing, angry readers aren't quite so angry once they see that the Tribune will actually listen to them and, better yet, respond. Cunningham says "It's astonishing how surprised and gratified some readers are to receive a serious response to their questions or complaints."

The Reader's Representative is helping editors and reporters, too. They're getting a better knowledge and understanding of what readers are thinking and feeling. And they're getting a lot of ideas for new directions in news coverage.

All of this makes for better reporting, better editing — and more believable journalism.

Reader's Representative Dick Cunningham is one more reason why the Minneapolis Tribune is one of the two most influential media in the Upper Midwest. (The other one is The Minneapolis Star.)

Minneapolis Tribune/The Minneapolis Star

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of sweatsocks and lit with an occasional forty-watt bulb. He thought of the mortician's basement and shopping for Papa's coffin in the pungent chemical darkness, where he had squinted at price tags as the man talked on about seepage and rare woods.

He turned a corner and stopped: there was Papa, who lifted his white head to scream. But it was only Mr. Buxton, the janitor, jimmying open a locker for an abashed freshman; he said good morning and Evalt nodded. He walked on more slowly, his heart skitterish. It was good to keep the kids waiting the first day, he thought, although he had never done it before.

Entering 17-B, he was swept with desire for his first classroom as a practice teacher in Billings, in a progressive school with green blackboards and blond, laminated chair desks, where teachers could smoke in their own lounge over a coffee urn. In 17-B the blackboards were ashen from chalk; the desks, stained oxblood with inkwell holes and tops that slammed, were bolted to the floor. Evalt did not teach geography, but his homeroom had maps which pulled down on iron rings and showed a fabric like Band-Aid gauze through their tatters. On the map of the United States, Oklahoma was divided into two parts.

He shut the door; the class went tense and silent and their smell hit him: the first-day sharpness of pencil boxes, fabric sizing, sweat, Art-Gum erasers, and Ivory Soap. Battling an urge to leave, he unlocked the closet and gave stacks of *Man and the Organic World* to the eager beavers in the front row who survived by handing things out.

"Print your name, print it, on the book sheet, with the number of the book you take," he announced, and all the faces turned upward, cows coming to the side of the road. He explained that he would keep them the full hour today; they began to groan, but his no-nonsense look put a stop to it. Most teachers, plunged into a sickness of despair at the thought of another school year, let everybody go after roll call and a few hopeless remarks. Evalt saw the logic of it now.

Hands were being raised; they didn't know how to fill in the book sheets after doing it for twelve years every September of their young lives. He repeated instructions and moved to the window, noting with sudden rage that the school had not replaced the pencil sharpener after all his requisitions; already an anthill of shavings had built up under the leaky celluloid body. On the back shelf were the same old Mason jars with snakes and toads he had pickled fifteen years ago; no new Petri dishes as promised, no microscope, no plastic brain or demonstration eyeball. Outside, warped by aging windows, was the Treasure State Trailer Court, a clump of cottonwoods, and the screen of the Chief Drive-In Theater watched by rows of mute speakers on pickets. Beyond were the dusty hills where Papa had gone out with the Detecta and caught his death. Beyond that was sky.

Evalt's mouth opened to form a scream; quickly he brought his hand up and bit the forefinger. Then he knew what he had to do. He would marry Grace Split. Yes, even in the Catholic church, with her honky friends to witness and the Liberty Head band playing in the loft and lace streaming down from her bald dome. People would talk, but Evalt was ready to throw caution to the winds. Afterwards he would take Grace to a swanky Billings motel where he could roll over her and into her day after day.

An erection nosed up in his trousers; he moved obliquely to the desk and ordered the class to hand in their book sheets. It was too soon for this and caused confusion: several of the students in the oversized seats at the back were still writing in their names, trying to remember how. He called roll anyway. Alewife, Askevold, Brown Bear, Butts. As usual, many were in the wrong rooms and had to be sent to the office; others had the wrong study cards. Evalt handled them all with ruthless energy, then opened his old Montana State notebook and tried to concentrate on the lecture written many years ago in his prim college hand.

"I am Mr. Gustavson," he read, and spelled it. "This course is Science 201. The room is 17-B. The text is *Man and the Organic World* and you all have one. You will be studying biology, the science of life."

The girls in the front meekly copied this information in virgin notebooks, the giants at the back gazed out the window, and over all things the year's boredom settled in like winter.

The Crow Indian who predicted the weather by measuring the fat in squirrel tails said it was going to be a bad one: the squirrels could barely haul their asses around. By early November there was a blizzard with drifts that melted and re-froze into reefs, and a powdery snow blew over them every day like sand on the Sahara. The Hebb *Globe* asked Evalt to do a piece on rumors that a new Ice Age had come, but he refused, saying he didn't know glaciology. The truth was, he couldn't think straight with Grace away. At last he called the Liberty Head: her band had been such a hit at the Kum-On Inn, Belle Fourche, South Dakota, that they had been held over by popular demand.

School was a living death. Besides classes and his duty sponsorship of the Future Teachers of America, he had to take the junior play when Miss Freeler got the flu; it was *Blithe Spirit,* with the prompter reading out the script like a voice from the tomb. Then there was a scandal about marihuana cigarettes in a sophomore's locker and the principal ordered Evalt to speak on drugs for an excited PTA. He researched through old *Life*

neath but a beige bra and fluorescent lime panties embroidered with the single word FRIDAY. The beehive was a ruin. She opened her mouth in outrage, but Floyd skidded soundlessly around the corner and she was gone.

"I do wish that girl wouldn't take on so," Grace said, tapping a cigarette into her metal holder.

"Betty's a sensitive woman," Floyd said. "High-strung."

"Hmm. I guess you're the world expert on that." She gave an evil snigger and blew smoke in his direction over the fiddle neck. "I reckon she's strung high enough to charge *your* batteries OK, but I'd watch out for that stuff; if Russia was to drop the bomb just now, you'd be smashed and go straight to hell in a state of mortal sin. That'd fix you."

This upset Floyd. A blush darkened the leather creases at the back of his neck and he told Grace it was bad luck to talk that way. But she was warming to her subject.

"Maybe you never heard of the Ninth Commandment, but it's 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife,' and a few others I could mention but won't."

"Betty ain't my neighbor's wife and we've never coveted hardly at all yet, so you can just get your mind out of the gutter, and forget—"

"Sixth, then. Impure thoughts and deeds; guess you can't wiggle out of that one."

Feeling neglected and Protestant, Evalt fondled the perforated bridge of the bass and gazed at Grace's wig so close before him: it was beginning to gleam with copper highlights as the sun turned color on the horizon. His hand moved up for a feel, but then he realized they were on Main Street and drew back. People might be watching. With a sudden pang of respectability, he turned to see if Bronco Betty was still following and noticed that a crowd had gathered to inspect something near the Car-Wash at the corner of Custer Boulevard.

"Look, Floyd, I think—" he tried, but it was no use.

"The Sixth and the Ninth are all mixed up in it together anyway," Grace was arguing. "Never heard of the League of the Sixty-Nine to get rid of sex? Well, that just goes to show. Here you got one wife, which is me, through the sacraments, and another, which is a vessel of sin, and that's Bronco Betty—"

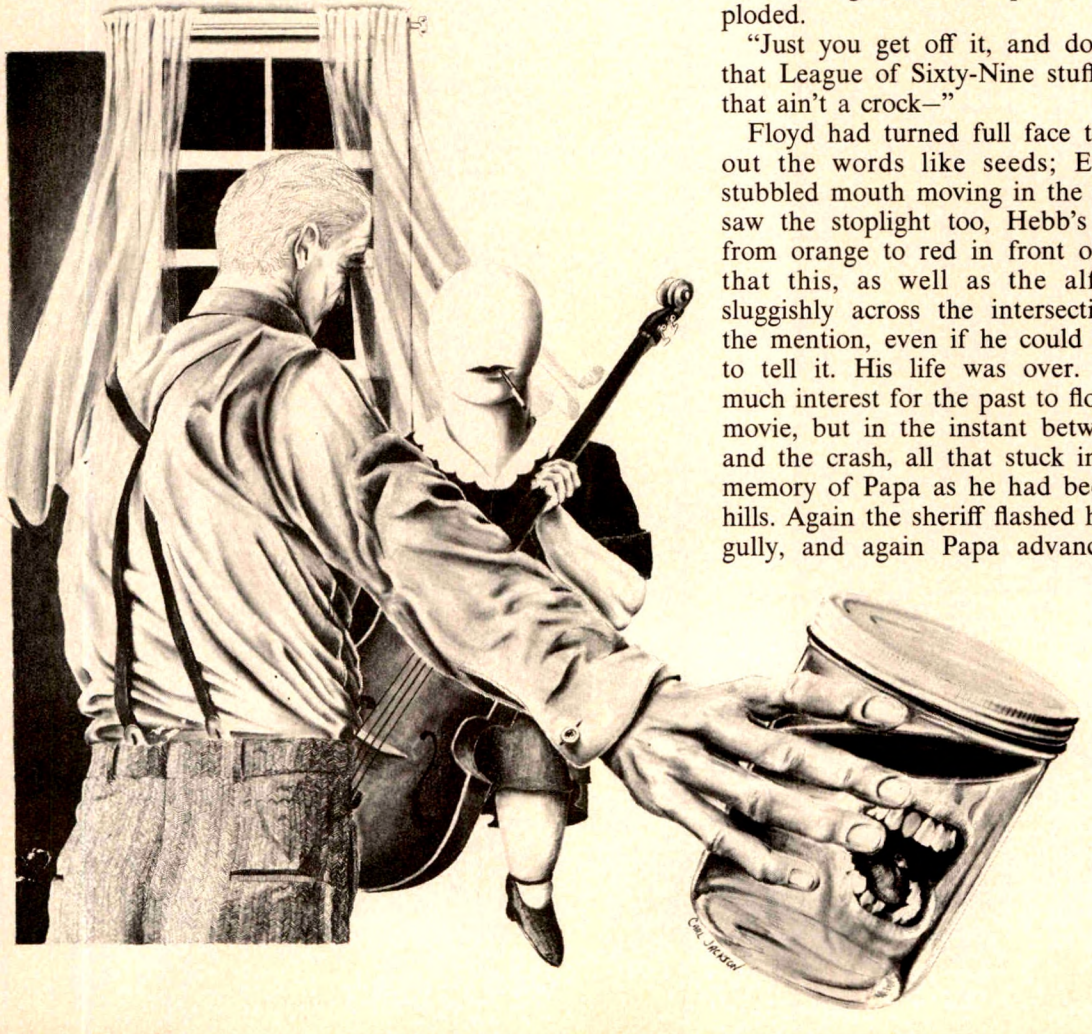
"You listen here, Grace Split, because you wouldn't know a mortal sin if one hit you on the head. Venial, maybe, but those don't mean nothing, and—"

"Haw. Venial, my rosy red."

She laughed contemptuously, and Floyd exploded.

"Just you get off it, and don't give me any of that League of Sixty-Nine stuff neither, because if that ain't a crock—"

Floyd had turned full face to his wife and spat out the words like seeds; Evalt could see his stubbled mouth moving in the rearview mirror. He saw the stoplight too, Hebb's only one, blinking from orange to red in front of them. But he felt that this, as well as the alfalfa truck pulling sluggishly across the intersection, was not worth the mention, even if he could have found a voice to tell it. His life was over. He waited without much interest for the past to flow before him like a movie, but in the instant between Grace's scream and the crash, all that stuck in his vision was the memory of Papa as he had been that night in the hills. Again the sheriff flashed his spotlight into the gully, and again Papa advanced slowly into the



which dangled like a toy from an aluminum hook. Evalt went round to the back of the room and lifted away the polyethylene dust cover. He touched the plastic skull, brushing his fingers over the clumsily molded sutures of the cranium. Then he moved the mandible, which squeaked on its cheap rubber peg. A girl behind him went "ooh ick."

Shuffling like an old man, he returned to the front and opened his mouth cautiously: it was still tender where the wires had been.

"My name is Evalt Jerome Gustavson," he said, and they wrote it down. "This course is biology. The science of life."

He discovered that he was holding his closed notebook firmly to his breast. He did not need it anymore. The words—the essential facts of osmosis and photosynthesis, of genus, species, reproduction, and decomposition—were taped to his soul, and he understood with sorrow and relief that his destiny was simply to play them back forever to the youth of Montana, since he had no knack for love. □

IN THE TUNNEL

St. Andrew's Castle

by Robert A. Brooks

I

When we came to the tunnel, you would not go down,
Preferring the salt stones, the green grass and the sea,
And a composed girl in a scarlet gown
Talking of her university.

Apart from you, a dozen in gray or brown
Waited quietly as at the pithead or subway.
I knew it for the gate to my daily town
And entered with them out of the day.

II

Three months tunneling
Said the quiet man
In the gray granite
From town to barbican.

There was one of my name
Among the artisans,
Sent to the galleys later
By the queen in France,

For opening the night's work
From this dark place.
He brought the Scots nobles
Through face to face

With him who kept his countrymen
Wishart and Hamilton
Alive in a fire of green wood
Till the sun went down.

They killed the bloody Cardinal
And flung him in a pit.
They made a cross for Hamilton
In the cobbles of the street.

But John Knox heard it
From his wild gorse hole
When they threw the priest's head
Down like a football,

And had from that moment
God's fearful work in hand
Till the blood ran out at Fotheringhay
Said the quiet man.

III

I thought afterwards about the engineers
Who are always there to make it possible,
Upheld by competence, men of good cheer,
Despising the enthusiasts they serve so well,

But each morning leaving their wives under the sky
To go down into the rock with swage and screw,
Knowing only their blind and calcular eye
Tomorrow will let the steel come through.

Did they pause then, hearing as I heard
The god Hercules, whom they loved,
Leave them, his route of hautboys stirred
To a disastrous music in the world above?

LIFE & LETTERS

THE SHAPE OF H. G. WELLS

by Justin Kaplan

H. G. WELLS
by Norman and Jeanne Mackenzie
Simon and Schuster, $10.00

The seventeenth-century theologian, Archbishop James Ussher of Armagh, Ireland, concluded from his study of sacred texts that the world was founded precisely in the year 4004 B.C. But even people who were not fundamentalists of Ussher's arithmetic stripe suffered comminuted fractures of belief when, in the nineteenth century, Charles Darwin and evolutionary science opened up appalling vistas of time. Before Darwin, remarks a character in H. G. Wells's *The Croquet Player*, "We lived in a magic sphere and we felt taken care of and safe." After Darwin, men were forced to look back over a prehistoric abyss of tens of millions of years. When they looked ahead they saw a future as precarious as the past. World without end had become a minor planet governed by the law of entropy and declining toward absolute zero. Never had the collective identity of mankind been so threatened, the collective ego so affronted. Victorians who managed to take a cheerful view of Darwin and argue that all was bound to grow better since all grows onward were, understandably, only trying to make the best of an intolerable situation; their talent for accommodation in itself demonstrated an advance over remote ancestors.

H. G. Wells, as Norman and Jeanne Mackenzie show in a biography of major scope and compelling interest, was emphatically not one of the accommodators. He was born in 1866, seven years after Darwin published *On the Origin of Species*. He died in 1946, a year after the obliteration of Hiroshima. By then he had witnessed the passing of the social and assumptional order he had known as a boy. "Queen Victoria," Wells said, "was like a great paperweight that for half a century sat upon people's minds, and when she was removed their ideas began to blow all over the place haphazardly." Wells's *Outline of History*—not to mention *The Science of Life*, *The Shape of Things to Come*, and many of the more than one hundred other books he published—suggests that he believed one of his special missions was not to be a better paperweight but to be gust of wind and filing cabinet all in one. The Mackenzies lean to the view that Wells's model for his storage and retrieval system was not the work of the French Encyclopedists but, a throwback to his mother's evangelical view of the world, the Bible itself; he was an agnostic.

Wells was pre-eminently a popularizer of science and a peerless writer of science fiction, but he wanted desperately to be recognized as a scientist in his own right, if not another Darwin then another T. H. Huxley, Darwin's champion and Wells's mentor and model. In the (frustrated) hope of election as a Fellow of the Royal Society, Wells at seventy-seven earned his doctorate at London University with a dissertation entitled, "On the Quality of Illusion in the Continuity of the Individual Life in the Higher Metazoa, with Particular Reference to the Species *Homo Sapiens*." He was so outraged by Orson Welles's 1938 radio production of *The War of the Worlds* that he threatened to sue for damages; a Halloween prank over national radio had caused a panic and a scandal. Wells had a new reason to fear that people would not regard him as a thinker at all but instead as a spinner of Gothic tales about the future, a dealer in horrors and spells. And at the same time he had to protect himself against the charge that, insofar as he was a "thinker," he was an evolutionary optimist who believed in science as a cure for the ills of mankind. "I don't say that at all," he raged at George Orwell in 1942. "Read my early works, you shit." (At no point in his life was Wells's style of combat that of a Grand Old Man of English Letters.)

Orwell should not have had to go beyond the four brilliant and fantastic tales which made Wells's reputation—*The Time Machine*, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Invisible Man*, and *The War of the Worlds*, all published before 1897—to recognize the substratum of despair and apocalyptic dread on which their author's scientific imagination rested. His Time Traveller, for example, is transplanted from a London dinner party millions of years forward to a world on the brink of

nullity; through a process of degeneration and regression, the species *Homo sapiens* has "evolved" genetically along class lines—the crown of creation is divided into a carnivorous ruling class and a decadent proletariat raised for its food. As for faith in science: "The study of Nature," says Wells's Dr. Moreau, "makes man at last as remorseless as Nature."

Huxley himself acknowledged the black side of Darwinism. "I know of no study which is so utterly saddening as the evolution of humanity," he said. "Man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him." The Mackenzies trace the development of Wells's lifelong conviction "that the only hope of ultimate survival lay in finding a means of escape from the laws of evolution." This means of escape was nothing less than the perfecting of a new race of men who, as Wells wrote in an unusually hopeful mood, might one day "stand upon this earth as one stands upon a footstool and reach out their hands amid the stars."

For Wells this business of overthrowing the tyranny of origins had deadly counterparts in his own history or, better, ontogeny. His early life is more Darwinian in its chief aspects than Dickensian: an atypical social organism, sickly and unstable but armed with determination and extraordinary intelligence, fights its way out of the ooze of caste and class while parent and sibling organisms are washed back into the Victorian netherworld. Wells's mother was a housemaid and, until she was dismissed, a housekeeper at Up Park, the great estate at Midhurst which became Wells's emblem of an ideal order; the father, until he went bankrupt, kept a shop in Bromley which did a dwindling business in china and glassware, oddments, and cricket goods. Atlas House, as Joe Wells called his enterprise, was the emblem of ultimate marginality in a trade society.

The precocious son of this couple saw his own horizon rimmed by shop, servants' hall, the prospect of apprenticeship to a draper or pharmacist, and a life spent in some dingy dwelling in the company of others who had achieved a comparably dingy respectability. At seventeen—"more than ¼ of my life al-

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LITTLE, BROWN

ready"—Wells was seized by a now-or-never panic of revulsion. "There is every prospect of rising to a good position in the world," he argued, pleading with his mother to allow him to break his indentures and become a pupil-teacher, "while in my present trade I am a draper's assistant for life." A year later he exclaimed, "Gloria in excelsis mei!" He had won a scholarship to London University. The organism had finally reached terra firma.

By the time the new century came in, Wells had achieved fame, an international audience, and a position of influence as writer and public sage which he shared only with Bernard Shaw. "It did not take us long to recognize that here was Genius. Authentic, real Genius," Ford Madox Ford said about Wells. "All Great London lay prostrate at his feet." Wells was unerringly headed toward the wealth which enabled him to live like minor royalty wherever he chose and to maintain concurrent establishments in London, Paris, Grasse, and the Essex countryside. By the turn of the century he had also contracted two anomalous marriages and fallen into ways of compulsive philandering on such a scale of public visibility that at several points his standing as a writer was in jeopardy.

Wells seems to have resorted to adultery as a cure for depression, boredom, irritability, and what he called "domestic claustrophobia, the fear of being caught in a household." In general his troubles began again as soon as these irregular relationships hardened into habitude. ("He went round and round like a rat in a maze," said Rebecca West after sharing him for some years with Jane Wells.) In the Mackenzies' candid and altogether admirable handling of the material, Wells's affairs of heart and bed, both in and out of wedlock, rise conspicuously above the level of Edwardian scandal and form an almost novelistic account of a man helplessly in thrall to the Old Adam.

At the age of fifty-eight, after no more than an exchange of letters, Wells (to cite one of a number of related episodes) went to bed with a French admirer in a dark hotel room in Geneva without either having seen the other. ("I did not know whether he was a giant or a gnome," Odette Keun said of what transpired before they turned the lights on, "but it did not matter.") He built a house for her in Grasse which they shared for nearly ten years; the entire affair, Wells explained, was conducted "with the connivance and help of my wife, who perceived that I was in grave mental distress and understood how things were with me." The liaison finally succumbed to restlessness and recrimination. Odette described him as a player of nursery games passing himself off as a prophet, the puppet of an "outraged ego" and savage nature; giant had turned out to be gnome. He paid her back by portraying her in a novel as "a born murderee . . . a human being stripped down to its bare egotism . . . the most completely, exclusively, and harshly assembled individuality I ever encountered." Meanwhile Jane Wells had died of cancer. Charlotte Shaw heard Wells at the funeral service howling in grief and self-accusation. "O it was hideous—terrible and frightful," she told T. E. Lawrence. "I am an old woman and there is one thing I seem, at least, to have learned. The way of transgressors is hard."

"He was clever, but not clever enough," Wells said of himself in a mock epitaph. Midway through his career, the Mackenzies suggest, Wells recognized, without ever becoming fully resigned to it, the fact that he was not, and never could be, a fiction writer of the order of Joseph Conrad and Henry James, both of them his close friends. For all his brilliance of invention, Wells's early tales showed a kind of addictive haste in the way they fell back on sentimentality and sensationalism; his mature fiction, as exemplified by the best of it, *Tono-Bungay,* tended to be episodic and deal in caricatures. To a certain extent his science had spoiled him as a novelist. He had the power to evoke archetypal terrors, but he was too impatient with the irrational and the recalcitrant, too interested in social engineering to want to go into the textures of literary creation or beneath the surfaces of behavior. "The fault I find with you," Conrad once told him, "is that you do not take sufficient account of human imbecility which is cunning and per-

fidious." According to Conrad, Wells wanted to save people but he didn't really care for them.

Wells's expressed exasperation with "the art of the novel" appeared to be Tolstoyan; unlike Tolstoy, however, he never had much art to renounce, and he ended up as a kind of Philistine who poked jealous and vindictive fun at Henry James for writing novels which were "like a church lit but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string." The Jamesian novel, Wells concluded, and there is no denying his cleverness, "is a magnificent but painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost, even at the cost of its dignity, upon picking up a pea which has got into a corner of its den."

As a scientist and social prophet, too, Wells looked back on his career with a certain degree of sourness. The self-appointed heir of Darwin and Huxley had spent a good part of his life devising a series of secular Bibles and open conspiracies meant to give men just the barest chance of breaking the evolutionary mold of savagery. Wells said it was essential to try to break the mold, but never did he say the chances were good. On the eve of World War II he wrote another mock epitaph: "God damn you all: I told you so."

ALONE IN COVER-UP COUNTRY

by Benjamin DeMott

A girl kneeling by a slain boy on a sidewalk, fists skyward in fury . . . a middle-aged man wet-faced on TV, the camera motionless, riveted on his silences, whirring at grief . . . Allison Krause, Governor Scranton, James Michener . . . Hurtful images, a jumble of names—until recently little else surfaced at the mention of "the tragedy of Kent State." The events of April 30 to May 4, 1970, from President Nixon's announcement that U.S. ground troops were in Cambodia to the actual shooting of students by National Guardsmen, weren't remote in time. But keeping track of outrages has grown increasingly hard. And for many sleazy reasons "the authorities" have pressed people to forget from the start.

For Peter Davies, author of THE TRUTH ABOUT KENT STATE: A Challenge to the American Conscience (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10.00; paper, $3.50), these obstacles weren't stoppers but prods. A New York insurance man and private citizen who has pursued the truth about the shootings and their sequel for three years, Davies assumed without hesitation that energies of conscience were everywhere intact and that right action was bound to follow from sound knowledge. Kent State constituted a failure of justice; the nature, causes, and costs of failures of justice need to be ferreted out; an informed citizenry will not stomach official misdeeds. Therefore probe.

As everyone now knows, this decision—this refusal to forget—has had consequences. In the period since the 1971 decision by Attorney General John Mitchell against convening a grand jury on violations of civil rights at Kent State, much has been revealed about the scale of such violations elsewhere—breaking and entering, theft, other acts committed in the name of "national security." There have also been disclosures, in a variety of contexts, about pre-1970 U.S. aggression in Cambodia that was concealed when the ground invasion was announced. And new knowledge of both kinds has cast fresh light—and irony—on the entire Kent State episode. But in itself this knowledge couldn't have brought about an official reopening of inquiry. Credit for that accomplishment goes to the parents of the victims, public interest lawyers who brought suits in state courts, church groups and foundations who helped finance the suits, liberal congressmen—and, in large measure, Peter Davies.

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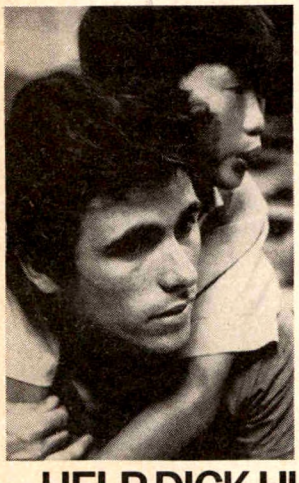

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HELP DICK HUGHES

General William O'Connor admitted that "the Justice Department had for some time possessed evidence upon which to seek indictments against one to six Ohio guardsmen for depriving the [undergraduate] victims of civil rights without due process of law." In midsummer, when the Davies book was in galley proof, Senator Birch Bayh forcefully raised the subject of Kent State in hearings on the promotion of an official involved in the original Mitchell decision to drop the case, and shortly thereafter Attorney General Elliot Richardson announced that the Justice Department was undertaking a re-investigation.

At this writing, the results of the promised probe aren't known, but they will surely update the research presented in *The Truth About Kent State.* Yet, surprisingly, this is unlikely to diminish the value of the book. The reason is that, while Peter Davies' text in one of its dimensions is a cry of protest, in another it is a cool inquiry into the anatomy of a (possible) pro-amateur cover-up—a successful attempt to clarify how and why such events can occur. Within months of the episode, both the Scranton Commission and Mitchell declared the shootings to have been "unnecessary, unwarranted, and inexcusable," Davies notes, and he adds: "If the American people had recognized from the beginning that the shooting down of unarmed civilians on a crowded college campus by combat-equipped troops was wrong, the Justice Department would have responded to the political will of the majority. Instead the shootings were generally condoned." The central question must then be: why so? What forces combined to hide the injustice from general view?

The answer provided in the book begins with a reckoning of some assiduous mythmaking from above that helped to create false divisions between old and young, school and community. The public had been taught in this period to perceive college youth as The Enemy and to conceive of the campus as a key arena in which the struggle for The Good (an orderly society) would necessarily be fought. The teacher of the lesson was not simply the nation's Chief Executive, although vilification of campus activists as "bums"—the word was used only a few days before the shots were fired—strengthened belief in the inevitability of "war." The media played a role and so did state and local officials. (On the day of the Kent State shootings, the Governor of Ohio was forty-eight hours away from a hotly contested primary in which he was running as a law-and-order candidate; his rhetoric throughout the campaign dramatized his keenness for the war; his summons of the National Guard, at a moment when campus calm had been restored, confirmed the notion that none but combat "procedures" could be relevant.)

A second force leading people to condone shooting the unarmed was inferior on-the-spot reporting and sustained on-the-spot lying in high places. Time and again word was passed by "the authorities" that the troops were in danger; evidence suggesting that the troops' first shots weren't fired in fear or panic went virtually unreported. Davies observes that the Guardsmen were separated from their victims by a hundred yards and more at the time they shot; that, owing to the manner in which the riflemen swung about from an established line of march to take aim, the first volley looked to have been coordinated in advance; that a student armed with a loaded pistol who had received pay as a federal government campus spy—"internal security" again—was seen to have flourished the weapon, in view of the Guardsmen, just before the firing; and that members of the platoon that fired had time and occasion, shortly before the slaughter, to work out a plan of action.

He further quotes assertions in a federal summary of a voluminous FBI study that "the crowd apparently was initially peaceful and relatively quiet," that Guardsmen had not been attacked by a sniper, were not surrounded, were not hit with rocks immediately prior to the shooting; that an arm bruise suffered by a Guardsman ten to fifteen minutes before the shots were fired was the only injury serious enough to require "any kind of medical treatment" occurring before that fatal volley; and that, finally, "we have some reason to believe that

the claim by the National Guard that their lives were endangered by the students was fabricated subsequent to the event."

In substantiating this review of the facts, Davies relies on scrupulously detailed readings of several dozen photographs included in the text. But his emphasis throughout is on the way the media covered the story. He acknowledges that the Akron *Beacon Journal* sought out information from others besides Guard commanders and university spokesmen. But this was, he insists, the exception; for weeks the media's primary sources were figures like the general officer in charge who, early in the disturbance, was seen hurling stones at students. And the result was that no perspective on the shootings other than as acts of self-defense became widely available to the public at large.

A third reason for public acceptance of the murderous response to the Kent State demonstration is, in Davies' mind, dimness about guaranteed rights, notably the right of peaceful assembly. Every Kent State investigator has agreed that a disastrous jump in levels of fury occurred at the moment when Guardsmen undertook, without constitutional sanction, to break up an announced, orderly, public meeting of protest. *The Truth About Kent State* quotes Justice Brandeis: "Crime is contagious. If the Government becomes a law breaker, it breeds contempt for the law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself; it invites anarchy." But to understand this cycle in relation to what happened at Kent State requires, first, awareness of the fundamental rights originally transgressed, and, second, suspension of the habitual assumption that law enforcers are never themselves law breakers. The absence of both insured the invulnerability of the exonerators.

As should be said, the basic patterns Davies discerns—the overarching myth, on-the-spot falsification of events, ignorance and manipulated confusion about the specifics of the law—are scarcely astonishing. Neither is the evidence that's cited as these patterns are traced. And one or two omissions might be remarked. Should not the author have addressed himself specifically to the previous investigations, analyzing their failure to rouse protest? The Scranton Commission's impact was weakened by the need to back off from talk of conspiracy (at the time the draft was submitted, an Ohio grand jury was theoretically in process of investigating the Guardsmen's behavior), and by the Nixon Administration's abuse of the Scranton report as left-oriented and permissive (the treatment implied that no anti-Administration punches had been pulled). I. F. Stone's articles, on *The Killings at Kent State*, though firm in protest, were brief and had no purchase on a mass audience comparable to that of James Michener's *Kent State*, which was initiated by and excerpted for the *Reader's Digest*. And Michener's chief concern was not the distribution of justice, but the drama of conflicting lifestyles.

To dwell on this or that omission, though, would be as wrongheaded as to slight Mr. Davies' book as "merely topical." *The Truth About Kent State* is, in the end, the work of a partisan; details that reflect badly on the student-victims are occasionally softened. As already indicated, the author didn't work entirely alone in his effort to force an official re-investigation of the case. (The title page of the book lists "the Board of Church and Society of the United Methodist Church" as co-author; the appendices include two articles by other writers on due process in civil disobedience, and on church obligations in a time of repression; the parents of the victims were consistently supportive; the National Council of Churches, aided by the generous-opportunistic hand of the Playboy Foundation, helped to finance a number of pertinent lawsuits.) And obviously there's no assurance that information about why this cover-up worked will either save us from the next one, or bring justice closer to other student victims at Jackson State and elsewhere. But despite these qualifications, *The Truth About Kent State* does waken uncommon optimism in its reader. For while the cover-up story is infuriating, the teller himself possesses distinguished and enlivening personal qualities—doggedness that's in no way vengeful, steadiness of concern, belief in the possibility of marshaling fact toward decent ends, competence in that work, trust above all in our capacity for electing to make ourselves responsible. *Of course it still matters*, the voice on his page keeps implicitly repeating, *of course your best self cares, could never really forget it, couldn't possibly let it go.*

All royalties from *The Truth About Kent State* are to be devoted to the continuing quest for justice in the case; the gesture, like the book, stands as an admirable civic deed.

Without hope and the existence of a feasible route to justice, deeds of the above kind are unimaginable—which explains the weight of futility burdening Michael J. Arlen's AN AMERICAN VERDICT (Doubleday, $6.95). At the same time that effort was being pressed to bare the truth about Kent State, community and civil rights groups, newspapers, and others were struggling in Chicago against what they saw as another cover-up—the police version of a bloody dawn raid on the city's Black Panther headquarters. The struggle led to a federal grand jury (no indictment but a report containing many previously suppressed facts), and later to a Special Cook County grand jury indictment of State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan for conspiracy to obstruct justice. The evidence brought forth left no doubt of a cover-up in many minds, but the verdict was exoneration, and it was final—no legal avenues left, no ground for adopting a rallying tone and speaking positively of challenges to the American conscience, case closed.

An American Verdict is the story of the Hanrahan trial. It begins and ends with views of the West Monroe Street neighborhood in which, on December 4, 1969, Fred Hampton (head of the Illinois Black Panther Party) and Mark Clark (a party member) were killed, and four other party members wounded by police bullets. (The police had a search warrant; their mission as stated by Hanrahan was "to seize sawed-off shotguns and other illegal weapons stored [at this] depot.") The method throughout is impressionistic: scenes and snippets of testimony from the trial are interspersed with short takes on the character of Mayor Daley, the birth and history of the Panthers, developments in the cul-

istically traceable to misreadings of evidence, rather than (as with Anderson in the Eagleton affair) to simple addiction to the pleasures of besmirchment. But it should be conceded that there are few sequences in *I. F. Stone's Weekly Reader* as fully circumstantial in their witness to the trials of reporters up against The System, or as revelatory in detail of The System's ways of working, as Anderson's series on ITT and Dita Beard. Self-congratulation thickens as the reporter tells what comes down once an Attorney General, a huge conglomerate, and a hostile Senate committee decide to tip damnation on you. But at their best these pieces remain indispensable materials for students of the Watergate world that was opened to view this past summer, and they do much to temper skepticism about the essential value of the Anderson enterprise.

Stone's power to disarm skepticism flows partly from patience and energy, partly from a marvelous ability to fill in, by imaginative speculation, gaps between apparently unconnected public deeds and utterances, and partly from being right early and often. ("Devotion to freedom should begin at home," says a June, 1962, piece on Freedom Riders and President Kennedy's evasiveness about Meredith at Ole Miss. "If we can't have it in Mississippi, we won't win it defending dictators in Vietnam.") The *Reader* has a number of the best-known pieces on the war, on race issues in the sixties, and on Joe McCarthy and witch-hunt days. The qualities of character—fair-mindedness, quickness to praise selfless servers, absence of priggishness, freedom from obsession with hypocrisy—are as visible when Stone considers a countryman complaining that blacks are "pushy," as when he's noting, matter-of-factly, in a footnote, which of the big liberal wheels on the letterhead of a cause did and didn't dog it when he was needed. Proof of the possibility of effective individual contention against the great They who pretend they're beyond challenge, this correspondent's work has kept its edge over a period of decades. And it goes on, luckily, shaping something rare in these times—a reporting life that actually matters, one continuous civic deed.

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WHERE IT ALL ENDS . . .

by Michael Janeway

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1972
by Theodore H. White
Atheneum, $10.00

Toward the end of *The Making of the President—1968*, Theodore White describes himself, with candor, as "a reporter who loves the American political process." Nineteen sixty-eight, with its assassinations, violence, and disappointment, was enough to test abiding love for our politics, but White plugged on, and now we have *The Making of the President—1972*. The trouble is, White's election-year chronicles are published in the year after the election they recount, and this book has of course collided with the unclothing of the emperor—1973. For anyone who loves the American political process, Watergate is a heartbreaker, not to mention a complication in getting to press. White got to press, but I'm not sure where that leaves him, and neither is he.

He has worked diligently to catch up with the Watergate revelations, and at the same time to hold to his first order of business, which is to tell the story of the contest of 1972. And as in his previous volumes, amidst the flood of hourly, daily, weekly, and monthly campaign coverage, he has somehow managed to make off with some fascinating interviews and capture in notes and memory revealing pieces of the action that went unreported. But for White as for just about everyone else in America, Watergate poses problems and questions.

It would be unfair to expect him to have cracked any more riddles than any other well-informed reporter or investigator had by the time the book went to press. But there is a special problem here. By his own account in this book, White turned from a scornful view of Richard Nixon—"one of life's losers," he called him in his 1960 volume—to an admiring one. And whereas he had been denied access to Nixon in 1960 (which he duly and modestly noted at the time, as he did with regard to Lyndon Johnson in 1964), he had won a good deal of access by 1968, and quite a lot more in 1972. He writes, "As I came to know him, to observe his mind changing, my respect began." The diplomacy of the first Nixon Administration, he asserts, "could only be called majestic." White interviewed the President last on March 17 of this year, and he writes now, "My judgment, suspended at that date, would have cast Richard Nixon as one of the major Presidents of the twentieth century, in a rank just after Franklin Roosevelt, on a level with Truman, Wilson, Eisenhower, Kennedy." How to reconcile this revised view of Richard Nixon with what White readily calls "that family of obscenities which were to be jumbled together under the name 'Watergate' "?

"I had to build a shield around myself," said Richard Nixon to Theodore White in that March interview. A cynical soul can accept the duality of a man in need of a shield secluding himself with the co-producer of his foreign-policy extravaganzas—Henry Kissinger—on one flank, and the Watergatemen on the other. But White is no cynic. Certainly he is realistic in noting that the Watergate "obscenities flowed from the same management of power which had created the great diplomatic triumphs." But he knows that begs the question. So he goes on to draw the now familiar picture of a beleaguered White House in which "the President had . . . by the end of 1970, created a private climate of intemperance." Although White is appalled by the "corrosion of decency in power and fouling of the political process" perpetrated by the President's loyalists, for now he has chosen something like the President's explanation for how it all came to pass. He gives a convincing description of 1970-1971's intemperate climate:

> . . . In the words of one of the hard men of his staff, "we were a film of dust on top of the table; underneath was the bureaucracy. Ike did nothing to replace the bureaucracy. Democratic appointees are all through the woodwork of this government." In the minds of many at the White House, with the publication of the Pentagon Papers it seemed that something akin to political treason was going on in the administration.

But then it comes time to talk about who did the dirty deeds—and who covered them up. White:

> One can only invent an imaginary scene to explain it all—a scene akin to that in the court of Henry II when that intemperate king burst out in the hearing of all, "Oh, who will rid me of this troublesome priest!" and a band of knights set out that day at dusk to murder Thomas à Becket at the high altar of Canterbury's cathedral. Historians, playwrights and novelists have mused ever since whether it was the king's intent to incite murder in the cathedral; they have generally blamed the act, for which Henry II did such grievous penance, on swordsmen who misinterpreted his wishes. The same kind of debate will follow the Nixon administration through history; but this moment is much too early for any outsider to pass judgment.

Nixon as Henry II? As John Ehrlichman used to say in his glory days, "Will that play in Peoria?" If it doesn't, there is another imaginary scene. In it, White goes through a complicated football routine in which "the coach, who understood best what the campaign was all about, was preoccupied with action elsewhere"—that would be the "majestic foreign policy."

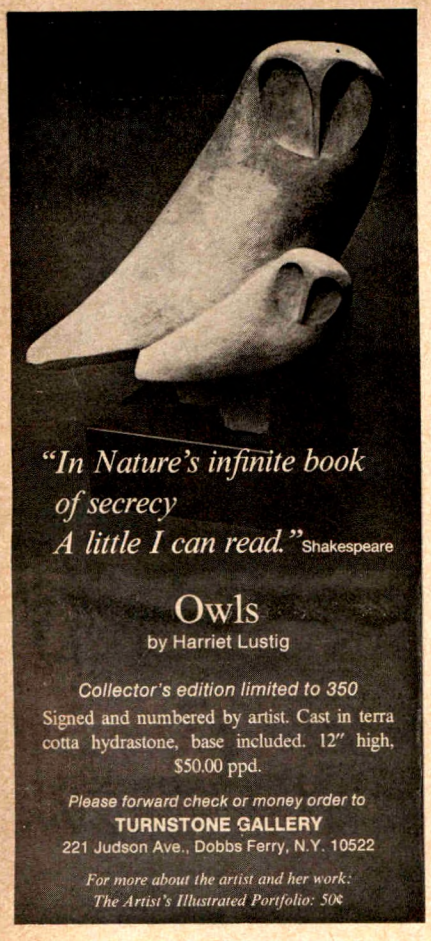
White had another problem this time round: that is, to some extent, after George McGovern and Thomas Eagleton got done with each other there really was no campaign in 1972. White is quite right to maintain a sense of sequence and perspective, and to say that "the story of Watergate was only one of a number of major stories in the election of 1972. . . . The elections of 1972 were determined, basically, by the record Richard Nixon had written. . . ." He believes Watergate turned off a lot of voters; indeed that both candidates did (the percentage of those voting for President was the lowest since 1948). Fuller knowledge of Watergate was,

as White says, "to become a story of 1973." So, faced with what he calls "a dull election in the reporting," White fixes on what one might call a surrogate opposition candidate. Nixon's "chief adversary," he says, "was not George McGovern, but that vanguard of the press which claimed it understood and spoke for the people better than he did himself."

He gives the press and its "primordial" power a chapter. He writes of "an opinion center radiating out of New York," and of the "Liberal Press":

> This "vanguard" sets the agenda of public discussion; and this sweeping political power is unrestrained by any law. It determines what people will talk and think about—an authority that in other nations is reserved for tyrants, priests, parties and mandarins.
>
> No major act of the American Congress, no foreign adventure, no act of diplomacy, no great social reform can succeed in the United States unless the press prepares the public mind. And when the press seizes a great issue to thrust onto the agenda of talk, it moves action on its own—the cause of the environment, the cause of civil rights, the liquidation of the war in Vietnam, and, as climax, the Watergate affair were all set on the agenda, in first instance, by the press.

Speaking as an interested party, I find this inaccurate, exaggerated, and something more: it has the sound of someone who has been talking to presidents, would-be presidents, and their alter egos. Johnson and his aides used to say much the same thing; if any men hated the press more than Nixon and Agnew did in 1972, they were Edmund Muskie and George McGovern. The press, elitist or plebeian, more often than not lives off news created by government and politicians. It is a parasite in that respect. It records politicians' troubles and triumphs, and when the troubles get frustrating the press is an obvious, available cat to kick. Nixon and Agnew, of course, started kicking the cat before their troubles got out of hand, but that is another story. What is troubling here is that White accepts so much of their bogeyman view of the modern press, which includes the unlikely portrayal of big-name television commentators as deep



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thinkers. He does go on to admit that the press didn't do very well as a surrogate candidate in 1972, which undercuts his case. The press's achievements in adversary dealings with Nixon & Co. in 1973 are of course considerable, but I would argue that—with now famous (and honored) exceptions—the press, as is its nature, has been more passive than active in the last year; more in the business of recording the Nixon Administration's historic self-destruction than engaged in a premeditated campaign to destroy it. On this important issue my vote goes to that painstakingly restrained reporter John Osborne, no knee-jerk Eastern Liberal Pressman, but rather a Mississippi-born conservative-turned-moderate. *The Fourth Year of The Nixon Watch* (Liveright, $6.95), consisting of Osborne's 1972 White House coverage for the (OK) knee-jerk liberal *New Republic*, has just been published, and contains this entry made in late August of last year, in the wake of the press's reaction to McGovern's and Eagleton's own self-destruction:

> The immediate effect [on the Nixon entourage] was to make ridiculous the paranoiac illusion that the President is uniquely exposed and vulnerable to critical coverage and comment and to impair the companion illusion that the country's most influential journalists and commentators are determined to see that he is never liked because they don't like him and his policies. . . .

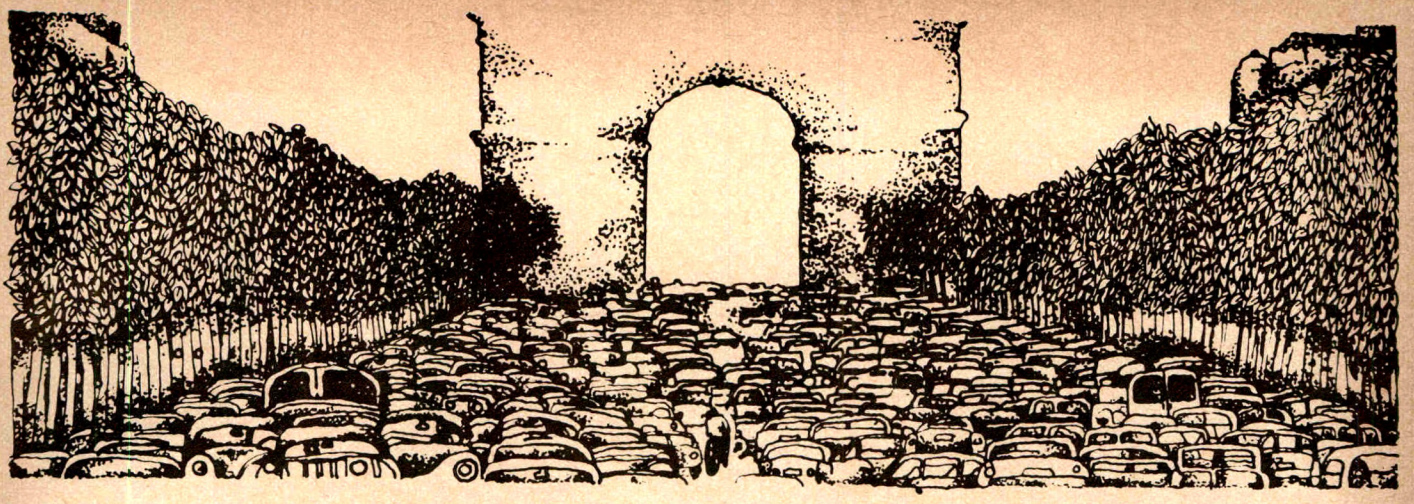
If White's love for American politics leaves him still, in mid-1973, somewhat beamish about Richard Nixon, there is plenty in *The Making of the President—1972* that we would not have if White were a less energetic or reflective paramour. An easy target now (like Nixon), White is also a good read. There is a fascinating interview with the President, in which Nixon explains his strategy of ignoring the rest of the Republican ticket:

> He . . . was working for this new majority, not a Republican majority, because, "Well," he said, "I'm not stupid." He was working to get the people he called Truman Democrats. . . . They were calling him up. . . . The moment he tied himself to the theme of a "new Republican majority," well, "the moment I do that, I pull myself down to their level, and . . . part of our problem is that we have a lot of lousy candidates; the good ones will go up with me, the bad ones will go down."

We see Ehrlichman and Haldeman referring to their old friend Robert Finch as "the Pasadena Hamlet." McGovern, exhausted and living on fantasy: "Frank [Mankiewicz] and Gary [Hart] have a scenario, but I don't see it as a scenario. I have this feeling I'm working with a historical trend, history is going for me. . . ." There is an account of the triumphs of "McGovern's Army" before success spoiled it and fate foiled it that renders the whole story more excitingly, and makes its lessons more worth pondering, than do the several books that army's own leaders have published so far. There is an episode on the Eagleton tangle, supplied by Eagleton to White and (I believe) hitherto unrecorded, that goes in part like this: It was the eve of the day on which McGovern dumped Eagleton. Eagleton had just appeared on CBS's *Face the Nation;* meanwhile McGovern aides Jean Westwood and Basil Paterson had been sending Eagleton the bad news on NBC's *Meet the Press.* In Eagleton's account for White,

> George complimented me on my "Face The Nation" performance. I complimented him on Jean Westwood's hatchet job—and I used just those words—on "Meet The Press." . . .
>
> To this McGovern rejoined, "Tom, believe me I had no idea what she was going to say. Only this afternoon when she and Basil Paterson came by my house did I first learn of what she said."
>
> "Don't shit me, George," I said. This was the first time in our recent political linkage that either of us had said to the other anything that was less than kind. George smirked. Not a smile of faint amusement. Not a frown of slight irritation. A smirk, that's what it was. . . .

And there are discussions of the busing issue in 1972, and of the divisive aspects of some of the Democratic Party's efforts to reform itself—in particular, the quota issue—which are more thorough and informative than any others I've seen. They also happen to be weighted toward White's proposition that "the



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* * *

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story of an election always belongs to the victor, as does this one." White takes the view that McGovern and his supporters set themselves on a Goldwater-like disaster course, forcing "the liberal idea" into "the liberal theology." In this case, hindsight may be right, but I question the way he lumps the Democratic camp's pragmatic reformers—fighting real abuses, grappling with real dilemmas—in with the numerous bungling zealots. Does hindsight really assure us that no amount of revelation about Nixon and *his* bungling zealots would have lost him the election, as White suggests; and that the Democrats were simply going too far, too fast? I wonder.

White writes, "Mr. McGovern persisted in the Lincolnian tradition of hoping an appeal to the better angels of people's nature might summon them to new visions; Mr. Nixon proposed to deal with Americans as they are." It seems evident that by the time of the making of the president—1976, the fact that McGovern bungled his mandate will be less important than what Nixon has done to his office, and what has happened to the Nixonian conception of politics as distinct from the Lincolnian one. I hope that Theodore White will be recording that story. The odds are that for those of us who love the American political process, as well as those of us who are merely platonically fascinated by it, the story will have a happier ending than this one had.

GOODBYE, MR. CHRISTIAN
by Richard Dougherty
Doubleday, $7.95

RIGHT FROM THE START
by Gary Hart
Quadrangle, $7.95

THE LONG SHOT
by Gordon L. Weil
Norton, $8.95

The remains of the McGovern campaign, as warmed over in these books by three of its aides, are not tempting fare. For one thing, you wouldn't believe how much time McGovern's staff spent in Mickey Mouse struggles for this or that advantage over each other, and on occasion for the seat next to him on the campaign plane. New Politics or Sloppy Politics, none of it makes George McGovern look much like presidential timber in retrospect.

Dougherty's book is by his own admission "concerned as much with Dougherty as with McGovern, perhaps more so." But Dougherty—reporter, novelist, on again, off again McGovern press secretary—is an entertaining writer on just about any subject, not least of all himself, and when all else fails there are Frank Mankiewicz's famous one-liners. At a convention of the New Democratic Coalition in New York:

> New York reformers would rather wrangle than eat. Indeed at one point there was a dispute over whether the rules allowed an adjournment for lunch. It was already mid-afternoon and they might have lunched twice in the time it took to fight it out; but on they went. Mankiewicz, who had flown up from Washington for the occasion, turned to me and—paraphrasing the old song—said: "Every little meaning has a Movement all its own."

Campaign director Gary Hart has written a spare diary with some colorful moments, such as the time after the Eagleton disaster when two operatives of George Wallace, Tom Turnipseed and Dr. Peter Beeter, came to call,

> pulled their chairs against my table-desk, and began a breathless, semi-whispered discussion. Turnipseed: "Can you be trusted? I mean can you *really* be trusted?" . . . Beeter: "Who do you want to be President? I mean, who do you *really* want to be President?" These guys used "really" like a secret-society code word. . . .

Their message was that "Wallace is your man" to replace Eagleton. But such moments are few in the book, and it will for the most part be of interest to the McGovern faithful, as will Gordon Weil's.

All three books drop hints about aspects of the Eagleton matter. Taken together, they suggest that McGovern staffers learned more, earlier, about Eagleton than was generally supposed; that McGovern found out more about him before the affair climaxed than anyone supposed; and that the Nixon Administration may have known about Eagleton's medical history and helped the story along.

MOVIES

ON THE STRIP

by Joseph Kanon

Timing can be as important as quality in the kind of impact movies make, and *American Graffiti* has the power of one of those ideas whose time has come. Directed by twenty-eight-year-old George Lucas and written by Lucas and Gloria Katz and Willard Huyck, this loose, episodic account of four teen-agers on a summer night in 1962 arrives at the end of a nostalgia boom by now too familiar for comment. It is not only the best movie to come out of that genre, but one of the best American films about adolescence ever made. In the past few years only *The Godfather* has connected with its audience this way: the audience for *Graffiti* not only anticipates the fifties songs and artifacts but stays alert to what the movie is doing, as if it were part of a collective dialogue with the screen. The movie has the wistfulness one gets from skimming through an old high school yearbook—the affectionate giggles at the hairstyles, the details that trigger associations, and, finally, the mixed feelings of hindsight as the pictures become a catalogue of promises never kept, a memory bank of events perhaps worth remembering but certainly not worth repeating. *American Graffiti* lures its audience with the easy pleasures of nostalgia, then twists that nostalgia into something richer and more interesting—a look into the pop sensibility that drew people to the movie in the first place.

By 1962 the pop culture of the fifties had reached its apogee, its raw energy slicked down to an AM radio sensibility that had nowhere left to go. Tom Wolfe (and others) would notice and write about it and the sixties would change it beyond recognition, but in the 1962 of *American Graffiti* pop flows around the characters like an endless dream, wired together by radio, charged up by disc jockeys (DJ Wolfman Jack and his limitless supply of 45's are not merely background noise but central characters), kept in motion by the souped-up cars cruising their circular track—from Mel's Drive-In to the high school to the lovers' lanes to The Strip. There is nowhere to go, just the going. Lucas, aided by Haskell Wexler (who directed *Medium Cool* and is listed here as "visual consultant"), has caught the surface flash of pop as no one else has and he has done it without condescension or posturing. Those giant fifties cars move like gleaming fish under the glaring lights, their chrome and polish reflecting a neon landscape that dissolves in motion like pieces of melting film. Lucas knows that the glamour is tawdry, but it is glamour nevertheless and in Modesto, California, the only glamour there is. In purely visual terms, he has managed to capture the paradox of pop America: the cars and lights glitter like money, but so much of it is ugly, and ironically almost all of it is cheap. One gleaming storefront displays a whole host of new television sets, all of them tuned to *Ozzie and Harriet.* Some of the images are positively totemic: one look at Mel's Drive-In, with its garish lighting and roller-skating carhops, and you can practically taste the food—the soft, steamed buns, the chili sauce, the salty fries, the cherry Cokes so sweet with instant gratification that for five minutes you can even believe they're good. The physical world of *American Graffiti,* like its music, is quickly disposable but always the same. "Sixteen Candles" becomes "Little Darlin'," the drive-in becomes Main Street, but nothing changes.

A flair for details can cut both ways in a nostalgia film. The form demands them, the audience responds to them, so the tendency is to make the cleverness of the detail carry the movie. But unlike any other nostalgia film, *American Graffiti* has been able to supply the details and step quickly beyond them—after the opening scenes, they're just assumed pieces of background. The words are there (bitchin', boss, cooties), the clothes are there (madras shirts, white socks, shawl collars), and the staging of a sock hop in the gym is virtually flawless, but they are part of a total experience, not the experience itself. The usual peep-show-of-artifacts approach has been particularly disastrous for movies about the fifties because they evoke the life of a *public* era no one really wants to go back to. In a movie such as *Let the Good Times Roll,* a documentary of a nostalgic rock 'n' roll concert intercut with pictures, newsreels, and other memorabilia of the period, the effect is to bludgeon you further into your seat with bad news (aside from the music, the only time the audience bordered on enthusiasm was during a clip of Harry Truman firing MacArthur). *Graffiti,* however, evokes not a public era, but a private one. The artifacts can't be avoided because the fifties, after all, were obsessed with materials, but *Graffiti* presents them in personal terms, almost as if it were asking the audience to imprint their own memories on the cars and clothes. They're not props in a historical drama—we are still too close to the fifties for that—but tangible bits of experience.

They can function this way partly because the movie is filled with people, not newsclips. A good many of the characters are stunted, but that's a function of their lives, not the script—they're as full-bodied as they're ever going to be. The spare, often funny script gives the actors just enough breadth to take even minor figures out of caricature, and the casting is visually superb—these actors are not only good, they *look* right for the parts. It's not just a matter of being gussied up in letter sweaters or white chinos, but that indefinable thing that can sometimes happen in movies when an actor blurs into a role so completely that he becomes a fixed visual image. Cindy Williams, for example, as the cheerleader who doesn't want her boyfriend to leave for college, simply looks like every other high school girl who used to be called "cute," her face arranged for public consumption, softness locked into place by the brittle anxiety of what people will think. Or Candy Clark as Debbie, all spindly legs and bouffant hairdo, who agrees to go for a ride when a boy tells her she looks like Connie Stevens *(she*

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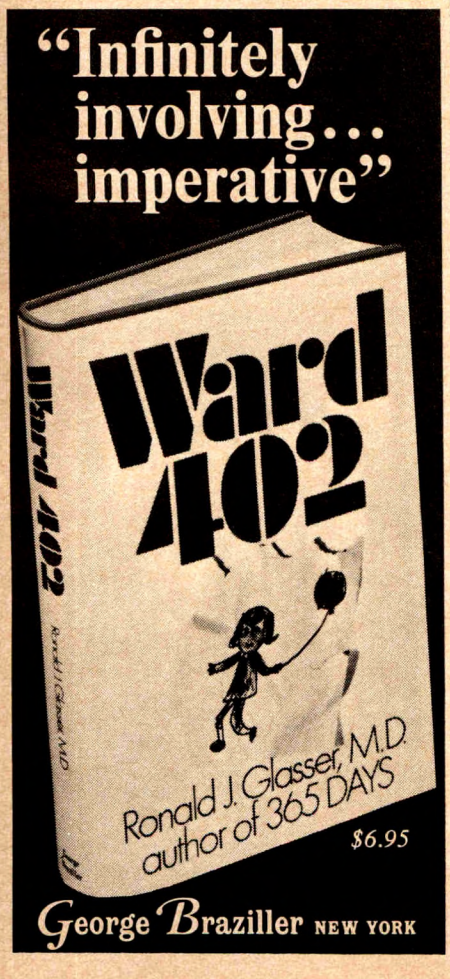

thinks she looks like Sandra Dee). She has the sly dopeyness of getting one's own back with a bright line: when a punk tries to pick her up for the second time, she tells him, "It took me only one night to realize if brains are dynamite, you couldn't even blow your nose." Probably most impressive is Richard Dreyfuss in the major, and most difficult, role. Dreyfuss is a good actor (he was Baby Face Nelson in *Dillinger)* but he has something more—a new, more natural kind of screen presence. He has no glamour at all, but when he's on the screen he's the one you watch. His reactions are quicker than the others', more alert to irony, and since he plays the one who gets away, this works for the film in effective ways: he looks twice at things, while the others drive around the strip expecting little more than a traffic light change.

This dead-end aspect of small-town life, particularly when it's packaged in California gloss, is so easily satirized that there is the temptation to play the nostalgia game both ways—make us laugh at the funny clothes while feeling superior to the emptiness of the lives. But *American Graffiti* is too intelligent for that sort of shill trick. The movie is interested in the *appeal* of pop culture; its plot is concerned with the trauma of pulling away from a life-style that comforts as it corrupts.

Lucas, who was part of Modesto High's 1962 graduating class, is too close to his material to forget the ambiguous attraction of a scene where nothing happens but the predictable. Curt (Dreyfuss), scheduled to fly East to college in the morning with a $2000 scholarship from the Moose Lodge, is the spokesman for the dilemma of accepting or rejecting the small-town life, but the other three boys are equally threatened by change: Steve, the clean-cut class president who looks as if he were weaned on vanilla milk shakes, is pressured by his girlfriend to attend the local junior college or lose her; Milner, the greaser with the hottest rod on the road, has little to look forward to but a job at the garage and the day when someone will outrace him; Toad, the toothy, spectacled bumbler of the class, faces the prospect of being kicked around by a less gentle outside society. The terrible side to this kind of pop culture is not that it sustains, but that it diminishes. Milner, cigarettes rolled up in his T-shirt and idolized by a young girl who wants his gear shift knob "to remember you by," has already peaked.

A good deal of this is standard adolescent stuff, of course. But if some of the situations are clichés (and how could it be otherwise?), the whole tone and approach of the movie is not. These are not sensitive kids quivering under the weight of a world they never made; nor are they even rebels against authority. *American Graffiti* is more accurate, and tougher, than that. The pains of adolescence, from acne to sex, may be universal, but the saturation in pop has made these kids different. Theirs is a world so closed and self-sufficient that adults do not enter it at all. The few who appear in the film—a teacher who went East for one semester, then returned because he wasn't "the competitive type," a mildly harassing cop, an elderly couple watching Toad get sick from booze as if he were a dog—are like phantoms passing through, background figures in a cartoon who don't even have their own word bubbles because they don't speak the language. One who does, who helped create that language, is the disc jockey Wolfman Jack, a legendary pop figure who, some say, broadcasts from a circling plane, but who is in actuality a tired, rather nice man eating Popsicles and spinning platters and hype from a deserted studio at the edge of town. When Curt goes to visit him (to place a request), it's as if he has traveled to the very core of Modesto's pop culture, the nerve center of strip life. Wolfman tells him to go to college ("It's a great big beautiful world out there") in words well-intentioned but not much more substantial than Mel's chiliburger.

Curt does escape (whether the world turns out to be big and beautiful is another matter), holding his radio until the airplane cuts it, and the soundtrack, off, like a metaphor of relief. The music has been the energizer and organizing focus of the strip life, but a wall against thought as well. It's cruising music,

a steady traffic sound. "The whole strip is shrinking," Milner says early in the film, and the soundtrack mirrors this sense of exhausting the possibilities.

But Lucas does more than use pop music for emotional effects (the matching of the pace of scenes with their musical backgrounds is superb); he has taken over the very forms and rhythms of pop music. *American Graffiti* has no traditional structure—it is weakest, in fact, when it interjects "story" elements to the flow—because it works the way pop music does: it depends on pace, energy, and the selection of images that will set up resonance with its audience. Its shots are often like rock lyrics—simple, hard, and filled with implications. It's a new, loose way of working in movies and the success of *American Graffiti* may well encourage others to try it.

But surface flow alone can become as mindless and circular as the Modesto strip. Lucas, working both within and outside a pop sensibility, has created a striking portrait of a life-style because he feels and understands the life that produced it. There are people in that pop icon of a drive-in. *American Graffiti* gives us a slice of ourselves, the way it really was, and the way a lot of it still is.

Life & Letters Contributors

Justin Kaplan's biography of Lincoln Steffens will appear early in 1974.

Benjamin DeMott is a critic and professor of English at Amherst College.

Michael Janeway is managing editor of *The Atlantic.*

Joseph Kanon is New York editor at Little, Brown.

Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams review regularly in these pages.

Poets in This Issue

Irving Feldman (page 76) was recently awarded a grant by the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Robert Graves (page 72) is the author of several collections of love poems.

Maxine Kumin (page 101) received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry this year.

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE FOURTEENTH CHRONICLE:
Letters and Diaries of John
Dos Passos
Gambit, $12.50

The Thirteenth Chronicle was the novel Dos Passos had been working on at the time of his death; it will be published next year. *The Fourteenth* is this exciting and forthright collection of his correspondence, his journal, and his verse, so admirably edited by Townsend Ludington. "Dos," who was two years my senior, I first met in Robert Hillyer's rooms. I was struck by his dark-eyed intensity, he seemed aflame to right the world and, as this book shows, he was ceaselessly pleading, berating, and cajoling his intimates to attack the shortcomings of America. He loved this country as he loved the Europe of his youth, and the fervor, aspiration, and descriptive power of his letters constitute, thanks to the clarifying transitions of Mr. Ludington, the uninhibited autobiography of one of our most innovative novelists.

John Dos Passos was the illegitimate son of John Randolph Dos Passos, a successful corporation lawyer of Portuguese lineage, whose wife was a mental case from whom no divorce was possible. Not until her death in 1910 could "The Commodore," as his father was called, marry John's mother, Lucy Madison of Maryland. As a consequence, much of his boyhood was spent in Europe in hotels where his parents could live without censure, and his knowledge of this country was confined to his father's farm in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and to his lonely years at Choate, where his nearsightedness and his lack of athletic ability—"I once caught a fly in the outfield"—made him the school butt. Harvard, from which he graduated in 1916, was a stimulating change; there he formed lifelong friendships with E. E. Cummings, Robert Hillyer, Dudley Poore, and Stewart Mitchell, and was a constant contributor to and senior editor of the *Harvard Monthly.*

After his parents' death he went to France as an ambulance driver in 1917, with a spasmodic income and an instinctive loathing of the carnage. His five days at Verdun that summer, says his editor, shattered the romantic asceticism that remained from Harvard, heightened his belief in the individual, and deepened his hatred of cant and officialdom. Instead of signing on for the duration with the American Army, Dos preferred to drive as a volunteer for the American Red Cross in Italy. He was no longer under fire and although his letters with their fierce denunciation of the war would eventually cause him trouble, for several months he had moderate work and ample time to read, to experiment with his writing, and—always a great walker—to carry on his thirsty exploration of Italy.

His letters to the quartet I have mentioned are bursting with his delight with the Renaissance and his love for the beauty of Positano, Florence, and Pompeii, while to a younger man, Rumsey Marvin, who had aspirations to write, he sent a series of exhortations closely defining the literary discipline he was trying to impose upon himself. War for Dos Passos was both a tempering of the spirit and an unshackling education: "I have more hopes of the U.S.A.," he writes after reinlisting in the Medical Corps, "since I've been in their damned army than I ever had before."

He stayed on in Europe a year after the Armistice, struggling to place his first book, *One Man's Initiation,* with an English publisher. He paid part of the cost; the printer would not set it until he had deleted many expletives, and the total sale was sixty-three copies. Then back to New York, to revise his much sturdier war novel, *Three Soldiers,* which made his reputation, and to begin his mature discovery of America. Perhaps from his father, "who had the best brain I have ever known," he acquired his distrust of Big Business. Protest was strong in him but he was not a Communist; his trip to the Soviet Union in 1928 left him disillusioned.

One follows the course of his development intimately in letters to Hemingway, through whom Dos Passos met his witty wife Katy; in letters to friends like Hillyer and Jack Lawson; and in arguments with Edmund Wilson. To the latter he explains why the Stalinist C.P. "seems doomed to fail and to bring down with it all the humanitarian tendencies I personally believe in." It maddened him to see talent wasted, and in a splendid epistle which begins with sympathy for Scott Fitzgerald's health in September, 1936, he breaks out: "I've been wanting to see you, naturally, to argue about your Esquire articles—Christ man how do you find time in the middle of the general conflagration to worry about all that stuff? . . . We're living in one of the damnedest tragic moments in history—if you want to go to pieces I think its absolutely o.k. but I think you ought to write a first rate novel about it (and you probably will) instead of spilling it in little pieces."

In a later letter to Joseph Blotner, William Faulkner's biographer, he describes the ceremony at which he was awarded the Gold Medal for Fiction by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Salvador de Madariaga made a long-winded address, after which Faulkner abandoned what he had been planning to say and simply shoved the gold medal into Dos's hand, saying, "Nobody ever deserved it more or had to wait for it longer." The letter ends with this answer to the biographer's question: "The business about indebtedness I don't go for. I read Pylon with great pleasure about the time it came out, but I swear I don't think Faulkner was indebted to my work in any way. At certain times styles and methods are in the air, as contagious as the common cold. In that way we are all indebted to each other." It is rare that we see a man's creative life evaluated in his own words and with such generosity of spirit.

SAINT JACK
by Paul Theroux
Houghton Mifflin, $5.95

The hero of this merciless, funny, and sardonic book is a Bostonian

away from home. Jack Flowers had the bad luck to get mixed up with a beatnik group while he was studying on the G.I. Bill and, having skipped bail, then had the apparently good luck to land on his feet in Singapore in the late 1950s. Jack is hefty, red-faced, and genial, and a salesman without scruple. His Chinese boss, Big Hing, is a ship's chandler who has perceived the advantage of having a white man solicit orders from the incoming ships. He pays the American just enough to provide him with a toehold in Singapore, and he exacts no commission when Jack on his own begins to service the ships with "meat runs," ferrying a boatload of prostitutes along with the other supplies.

Playing both ends against the middle, Jack spends his evenings guiding nervous tourists from the cruise ships to the more accessible brothels. His reputation spreads to Hong Kong and back to the States, for to his pimping he brings a certain class and protectiveness which his customers appreciate. Friends of friends ask for his favor and for the first year or two his success is such that he dreams of marrying a tall, young Chinese girl and of creating a stylish whorehouse, "a large house with stained-glass windows"; an orchestra of South Indians playing violins; "silk cushions on the divans, gin drinks and sweet sherbets. 'Jack's place,' they'd call it." True, no club in Singapore will elect him to membership and Mr. Sim, the Chinese operator, warns him that the secret society might clean him out if he sets up shop. But, hell, he was only doing what came naturally and it all seemed so inoffensive.

Jack is unprepared for the lightning when it strikes, and when he emerges from captivity with the obscene tattoos that will mark him for life, he is scarred more deeply than he realizes. For subsistence he resumes his work as a ship's chandler and for solace he returns to the Bandung, that sleazy hotel with its bar flies and British remittance men, relics of the past. He is the only Yank among them and the tough consolation they give him is a joy to read. Such pimping as he dares to do is tentative, and facing a seemingly indefinite sentence in this sordid place, Jack clings to his dreams, one of which comes close to reality when the United States Army makes Singapore a leave area and puts Jack in charge of one of its guesthouses, "Dunroamin," for the veterans from Vietnam.

I hope I have said enough to suggest that this is a highly professional, often amusing, withering account of prostitution in the once glamorous East. Jack's relations with his girls, his servants, and his bosses are delineated naturally and never with fleshy detail. Beneath the surface humor one is aware of the author's scorn for this disheveled, corrupt memento of colonialism.

THE ONION FIELD
by Joseph Wambaugh
Delacorte, $8.95

In *The New Centurions* and *The Blue Knight,* Joseph Wambaugh wrote with considerable skill the story of policemen who were not pigs. This book is a very different matter: it is the true story, based on carefully accumulated evidence, of the capture of two police officers by armed killers on the night of March 9, 1963, and of the torturous aftermath. In a manner reminiscent of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood,* the author moves slowly in establishing the identity of the four men involved. Ian Campbell and Karl Hettinger, the officers on patrol, were inexperienced and unwary when they stopped a suspicious-looking car, and in short order they found themselves disarmed and captive. The thugs are carefully differentiated. Gregory Powell, the white, is thoroughly mad but bright; Jimmy Smith, the black, is an ignorant, evasive punk who brings his intelligence into play only when his back is to the wall. The officers try to reason their way out of the kidnapping and in a sudden surge of madness Powell kills Campbell; in the dark, desperate struggle Karl, the second officer, escapes.

Wambaugh's indictment is leveled first at the Police Department for its lack of any serious preliminary training to cope with kidnappers and for its brutal reproof of the surviving officer with no consideration whatever for the deep shock he had suffered. His second and equally serious indictment is of the California courts for the inordinate delay, for the repetition and obfuscation—devised by the defense and all perfectly legal—which kept the case in suspension for six years, long after Karl Hettinger had cracked from the strain. The killers were eventually sentenced to life imprisonment, an execution of justice which in England would have been arrived at in less than a year. The reading is necessarily slow and dense, because of the legal confusion about what actually happened. Some of the court proceedings would be comic were it not for the slow-burning exasperation of the author. Wambaugh does it all deadpan. He is coldly intent in defending a fellow officer who was killed and a friend who was driven mad.

A MEMORY AND OTHER STORIES
by Mary Lavin
Houghton Mifflin, $5.95

As I look back it seems to me that some of the very best short stories in my career have come from Ireland. The ghost story survives and stories of the commonplace, of love too long deferred, of the domineering father who won't let go, of the rivalry which so quickly overheats the Irish emotions—these ageless themes in the hands of authors as capable as Sean O'Faolain and Mary Lavin have a haunting, searching pity in them that stirs me.

The new volume of Miss Lavin's is notable for three exceptional stories: "Tomb of an Ancestor," which opens the book and in which the rivalry of the children, as they vie in the ancient cemetery, mirrors that of their elders whose tomb they are uncovering; "A Memory," which, except for its ending, is a closely observed picture of two academic minds fencing for love; and the finest of the lot, "Asigh," one of Miss Lavin's very best for its feeling of the green country, of love at first sight, and of the jealous and dominating widower-father who scars the lives of both his daughter and his son. It is her special skill to begin with a single clue and a single episode and working now in the past, and now in the present, to embrace the whole of life. Hers is the art of a real storyteller, with the time and space to spin out the tale and a feeling for dialogue that has the ring of truth.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

FROM THE DIARY OF A SNAIL by Günter Grass. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95. In 1969 the famous novelist went barnstorming around West Germany, making speeches in support of Willy Brandt and the Social Democrats. The book that Mr. Grass has written about this enterprise is not an account of whistle-stop adventures in "Upper Dawdle on the road to Creepy Corners" but an inventive, idiosyncratic explanation of why he felt it necessary to drop his writing and abandon wife and children to go campaigning. The snail of the title represents genuine civilization—slow and fragile, but persistent. It also represents Mr. Grass's personal state of mind and the changes in his thinking from his Nazi-dominated childhood to his present humanitarian position. The author interweaves a history of the destruction of the Danzig Jewish community, the story of an imaginary Jewish schoolteacher, a discussion of German character based on Dürer's *Melencolia I*, conversations with his somewhat baffled children, and current politics. The political references presuppose detailed local knowledge and will bewilder any reader unfamiliar with minor candidates and issues. This does not matter. As a statement of Mr. Grass's reasons for doing what he could in the best cause available, the book is effective. It is also both surprising and appealing. As the author tells his family, "In a devious way I'm uncomplicated." Translated by Ralph Manheim.

THE SEA AND THE ICE by Louis J. Halle. Houghton Mifflin, $8.95. Professor Halle is, in addition to other distinctions, an honorary vice president of the Audubon Naturalist Society, and his report of a trip to the South Pole is primarily directed to birds. But when he was not stalking penguin and skua, the author considered seal and whale, the history of exploration in Antarctica, the look and feel of that beautiful, dangerous continent, and the character of the men who staff the lonely outposts there. Professor Halle is inquisitive and reflective; he writes elegantly; he is altogether a splendid guide. Photographs and maps.

A FAIRY TALE OF NEW YORK by J. P. Donleavy. Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence, $8.95. Mr. Donleavy's theme is the general, exasperating restrictiveness of modern life, and his style is as cleverly mischievous as usual, and one cannot avoid noticing that these rabbits have come out of this hat before.

LETTERS TO FELICE by Franz Kafka. Edited by Erich Heller and Jürgen Born. Translated by James Stern and Elisabeth Duckworth. Schocken, $17.50. From 1912 to 1917, Kafka wrote voluminously to his off again, on again, gone again fiancée. The lady kept the letters and following her death they became available for publication. The whole collection, carefully edited and annotated, is indispensable for Kafka scholars and of interest to enthusiasts. The general reader is likely to decide, fairly quickly, that the end of the affair constituted a lucky escape for Fräulein Bauer.

THE RIVERSIDE VILLAS MURDER by Kingsley Amis. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.95. A spoof of the polite English murder mystery, as it flourished around 1930. Mr. Amis has done it all according to the formula of the time, including ridiculous motives and methods and the irrelevantly eccentric detective. He has added a sexual explicitness that would have made the book unpublishable in its supposed day. The success of this joke is entirely a matter of the reader's taste.

A RECITATION OF IFA, ORACLE OF THE YORUBA by Judith Gleason with Awotunde Aworinde and John Olaniyi Ogundipe. Grossman, $10.00. Ifa is an African system of divination based on a set of numerical patterns and the chanted interpretation which they provoke from the initiated practitioner. Since the system has always been purely oral, the recording and translation of such chants is a valuable contribution to African studies. The texts offered by Ms. Gleason are sometimes strikingly poetic, sometimes exuberantly comic, and almost always incomprehensible when taken as a whole. They remain incomprehensible despite copious exegesis, for the odd but rather endearing reason that Ms. Gleason has studied Ifa so long and so intently that she has forgotten what is more and what is less confusing to the neophyte.

ALL FIRES THE FIRE by Julio Cortazar. Pantheon, $5.95. Ingenious short stories, in which past and present, trivial and cosmic, real and symbolic constantly change places and identities.

THE FIRST GREAT CIVILIZATIONS by Jacquetta Hawkes. Knopf, $12.50. By fitting together masses of small facts, Ms. Hawkes, a most skillful writer of archaeology for the layman, has constructed a wide-ranging, plausible account of ordinary life in early Mesopotamia, Egypt, and the Indus Valley. A difficult task, impressively well done. Illustrations, bibliography, chronological tables—and maps which are always either inadequate or badly placed, and sometimes both.

SO SHORT A TIME by Barbara Gelb. Norton, $7.95. The subjects of this unpretentious biography are John Reed, the American journalist whose enthusiasm for the Communist revolution took him to Russia and honored burial in Moscow, and his wife, Louise Bryant. Louise is less well known than Reed, but not less interesting, for she set out to be an independent woman on a foundation of respectable late-Victorian upbringing, and went through the erratic and inconsistent maneuvers characteristic of her type and period. Sometimes a heroine, often a bitch, to be precise about it.

Portions drawn from the following recently published books have appeared in *The Atlantic* within the past year:

KIND AND USUAL PUNISHMENT by Jessica Mitford. Knopf, $7.95.

ECONOMICS AND THE PUBLIC PURPOSE by John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin, $10.00.

PENTIMENTO by Lillian Hellman. Little, Brown, $7.95.

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DOG TAGS by Stephen Becker. Random House, $6.95.

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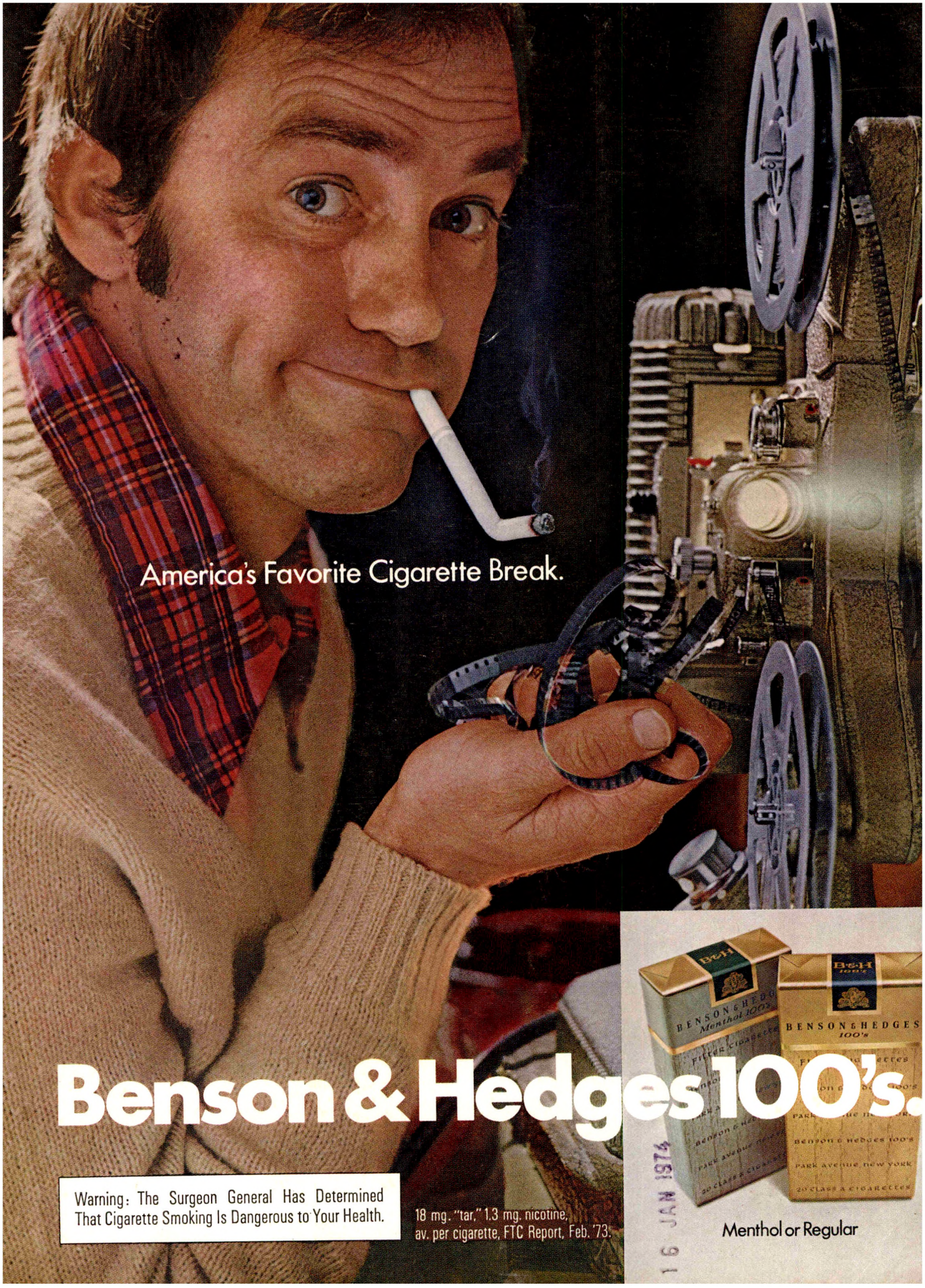
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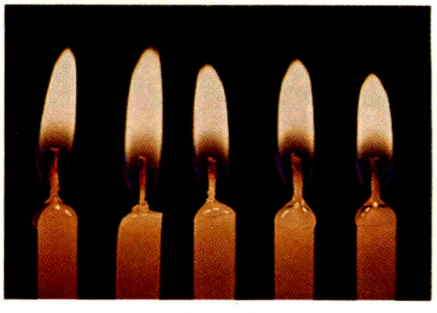

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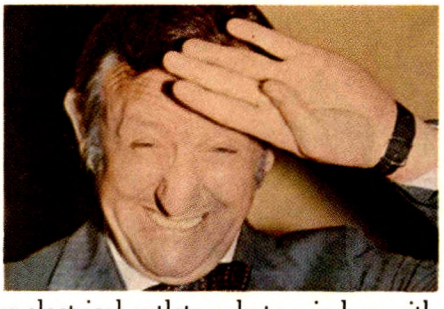

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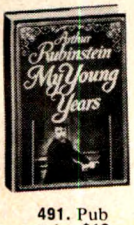

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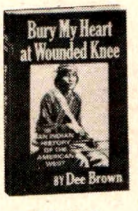

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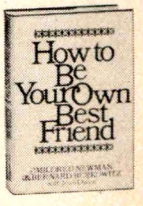

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NOVEMBER 1973 VOLUME 232 NO. 5

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ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. 43 **The Runaway Presidency**
Needed in the White House: a strong man but not one who governs by decree

ANNIE DILLARD 69 **The Force That Drives the Flower**
Every glistening egg is a memento mori

DREW MIDDLETON 79 **"The Next War"**
How some military men think about the unthinkable

DOUGLAS DAY 84 **Ruined Genius**
The terrible last years of Malcolm Lowry

FICTION

BARTON MIDWOOD 56 **A Soldier in Iceland**

WILLIAM EASTLAKE 104 **Smoke**

POETRY

ALAN DUGAN 64 **On Being Easy in the Ritual of Separation**

TOM MCKEOWN 77 **The Strength of Illusions**

PHILIP LEVINE 83 **Uncle**

LESLIE NORRIS 103 **At Usk**

REPORTS & COMMENT

RICHARD HOLBROOKE 6 **Israel: The West Bank**

MARY ELLEN LEARY 17 **California**

LIFE & LETTERS

RICHARD TODD 108 **I'm Nobody—Who Are You?**

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS 114 **The Noble and the Absurd**

JOSEPH KANON 118 **Truffaut's Cinema Notebook**

EDWARD WEEKS 122 **The Peripatetic Reviewer**

PHOEBE ADAMS 128 **Short Reviews: Books**

4 **The Editor's Page**

L. E. SISSMAN 35 **Innocent Bystander**

39 **The Mail**

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The man in the White House 116 years ago this month, when the first issue of a new magazine called *The Atlantic Monthly* appeared, had built an imposing record in politics and public office. But beneath his dignified facade, the man suffered psychological and physical weaknesses that were to affect his term as President. He incited little public warmth and had few intimate friends. He permitted his associates and subordinates in the government no familiarities; he trusted few people, insisted on overseeing himself most of the matters under his charge, and spent many hours each day on paper work. He kept at a distance most of his Cabinet Secretaries, inducing in them a kind of counter-secretiveness that, one biographer has written, contributed to the President's ignorance of "some very irregular proceedings that went on under his nose."

James Buchanan had a considerable talent for foreign affairs and was credited with (or accused of) introducing a "flood of innovations" in American foreign policy. But domestically he was a strict constructionist, an apostle of the status quo. His response to the Panic that rent the nation's economy in the summer of 1857 was to protect property and to count on rugged individualism and self-help to bring the innocent victims ultimately out of their adversity. (Ask not what your government can do for you, but what you can do for yourself.) His good character and experience as a congressman, Secretary of State, diplomat, and a political heir of Andrew Jackson should have equipped him to be an effective President, but flaws in judgment and an insufficiency of self-reliance doomed his presidency and contributed to the collapse of the once mighty party of Jacksonian Democracy. Under his presidency the fissures that led to the Civil War widened.

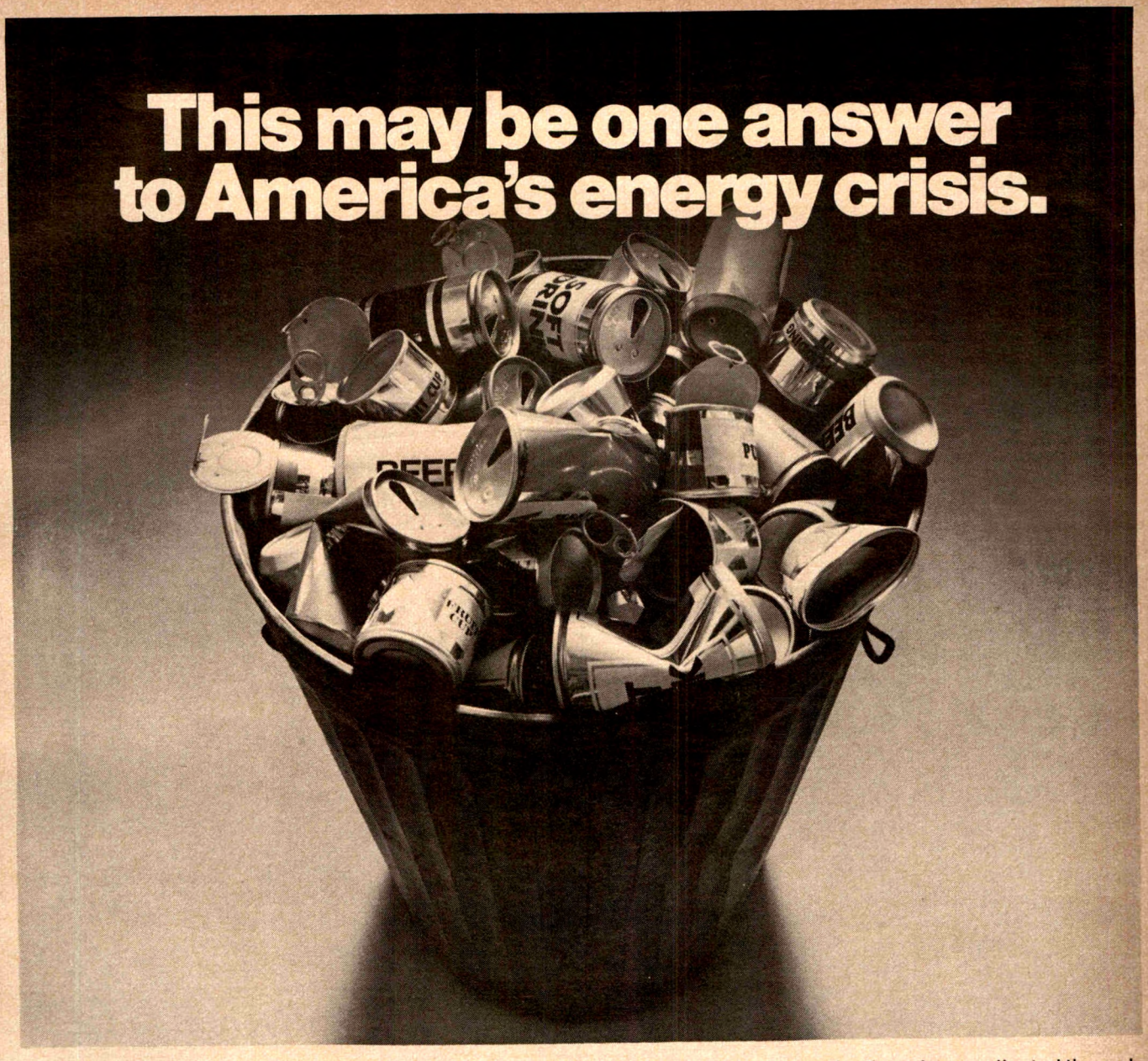
His error was not in abusing the power of the presidency but in diluting it by over-relying on compromise and by underestimating the strength of the abolitionist movement. His slogan, had he lived in the era of speechwriters, might have been "Keep Us Together," but he chose as his means to that end a weak presidency when the times called for a strong one. That did not save him from being labeled a tyrant, a dictator, or King James I, nor did it protect him from the assembling of a congressional committee for the purpose of demeaning the President and, as it developed, the office he held. He ended his career in the belief that his policies differed little or not at all from those of his successor, Abraham Lincoln, and said on his deathbed that "history will vindicate my memory," a prediction which has not been borne out.

Here on the 116th anniversary of its coming into being as a journal of "literature, art, and politics," *The Atlantic* finds itself preoccupied with a different concern over the presidency. It may be that only incidental ironies, like those suggested in the preceding paragraphs, make for similarity between the fifteenth President, James Buchanan, who failed to "keep us together," and the thirty-seventh, Richard Nixon, who has so far failed in his pledge to "bring us together."

As the weakness of the President in the late 1850s was a crucial factor in the politics of that day, the centermost issue in American political life today is the power of the presidency and the ways in which Mr. Nixon uses and, in the opinion of many, abuses that power. This is the subject of "The Runaway Presidency" (p. 43), a study by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., the historian who, incidentally, first came to renown with his work on the era of Jackson, and its demise after the four years of Buchanan's presidency. As this important article goes to press, turbulent uncertainty surrounds the two top offices in the republic and the men who serve in them. As Senator Walter Mondale, Democrat of Minnesota, suggests in appealing to the Senate to establish a special commission, the time has come to examine the national system and to "find a working concept of the presidency which is strong yet legal: capable of leading but without dictation." The alternative is intolerable but not unthinkable, government by decree.

Robert Manning

This may be one answer to America's energy crisis.



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REPORTS & COMMENT

ISRAEL

The West Bank

When our car stopped, two men came up to it. This was in Ramallah, an Arab town north of Jerusalem in the Israeli-occupied area that formed the West Bank of Jordan until the Six-Day War. The men were Arabs, one the chief of a nearby village. My guide for the day was an Arabic-speaking Israeli professor who has studied the West Bank since the Six-Day War. Now, six years later, although Israel has never before been so dominant militarily, the West Bank is a problem that seems to defy solution.

My guide (not a government official but supplied by the Israeli government at my request) was not concerned at this moment with questions of sovereignty or world politics. A woman had left her husband and had been found with a man from another village. Both were now in jail. For the man, accused of abduction, a long prison sentence had already begun. But what about the woman? The village chief and the Israeli professor engaged in a long discussion about what to do with her. Maybe you should let her out of jail if her husband agrees, the Israeli suggested. Then the husband can divorce her. Otherwise you will have a big problem on your hands, clan against clan in your village, and a woman rotting away in jail. The two men continued an animated discussion of the problem for fifteen minutes, exchanged warm farewells, and we went on.

It seemed incredible to me, so I asked the obvious question: what was an Arab village chief doing discussing such a sensitive internal problem, with its complex overlay of Islamic tradition, with an Israeli Jew? Simple, my guide replied. The dispute involves two clans, and the village chief needs an outsider's opinion in order to break the deadlock without compromising himself by aligning himself with one faction or the other.

But the outsider a Jew? It still seemed incredible. He explained patiently that they had turned to him precisely because he was an uninvolved outsider, yet understood their culture and values.

Headless man

Make what you will of this remarkable picture of Arab and Jew in friendly discussion on a sensitive matter. It is unusual, but not unique, as Jews and Arabs deal with each other on the West Bank. But even if an Arab and an Israeli can get along on a personal level, politics is quite another matter.

I did not leave the West Bank hopeful about the problem, nor did I meet any Israelis who were themselves sanguine about the chances for a solution.

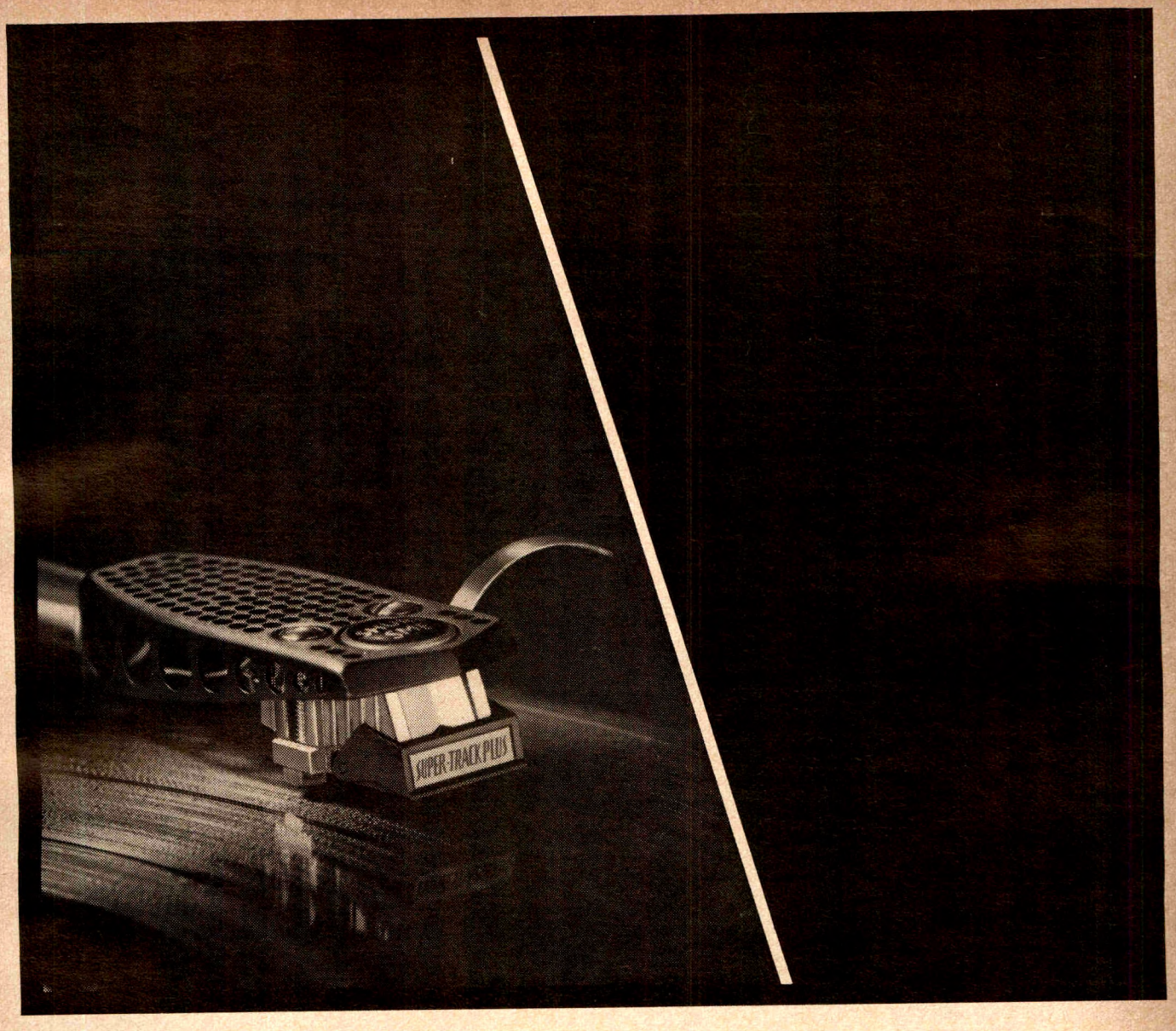
"Talk to ten West Bankers and you will get twenty different points of view," I was told repeatedly. Yet the Palestinians I talked to—some using the Israeli as interpreter, some in English—all seemed to agree on some basic points; and when one matches up their views with the choices Israel is considering, the prospects are bleak indeed.

First of all, not surprisingly, the West Bankers all consider themselves to be under military occupation. "If you are deprived of your country, you are just like a beast," said a merchant in a village near Nablus, the largest city on the West Bank. "You Americans were once a colony. Did you like it?" The fact that no Israeli troops are visible makes no difference. Nor does the freedom of speech the Israelis grant the West Bankers, something quite rare in the Arab world and not part of their lives before 1967, when they were ruled by the Hashemite King of Jordan, Hussein.

Second, the West Bank Palestinians are well aware that under Israeli occupation, the economy is booming; but that does not change their opposition. At least sixty thousand West Bankers commute daily to jobs in Israel proper, bringing much-needed money to this relatively poor area.

Unemployment (for men) is less than one percent today, down from 4.5 percent in 1969 and nearly 11 percent in 1967. The Gross National Product of the area, according to the Israelis, has risen by an average of 28.5 percent per year since 1968, and the GNP per capita has risen by an annual average of 19 percent.

Still, the West Bankers complain: prices are rising rapidly. Anyway, said a doctor in Nablus, "We would rather be poor and free than living under the Jews."



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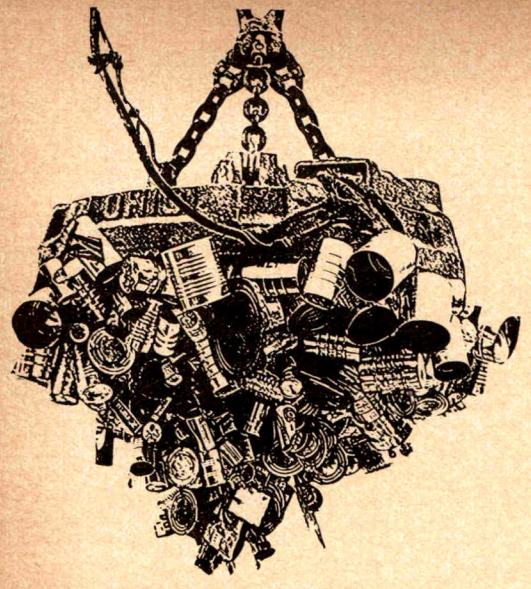

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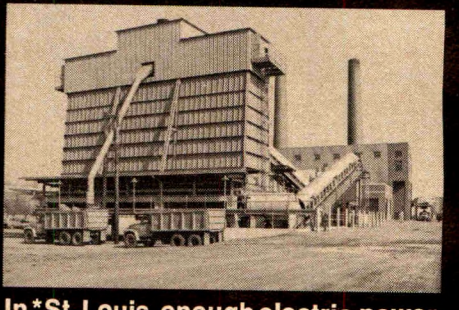

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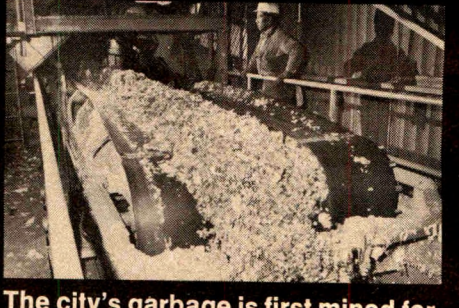

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*St. Louis Solid Waste Demonstration Project is funded and operated by U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, City of St. Louis, Union Electric Company, and American Iron and Steel Institute.

But the West Bank Arabs don't want to live under the Hashemites either. This is a crucial point. Very few of the West Bank's 650,000 Palestinian Arabs want to return to the rule of King Hussein. One well-educated man guessed that Hussein would get 2 to 3 percent of a free vote. A man who had been a village chief near Nablus for almost twenty years, and thus knew both Hashemite and Jewish rule, did not want to choose between the two, but said flatly, "Hussein is not our king. We opposed the Hashemites since they came. We never wanted to be part of a Hashemite kingdom."

This distaste for Hussein is understandable. The Hashemites, after being pushed out of Mecca by Ibn Saud of Saudia Arabia in the 1920s, were given control by the British of several artificial states in the Levant. ("I created Transjordan with a stroke of a pen on a Sunday afternoon in Cairo," Winston Churchill said.) Only Hussein of Jordan survives today, held in power by his loyal Bedouin army, and American support, most dramatically in the 1970 crisis. Although he recently married a woman from a family with roots in Nablus, he is not popular with the Palestinian Arabs of the West Bank. He is a Bedouin, not a Palestinian, and he cannot overcome this simple fact.

The only answer, say the West Bank Arabs, lies in an independent State of Palestine. Its capital, most maintain, must be in Jerusalem.

And what about the Jews? "They can be part of the state," said the village chief. "It would be like Lebanon, where Muslims and Christians share power." Other Arabs also invoked the Lebanese example. "You see, we can live and work here with the Jews," said the merchant. "But we must be the rightful rulers of our land." A leading citizen of Nablus, who had been a member of the Jordanian Parliament until 1967, advocated a complex power-sharing arrangement. But every proposal was based on the premise that the State of Palestine would be an Arab state.

A serious leadership gap was immediately visible. Only a dead man, Nasser, was ever mentioned to me

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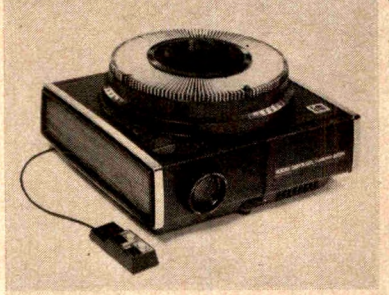

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David Danzig
Rochester, NY

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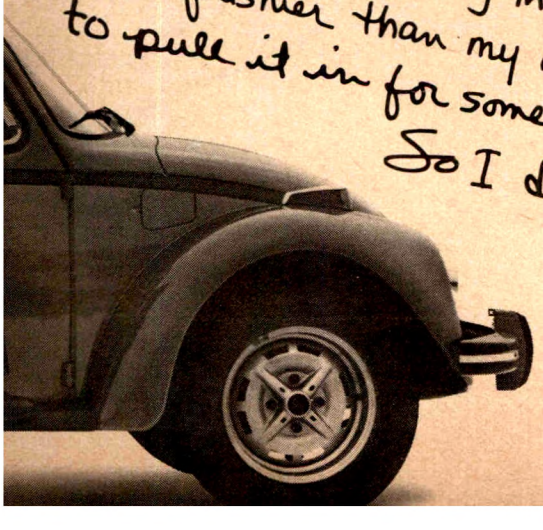
bug again.

I left basically for looks. About all it had was looks. I was stranded about four times in the first month or two. So I went back to Volkswagen. (Even if I had another three or four thousand to spend, I wouldn't have bought another car.)

Kathy Dieber,
Mt. View, Calif.



I started making money so I figured I'd try something a little flashier than my bug. Well, every time I turned around I had to pull it in for something. It nickeled and dimed me to death. So I decided to get another Volkswagen.

William D. Allright
Phila. Pa.

as a great Arab leader. Sadat's name was greeted with scorn. The leaders of the liberation movement were not acclaimed, although on this particular point the West Bankers I was talking with may have felt uneasy; after all, open support for the very men whom the Israelis are trying to snatch out of planes or kill in Beirut may be viewed as pushing free speech *too* far. (The Beirut raid last April, in which the Israelis killed several important Palestinians, was the occasion for an enormous outpouring of grief and mourning.)

There is great resentment against Israel for restricting the return to the West Bank of Palestinians who left before 1967, mostly to work in Kuwait or other Arab countries. Now they are usually unable to return to live, although they may visit for limited periods of time. (Nearly 152,000 Arabs, an astonishing number, took advantage of Israel's imaginative "Open Bridges" policy to visit the West Bank and Israel proper in 1972.) A pharmacist complained that his brother could not get any more work in Kuwait, but he couldn't return to the West Bank. The village chief obviously had similar problems in his village. The restriction chafed; no one mentioned the great irony that so many Arabs want to live in territory occupied and controlled by Jews. After all, work is available here.

Finally, the West Bankers know who won the war. Subversion has been eliminated almost completely from the area, thus driving the Palestinian guerrilla leaders into their present tactic of terrorist strikes elsewhere in the world. "The Jews are the strongest military power here," said both the village chief and the pharmacist. "We must grow strong, and that will take time," the village chief went on. "We can wait," said the merchant. "Patience is always needed," said the pharmacist, who then went on to say that the Arabs must use their best weapon, oil, to force the United States to change its position. (Of course, there is no oil on the West Bank. In fact, despite the enormous importance of the energy crisis to the future of the Middle East, it is not at this time relevant to the problems of the West Bank.)

Suspended in an impossible position, the West Bank today seems like a headless man, otherwise in excellent health, walking vigorously on a treadmill. Firmly opposed to their present status, the West Bankers live their daily lives in apparently peaceful acceptance of it. They know that Israel is overwhelming in its military superiority, but they are so far unwilling to yield an inch politically in recognition of that fact. They call for a new state, yet they lack leaders around whom to rally. The Palestinians have never had a state of their own, yet they have a strong sense of their unique identity not just as Arabs but as Palestinians.

"Benevolent occupation"

In the hot, dusty villages and towns of the West Bank, nothing visible suggests the fact that one is visiting an occupied territory. Israeli and foreign visitors move through the area attracting no apparent signs of hostility. It may well be, as one American put it, the most "benevolent occupation" in history. The Israelis themselves refuse even to call it an occupation and use the euphemistic phrase "administered areas." They point with pride to the emerging interrelationships between Israel and the West Bank and between the West Bank and the East Bank, the signs of economic growth, freedom of speech, the "Open Bridges" policy, the apparent tranquillity. The brilliant Israeli general in charge of the West Bank, Shlomo Gazit, who has approached his difficult task with intelligence and a combination of firmness and tolerance, says that the West Bankers don't hate Israelis and "we have a fine relationship" but adds, "They certainly don't want us to stay."

The present situation could go on for decades. It could, in the words of an American living in Tel Aviv, "be an anomaly without precedent, a nonvirulent apartheid; or it may someday explode." The Israelis do not want to stay. But what can be done with the West Bank, a trophy of war which the winner is willing to bargain away, but the losers are unwilling to offer anything for? To

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see how difficult the dilemma is, one must turn to the Israelis.

After he had explained at length the rationale for a Palestinian state, I asked the Arab doctor in Nablus what would happen if Israel were to offer the 1.25 million Arabs in the occupied territories the same full rights of citizenship that the 300,000 Arabs who live within Israel proper already enjoy. He was startled by the question. After a short pause he said, "They would never do it."

I asked why. It was simple, he said. "We would become 40 percent of Israel. They would have to give us 40 percent of the power, 40 percent of the seats in the Knesset. They would never do it. It is not their Jewish State."

The doctor in Nablus is apparently right. No major segment of the present Israeli political leadership advocates incorporation of the occupied territories into Israel. Only the hard-line Gahal opposition group says it is ready to annex the area, give the Arabs in it citizenship, and live with the consequences.

To absorb the West Bank into Israel would provoke worldwide condemnation, further reduce the chances for negotiation, and transform the Jewish State into something far different from the founding dream which still animates Israel. But to give the area up without any negotiation, to hand back to the Arabs an area which includes the strategic Jordan River Valley and the hills just outside Jerusalem and which at one point comes within ten miles of the Mediterranean—this is totally unacceptable to the Israelis.

"We must find a formula which will satisfy the Arab need for self-determination and their rising expectations *within* our need for secure borders," says Israel Stockman, a leading Arabist and observer of the West Bank.

But how? Thoughtful Israelis are tormented by the problem, and many people have offered complicated proposals. They seem as unrealistic as the dreams of the Arabs for their own State of Palestine. As to the question of Jerusalem, there is, well, there *is* no question: Jerusalem must remain Israeli. To this end, vast changes under the dynamic leadership of Mayor Teddy Kollek are transforming the city, expanding its boundaries, and extending its control. The Muslim holy places can be left under Arab control, and Arab access to them guaranteed. But, most Israelis agree, nothing else can be conceded to the Arabs. Jerusalem's status is not negotiable.

Beyond that, for the West Bank there are plans—and plans. Elections for a new Knesset will take place on October 29. And, although everyone takes it for granted that the ruling Labor Party will be returned to power, the election debate is fierce, and the most important issue is the West Bank and Gaza—what to do with over a million Arabs.

Among the many proposals that I heard in Israel this summer, several stood out:

- The Allon Plan, named after Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon, has been around for a long time. Allon claims that while it never became official government policy, it has in effect been adopted. It would provide for a string of Jewish settlements along the strategic Jordan River Valley and limited growth of the Jewish presence in other areas of the West Bank. (It is fascinating to note that the Israelis always put whole families at the front edge of their defensive perimeters, instead of keeping the women and children in more secure rear areas. Israel wants to build a permanent society at its outer edges.)
- General Moshe Dayan has talked of a system in which West Bank Arabs would vote as part of Jordan but remain under Israeli control. It is hard to see how this strange proposal, which critics have called a case of "divided sovereignty," could possibly work. Dayan, who considers himself a great Arab expert, may be making a tactical suggestion, since he must recognize that Jordan would never agree to this. Dayan also wants the string of settlements along the Jordan River Valley, and he has pushed hard for a large seaport city south of Gaza, athwart the traditional Egyptian invasion route into Palestine. Finally, he has pushed to allow the private purchase of land on the West Bank by Jews, a proposal

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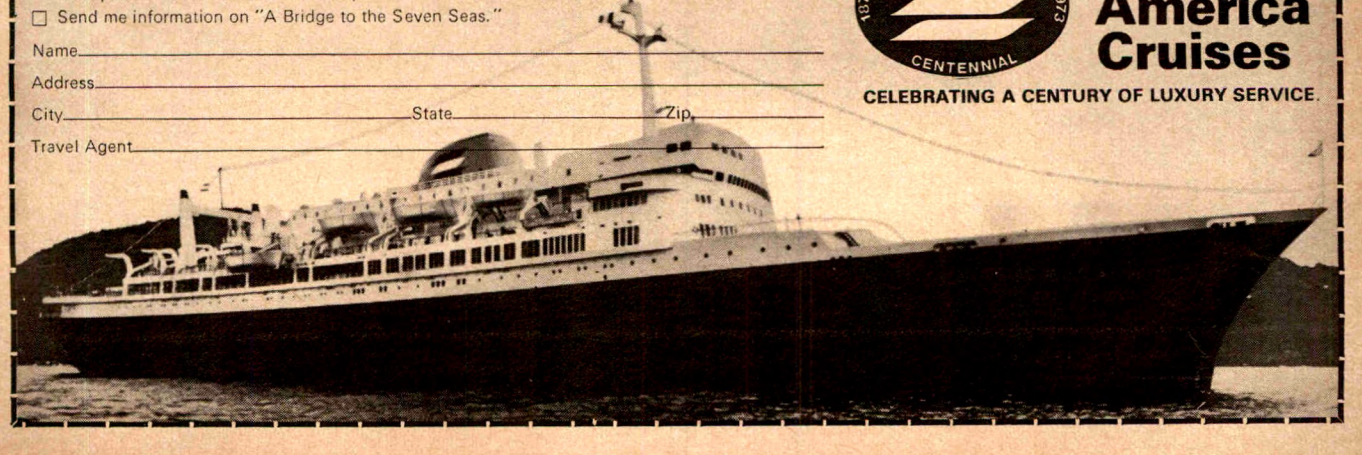

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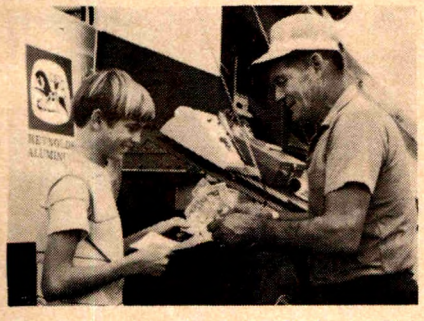
Reynolds first started recycling all-aluminum cans in 1967, so by now we have some fairly sophisticated programs in full swing. These programs prove that the principle, which we call recycling, is one effective tool in tackling many environmental problems.



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Thanks to cooperating beer and soft drink industries, there are now more than 1200 aluminum collection points in 44 states and the District of Columbia, and the program is growing. This year an estimated 2 *billion* cans will be collected.

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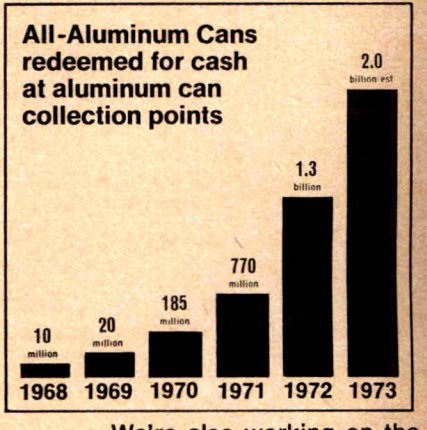
Glass	Paving Material Bricks, Block, Structural Shapes

Conserving Resources and Energy The used cans can be converted into new cans and other useful aluminum products, helping to save natural resources. And since it takes less than 1/20 of the energy to make new aluminum from scrap as compared to ore, recycling helps stretch our power supply.

Mining Municipal Waste Litter has been called just the tip of the solid waste iceberg. Reynolds has been working on the bigger "hidden" portion as well—municipal solid waste.

We've teamed with other companies and local and Federal government in the planning of soon-to-be constructed plants in several cities. These will reclaim metals, glass and other usable materials and energy from municipal refuse.



We're also working on the theory that junked automobiles will be less of a problem as more and more high-scrap-value aluminum is used in cars. We've even built a home from recycled materials to demonstrate there are vast new markets for recycled products and that recycled materials can look as good and function as well as products from virgin sources.

For details on the value of aluminum, new and old, or on any of these important projects, write Dr. R. F. Testin, Director, Environmental Planning, Reynolds Metals Company. P.O. Box 27003-LP, Richmond, Va. 23261.

which has kicked up a huge controversy.

• Shimon Peres, the Minister of Transportation and one of Dayan's strongest supporters, talks in vague terms of moving toward a federation in about "five to ten years" if the situation is not settled by then. He does not want to move quickly, however, and objects strongly to the annexationist proposals of the extreme right. He wants to use the threat of federation in the middle-range future as incentive to force the Arabs to negotiate. "If I had full support I would say to the Arabs, we are ready to wait ten years. But if you do nothing by then, we will move forward."

• The so-called doves, men such as the head of the powerful Histadrut labor union and Arie Eliav, the former secretary-general of the Labor Party, advocate taking the most conciliatory line possible toward the area. They say that even if they cannot find Arab leaders with whom to negotiate now—the hawks say there are none—any moves that increase Israeli presence in the West Bank merely reduce still further the chances for a settlement and deepen the trap into which they see Israel falling. Although they do not have much influence within the ruling Labor Party, these men obviously both annoy and trouble the leaders of Israel. They are men of great personal sincerity, and they constantly hold before Israel the dream of the founders, which, they say, is being perverted by the occupation of the Arab lands.

Such debate is a normal part of the Israeli political scene, and the absence of a clear official government policy has encouraged even senior ministers to disagree with each other publicly. But as the election campaign approached, Dayan, playing his unique role as the outsider within the government, began suggesting that if the Labor Party did not adopt a platform to his liking, he might sit the election out.

To Pinhas Sapir, the Minister of Finance and the most powerful man in the Labor Party, this posed a serious danger. Sapir opposed the moves into the West Bank which Dayan was advocating, but his first priority was to hold the Labor Party together during the campaign. He and Prime Minister Golda Meir saw the risks of driving Dayan out of the party (he bolted once before, under David Ben-Gurion, and is capable of doing it again), thereby jeopardizing Labor's control of the Knesset. So he and Mrs. Meir decided that any open confrontation with Dayan must be delayed until after the election, and they assigned an influential Minister Without Portfolio, Israel Galili, the task of drawing up a compromise plank for the party platform. The resulting draft was adopted by the Labor Party. It provided for the creation of a small "center" at Rafa, near the place where Dayan had wanted a large port; the extension of Jerusalem to the south and east, into what is now legally the "administered areas"; and private acquisition of land by Israelis subject to the approval of the government.

This was all widely interpreted as a victory for Dayan. There is no question that the Galili compromise has pushed the lines back still farther in regard to the occupied territories. But the final assessment must await the clash sure to come in November after the election.

"Creeping annexation"

Some parts of Galili's proposal seem certain to become government policy. Shimon Peres said in an interview that the Galili proposals are good for the next four or five years in Israel. "They are based on our philosophy of how to deal with the Arabs," he said. "They just go a little further. We must seek better relations with the Arabs but at the same time improve our strategic position." Peres is opposed to the suggestion that such moves are leading Israel toward what Eliav calls "creeping annexation." He also opposed the concept of annexation for three reasons: "First, it would insult our best friend, the United States; second, it would kill our improving relations with King Hussein; and third, it would force the issue within Israel between those who oppose annexation and those who want to see Israel grow in area."

And yet, despite Peres' words, despite Abba Eban's assurances that "no one wants to keep the West Bank," despite Golda Meir's forceful statements that there has been no change in policy and that the majority of the Cabinet and the people do not want the populated area of the West Bank inside Israel, the Israelis have a problem without a solution. Hussein cannot risk his political life by negotiating directly with Israel. The Israelis will not negotiate directly with the Palestinian Liberation Front leaders in Beirut, whom they consider to be terrorists. And no West Bank Palestinian has the stature to speak for his people. For strategic reasons, Israel will build up its presence in the Jordan River Valley and at the Rafa Junction near Gaza just as they have built kibbutzim on the Golan Heights.

These are all short-range or interim measures. They will increase the security of Israel, which understandably is the primary concern of most Israelis today, after three wars in twenty-five years. But won't each new step into the occupied territories further enmesh Israel with its unwanted Arab wards? Won't each step reduce the chances for negotiation?

The Israelis do not agree on this point. The so-called "doves"—using a term wholly misapplied from the American experience in Vietnam—oppose changes in the relationship with the West Bank precisely because they will reduce the chances for negotiation and will in time change the nature of Israel. The prevailing government viewpoint, however, is that the Arabs would have obtained better terms from Israel in 1968 than they could get today, and better terms today than they will be able to get in five years. "We will show them that they must negotiate or else they will face a worsening situation from their standpoint," said one government official. "We will give them the choice of negotiating now or being in a worse position later," said another.

Behind this view is the growing belief in Israel that the Arabs will not negotiate in the foreseeable future, so Israel might as well buckle down for the long haul. The Israelis know that the Arabs are now playing "the oil card" to try to change U.S. policy in the Middle East by using leverage derived from their

vast oil reserves. They are genuinely concerned that, over time, this strategy will weaken American support for Israel. But the Israelis know that their self-image and their identity are threatened more by prolonged and indefinite control of so many Arabs. Even if the mood is tranquil on the West Bank, the occupation of someone else's homeland for a long time can do damage to Israel.

I saw repeated examples of how worried thoughtful Israelis are about this problem. One day at lunch, Arie Eliav, an eloquent opponent of the Galili proposal, an old associate of Golda Meir, and a genuine hero to many Israelis, a man who already has fought in five wars, was talking about his objections to the government's policies. Two senior officials of the Israeli government were with us, and they were disputing many of Eliav's objections to the government's position. At times they simply felt that he was misrepresenting the situation to the American visitors. Then he stopped talking about the tactics of the political struggle with Dayan and began talking about his dreams for the Jewish State.

"We face moral decay in Israel if we keep these Arabs," he said. "Not only will we lose our creative drive as Zionists but we will have one million Arabs living in limbo. They won't know what their status is. They will work in our fields and make money. But the result will be a state of one million people without rights, and eventually we will have no choice but to annex them. It won't be the Jewish State anymore, the one we fought for and dreamed of. It will just be a state, another state with guns and planes like all the others. Just a state."

The other Israelis at the table fell silent. They had pointed out convincingly that Israel could find no one to negotiate with over the West Bank. They had said that the government was seeking every way out of the dilemma. They had cited many examples of Arab-Israeli cooperation on the West Bank, similar to my own story of the village chief. But what if there is no change? What if Israel cannot resolve its dilemma? Eliav had painted, all too explicitly, the nightmare which haunts Israel today.

This is the ultimate irony of Israel in the twenty-sixth year of its existence. It is something the Israelis do not like to talk about, for they are a humane and intelligent people who have an insoluble problem on their hands. Their country was born out of centuries of oppression, climaxed by the most savage tragedy ever visited by one people upon another. Their history hangs over them. When the State of Israel was born, they were prepared to fight to preserve it, and to survive. They still are; on this point Israel is more determined and united than ever. But they did not expect to have under their control the lives and destinies of other people, of Arabs both Christian and Muslim. It is an unwanted problem, by far the most serious one that Israel faces today. And not only will it not go away, but it is more and more likely to be with them for a long time. The question was put by more than one Israeli and American: "Are we building a Northern Ireland of the Middle East?"

—RICHARD HOLBROOKE

CALIFORNIA

When Los Angeles' newly elected mayor Tom Bradley saw the precinct returns detailing where his victory had been won last May, he discovered unexpectedly strong support in residential areas overlooking the coast at Pacific Palisades, in precincts fringing the Santa Monica Mountains, and in the wealthy districts where mansions cling to wooded hillsides and look out upon a view shrouded in smog. This is territory so solidly Republican that it is still known as Goldwater country. Four years before, in his first bid for the mayoralty, Bradley had been defeated by strong opposition in these same neighborhoods.

Mayor Bradley is a Democrat; but since local elections in California are nonpartisan, that affiliation may not be as significant as the fact that he is also black. He is a commanding figure, towering over any crowd; he still has the physique that once made him a track star. A former policeman with twenty-one years' experience on the force, Bradley is now a lawyer, and for the past ten years he has been a city

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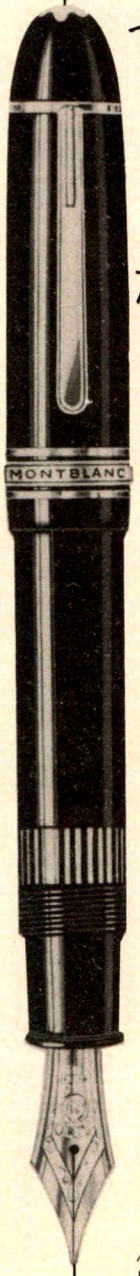

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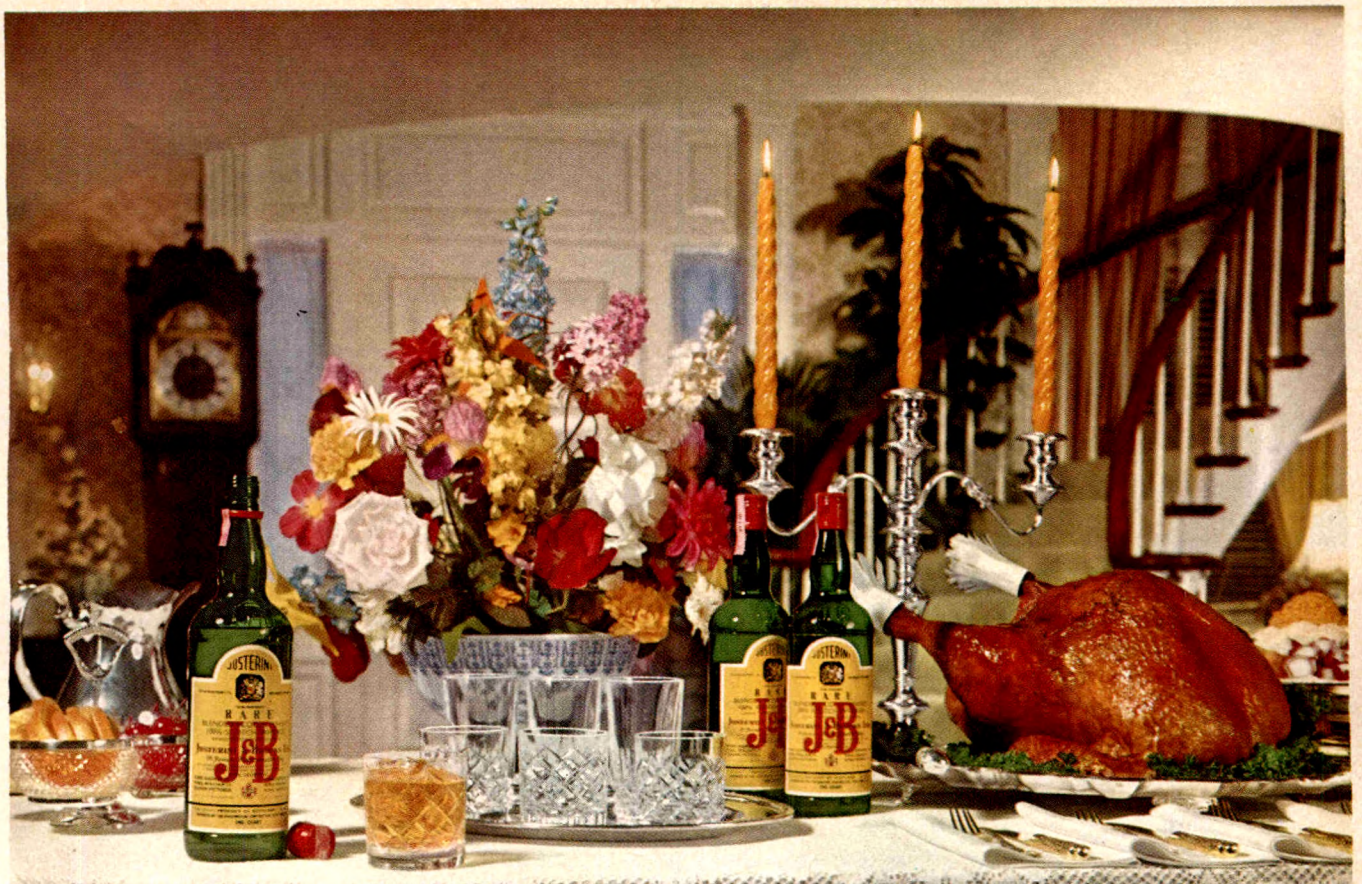

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ous to the blandishments and cajoling which have previously shaped so much of California's decision-making to the whim of the utilities, the oil companies, the construction industry, the land developers, and organized labor.

An example of this new breed, Frank Frost, a young professor of ancient Greek at the University of California in Santa Barbara, won a seat on the Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors from an experienced rival, the incumbent mayor of the city of Santa Barbara. His platform was a modest but emphatic pledge: "Not one more house in Santa Barbara."

John Tuteur, a new supervisor in Napa County, who at thirty-one is one of the youngest supervisors in the state, is a Yale graduate who moved into politics after extensive involvement with Sierra Club activities. He notes that his colleagues, the newcomers in the powerful County Supervisors' Association, recently persuaded that body to recommend a modest share of gas tax revenues for mass transit. This is an amazing departure for a group of officials who once worshipped the road-builders.

"No growth"

City councils are experiencing similar revolutionary change. Last spring, at a conference of some five hundred mayors and councilmen, Don Benninghoven, executive director of the League of California Cities, asked how many of his colleagues attributed their election primarily to their positions on environmental issues. More than 70 percent raised their hands.

According to Benninghoven, Pete Wilson, new mayor of San Diego, is the first to reach that office without the backing of the big developers. He was elected on a commitment to control growth. San Jose, south of San Francisco, used to brag about having the fastest growth rate in the whole United States. Last spring a group of San Jose mothers, exasperated at crowded schools, brought all new housing to a halt. They got an initiative ordinance on the ballot prohibiting new housing unless the

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*Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics, Dept. of Labor. For more information, send for our free booklet *"When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask."* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. A-311, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

builders fund the needed classrooms. It passed. "We have never seen local upheavals to equal what is going on today," says Benninghoven.

Such occurrences across the state are too numerous to recount. A few more examples illustrate the pattern. The towns of Livermore and Pleasanton, east of San Francisco Bay, voted last spring to bar permits for new buildings until there are sewage plants and water facilities to serve them. Marin County, north of the Golden Gate Bridge, voted nine to one against enlarging its water supply. The message was perfectly clear: no more water meant no more housing. Then Marin elected to its water district board, by a 75 percent majority, an environmentalist dedicated to limiting all water main connections in the future. In Santa Monica, three city councilmen were ousted in May for approving an artificial island in the tidewater area to support a high-rise hotel and recreational facilities. In Redondo Beach, four incumbents were beaten by newcomers over the issue of coastal protection. Malibu voters turned down multimillion-dollar sewer enlargement bonds three years in a row, thwarting developers.

In Goleta, near Santa Barbara, a proposal to finance a new water supply was rejected out of hand. The "no growth" move was so strong that a moratorium was imposed on expanding the water supply until planners define the city's future size. Even before the offshore oil spill aroused public support for coastal protection, Santa Barbara had been involved in successive environmental battles. In three separate referenda, citizens challenged and rejected by ballot projects authorized by their supervisors which would have developed the coast. This year, in final exasperation, the community voted out of office the pro-development officials on both the county board of supervisors and the city council. This lovely city, with its striking backdrop of mountains and its magnificent shoreline, has voted to reduce projected population density by one-half, and it is structuring a new planning process which permits an unusual degree of citizen participation.

So it goes all over the state. In mountainous Plumas County, supervisors approved an airport intended to provide access for vacation-home developers. The citizens voted it down. Voters in Chico replaced city councilmen last spring in order to save a park in preference to new housing. Many rural counties are setting up zoning restrictions against large-scale land development and are also barring city-sized lots. In 1968, Napa County, seeking to protect its unique high-quality vineyards, passed the earliest restrictive zoning of this type. It prohibited any use of land on the valley floor less than twenty acres in size. That move restrained the builders. But this year, recognizing new population pressures, Napa extended zoning limits to the rest of its territory. It now bans all building on plots smaller than five acres. This, Supervisor Tuteur says with satisfaction, "has brought development to a screeching halt."

In the university communities of Davis and Santa Cruz, protest erupted over plans for large new housing spreads. On the north coast, in redwood-filled Humboldt County, university students and faculty led a campaign which ejected from office one of the most powerful local ranchers and replaced him with an earnest young wild-rivers enthusiast dedicated to keeping the Eel River running free, not dammed.

"These new people we encounter in city councils are exciting," said Don Benninghoven. "They are the most articulate I have ever met. They take pride in being elected for the environmental cause. It is astonishing to have so many come into office, all over the state, with a uniform purpose."

To leaders of the Sierra Club, so long accustomed to political combat over the environment, the whole country seems to be reflecting new sensitivity to land use. Michael McCloskey, Sierra Club executive secretary, said, "The period of emotional publicity, of demonstrations and drives to 'save this' or 'save that' is over. Action has moved off the streets and into the legislatures, the city councils, and the courts. It is no longer so dramatic nor so simple. It is now deeply enmeshed in the political process and concerns very complex and costly choices society must make. The big question is whether public support for the environmental concepts can be maintained in this new sophisticated phase."

Saving the coast

The recent report by the Laurance Rockefeller Task Force on Land Use and Urban Growth indicated that antipathy to growth is a nationwide mood. But in California the mood is augmented by a restless readiness for some positive political thrust. Governor Ronald Reagan's administration has focused upon retrenching government, reining it in, limiting its responsibilities, curbing its spending. Thus, since 1966 the prevailing political climate in California has been negative. The effect has been the bottling up of a normally effervescent people who have zest to affirm their faith in themselves and in their capacity for constructive government. The ecology cause has evoked a heady public response.

This does not mean that Governor Reagan has rejected environmental alarms. But his determination to reduce the role of government and leave most decision-making to the private sector conflicts with the present rush to impose regulations on the construction industry and on land developers and to narrow the freedom of private property owners.

It becomes apparent that political debate in the state will center on defining land-use policies and preserving treasured open space. It is dawning upon some thoughtful Californians that something quite new is happening which portends drastic revision of the concept of freedom to use real property, new responsibilities for government in physical planning, and new tax burdens. This runs counter to the conservative Reagan approach.

The most sweeping environmental control so far is the statewide initiative to conserve the coastline, which the electorate approved by 55 percent last November. This was clearly a landmark in state history. It is significant not only for the strictures it imposes on coastal property and for the complex regulatory

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mechanism it has set in motion but also for the fact that the California voters for the first time in sixty years overrode the unanimous plea of all major business interests in the state, their allies in organized labor, and the Governor's office. Voters endorsed, in the face of this powerful coalition, a proposal placed on the ballot by a collection of amateurs and citizen volunteers. It was the first defeat on a matter of such magnitude which the established interests had suffered since Hiram Johnson toppled the Southern Pacific Railroad machine in 1910.

The conservation movement was not credited as a serious force until this event of last November. Business and organized labor deemed it little more than an annoying fad, a whim, until the post-midnight tallies on the coastal initiative came in. There followed weeks of stunned conferences in business circles and predictions of catastrophe. The local elections last May proved that interest in environmental issues persists. The atmosphere of dismay on the part of business and labor has given way lately to plans for action.

Two groups appear to be massing to resist the effects of the proposal. One is readying for battle, or has already plunged into it via the courts and counterlegislation. This faction, including many local unions in the building trades, the operating engineers, real estate leaders, and land developers, is extremely bitter. These people consider themselves victims of "stop everything" extremists, and warn that revolution has arrived. As one protest group in Orange County expressed it, plans for density control seem "the ultimate tool for the wresting of private property rights from landowners." Growth limitations "pronounce the American dream dead in Orange County," they said. Sierra Club members, taunted as "ecofreaks," report that they are being subjected to the most severe criticism they have ever encountered.

Another faction, however, has come forward with a modified pro-ecology posture coupled with a call for "balance." This is the semantic cover for a move toward compromise rather than confrontation.

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The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France. This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned". So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France. As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

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The word "balance" is being used liberally by both sides. It means different degrees of compromise to each. Environmentalists agree that real economic problems are raised by population growth. Even though migration is reduced to a dribble at present, California needs two hundred thousand additional jobs each year. Driven by this need, organized labor, especially the building trades, views hostilely the environmentalists' effort to diminish or divert some kinds of construction. Labor has initiated a move to require that economic values be weighed, along with the environmental, in all decisions affecting zoning and land use. Business interests support spelling out the economic factors, although no one has clarified whether only the immediate job losses are to be weighed if some construction is halted, or if the long-range calculations about community life can also be considered. How far this "balance" accords with ecological preservation is yet to be decided.

Wary coalitions

To formalize their new wary camaraderie, labor leadership and oil companies, utilities, financial houses, and some farsighted businesses have created a new structure, the California Council for Environmental and Economic Balance, in the hope of countering the environmentalists with compromise rather than direct battle. Former Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown is state chairman. Michael Peevey, an economist who left the state AFL-CIO to direct this move, said, "We ought to be mature enough to work toward preserving natural resources without throwing rocks at one another."

Will Siri, a Sierra Club vice president, calls conflict between environmentalists and the labor-business coalition "an unnecessary war," but John Henning, state AFL-CIO executive secretary-treasurer, said at one point, "We are on a collision course in certain areas, and it would be ridiculous to say otherwise."

One notable accommodation to the environmentalist position was the decision, quietly disclosed in July, that several major California power companies will pool efforts to establish an inland nuclear power plant in the southern Central Val-

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ley, a direct contrast to their previous insistence that only the ocean shore was a suitable site.

There is another problem. To minority groups, sensitivity about the landscape goes hand in hand with indifference to human needs. In the ghetto, environmentalists are known as "Green Panthers." Bonds to preserve open space, suddenly popular with California voters, are viewed cynically by those who find that public money is scarce for school lunches, child-care centers, or welfare checks. Zoning to keep apartment builders out of a residential neighborhood seems—and often is—a device to bar blacks as well. The environmentalist movement involves for the most part educated middle- and upper-class whites. It has aspects of elitism which trouble some of the newly elected officials. Certainly Mayor Bradley of Los Angeles means to divert some of this enthusiasm toward providing services beneficial to the poor, such as low-cost public transportation.

William L. Wheaton, dean of the College of Environmental Design at Berkeley, sees the "no growth" movement as a mixed bag, composed firstly of people who want their taxes reduced, secondly of people set on keeping the minorities and the poor away from their residential neighborhoods, and thirdly of persons genuinely dedicated to preserving the earth's beauty and resources.

"The ratio of that mix differs from one community to another, but it is the coalition of these three elements that provides the political clout," he says. "Nobody knows how long they will stick together."

There are signs that social problems are prodding the environmentalists into concern for the inner city. In Palo Alto, there is a move to furnish low-cost housing where none existed before. This is a turnabout, since Palo Alto first committed public money to buying up nearby hillsides to preserve them as open space. Pete Wilson, the new mayor of San Diego, is undertaking improvement of the core city as an alternative to suburban growth. In his phased-growth program, he plans to use zoning controls to rebuild the downtown area, including slums, and stop the helter-skelter growth of housing on the perimeter of the city.

San Jose, sprawled below the southern tip of San Francisco Bay, is a classic example of chaotic "slurb." It is considered the worst urban disaster in Northern California. But in the past two years San Jose, under a new local administration, has made heroic rescue moves. Its urban development policy designated as service areas those portions of the city where fire protection, storm drains, sewer and power lines, streets, and lighting are available. Authorities zoned to permit growth in these areas alone. Open space outside these service areas is not to be used for building for the next fifteen years.

"It is working," says San Jose city councilwoman Janet Gray Harris. "We are filling in the gaps. We are managing growth." Santa Clara, the county in which San Jose is situated, has persuaded other cities to follow San Jose's example. "By some miracle, we are learning to accommodate more gracefully to growth," said a county planner.

Up in Sacramento

At the state level, environmental enthusiasm peaked in about 1970. That year more than a thousand bills on the topic were introduced at the legislature. A statewide Environmental Quality Act took effect, mandating environmental impact reports on major construction. Legislators initiated moves for an overall antipollution agency and for regional planning agencies, passed laws protecting consumers in land sales, and greatly strengthened existing water pollution laws. The legislature ordered counties to zone in conformity with their master plans. This law is ironic, for though state politicians are according local planners new respect as master plans become vital guiding maps to the future, planning on a state scale has not been forthcoming.

What *has* been happening at the state capitol in Sacramento since 1970 is a gathering of strength among those opposed to the environmentalists. A plan for a statewide antipollution agency has been rejected three times. Regional planning agencies, still a live issue, encounter rebuffs. The obstructionists worked hardest against the proposal to protect California's 1067 miles of coastline. Numerous studies undertaken over many years had urged California to establish special controls over the rapid spread of construction along this fragile and severely threatened strip of land. Every moneyed interest in the state seemed to have some access to the coast that it wanted to protect. For four years, oil companies, utilities, shipping lines, yachtsmen and fishermen, recreational operators, hotels, private homeowners, land developers, banks, and, of course, labor fought regulation of coastal construction. Each time legislation was proposed, the combined lobby defeated it. To oppose the lobby, the Coastal Alliance was organized last year, a collection of enthusiasts as diverse as Friends of the Earth, the Sierra Club, Boy Scout troops, housewives, and garden clubs.

These volunteers had been schooled in political action during a previous effort, from 1963 to 1969, to save San Francisco Bay. Led by such intrepid women as Mrs. Clark Kerr, wife of the then president of the University of California, Mrs. Donald H. McLaughlin, wife of a University of California regent, and Janet Adams, a housewife with a talent for politics, together with a host of concerned lawyers, engineers, scientists, and teachers, "Save the Bay" advocates had hounded the legislature and finally got money for a study. Then they pushed for enactment of a law halting peripheral fill. Ultimately they got the legislature to create the Bay Conservation and Development Commission (BCDC), empowered to grant permits for bayside building. In addition, the Commission undertook permanent planning for the shoreline.

This formula of permit-granting regulation accompanied by long-range planning is part of the new coastal conservation law. In adopting the referendum, the voters set up six regional coastal commissions, to be composed half of incumbent local officials and half appointed from the public at large. A statewide coastal commission has review and veto powers. It is drawing up a

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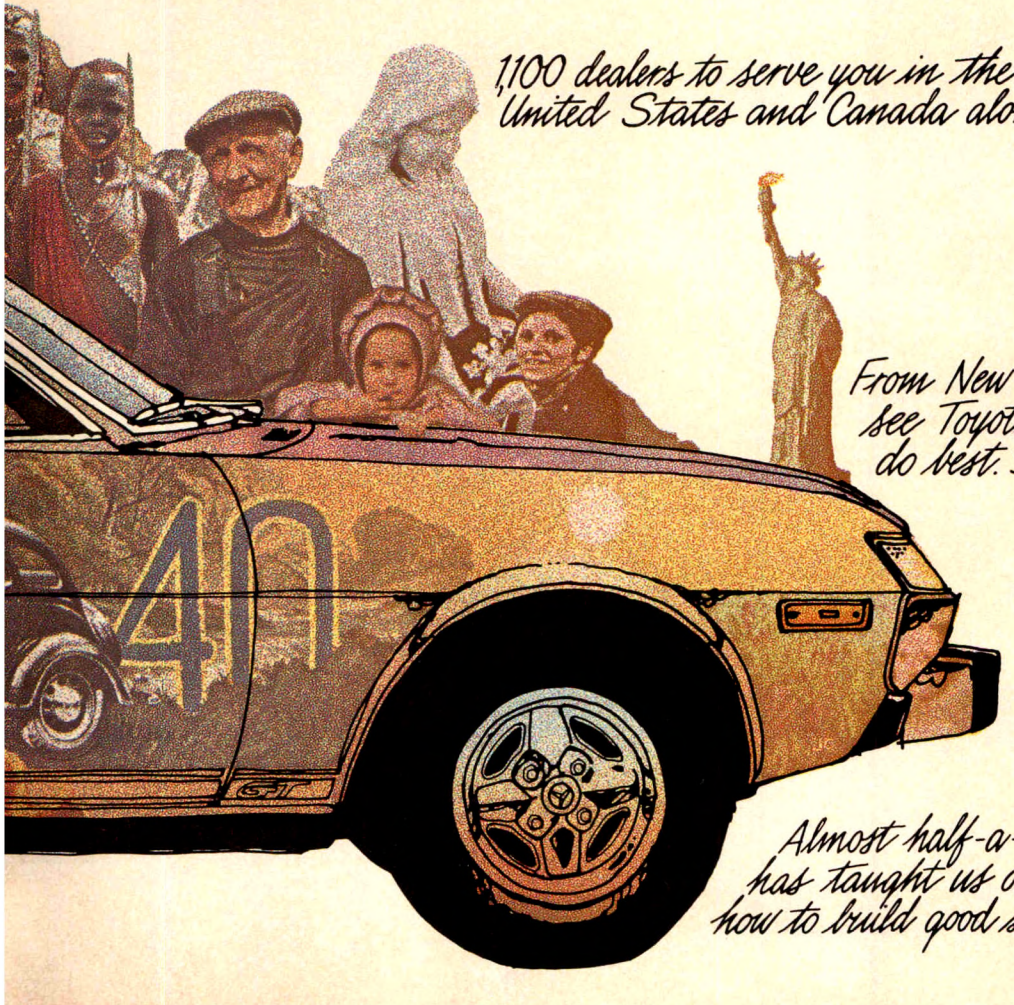

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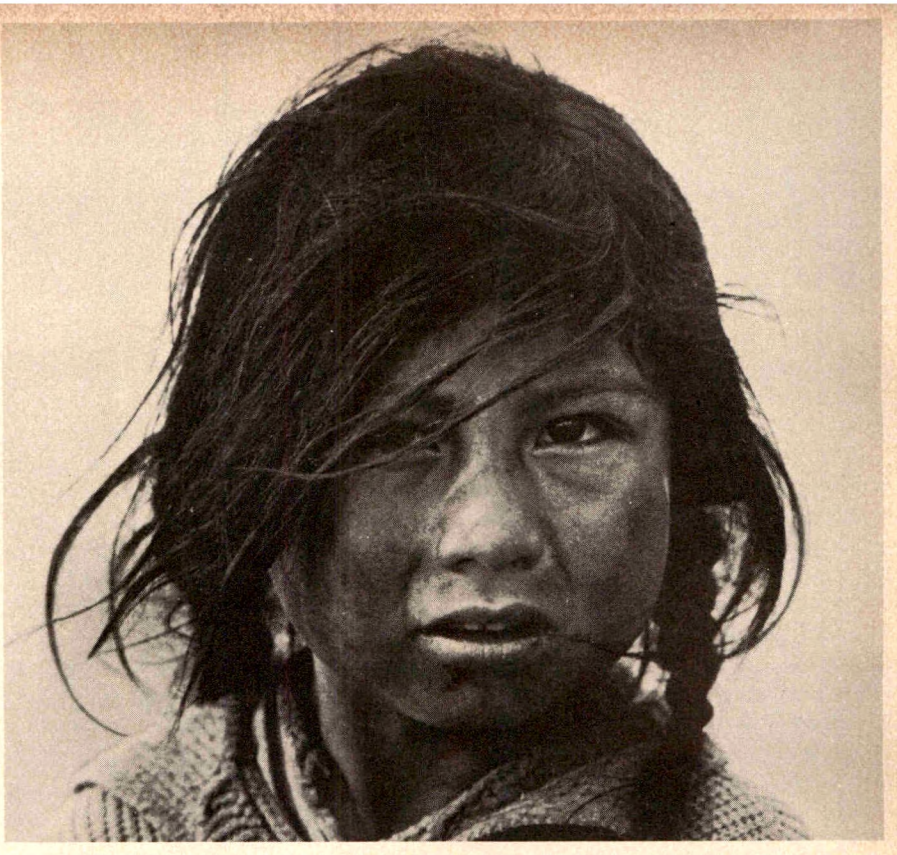
long-range plan for the coastline, to be set before the legislature by 1977. Since last November, nearly all construction along the coast (for one thousand yards inland from mean high-tide line) has halted, pending issue or denial of a permit; construction which has not yet halted is before the local commission or in court justifying its continuation.

Understandably enough, lawsuits have erupted. Three property owners have filed a class-action suit for an astronomical sum charging the coastal zone commissions with confiscation of private property. Redevelopment projects which had Washington's approval have been halted for review. Plans for single homes at scenic points have been refused permits, in order that the landscape may be kept open for passing motorists. High-rise condominiums representing investments of many millions of dollars have been rejected. By no means are all permits denied, but the priorities are fixed by the constitutional language of the law which orders preservation of "the ecological balance" of the coast "to prevent further deterioration."

Some thirty cases are already in the courts. New ones are disclosed in the press every week. California's legal system is already clogged with lawsuits provoked by local zoning restrictions or "no growth" rulings. They are filtering up to the appeal level. For instance, in Sacramento, McKeon Construction Company, already in and out of the Supreme Court on individual issues, is suing five ardent environmentalists for $80 million on the contention that their arguments led public officials to quash its project. The five have had to issue fund-raising appeals to meet the burden of their defense.

State Building Trades Council president James Lee voiced the special outrage many feel now that the law gives anyone the right to challenge coastal development. He said: "The environmentalists have gone haywire. Down in Montecito a twenty-five-year-old pottery maker whose whole personal worth isn't more than $2000 walked into court and got an injunction to stop a $5-



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million hotel. He doesn't even pay taxes. Yet he can disrupt the economy by a little yelling and screaming about a view being hurt. It is happening all over. The Auburn Dam, on which $150 million has been spent, is stalled. The New Melones Dam on which the U.S. Army Engineers have put $30 million is hauled into court by the ecology nuts. Where does this nonsense lead?"

Some building in California may have stalled, but it has not stopped completely. New houses still go up. Planned developments such as condominiums, community apartments, or stock-ownership cooperatives are in great demand. Large-scale projects have diminished. Communities advertise fifty or one hundred lots these days, not two thousand, as they used to four years ago. Standard subdivisions are still being built. The California Real Estate Commission reports that in early summer the number of filings for subdivision construction reached the highest level in department history; and the number of people clamoring to become real estate salesmen in California rose from the customary two thousand a month to well over five thousand in May. Some construction work may have been accumulating in the pipeline, but it is not easy to square such reports with the contention that California is being "wrecked." Construction jobs this summer, state figures show, were 5.9 percent more numerous than last year, while in the state as a whole nonagricultural jobs increased by only 3.6 percent.

Joseph E. Bodovitz, who managed the highly successful regulation of San Francisco Bay as director of the BCDC, has become executive director of the California Coastal Zone Conservation Commission. He terms the coastal issue "the critical turning point."

"If it had failed, it would have shown that people are not serious about the environment. It would have continued California's commitment to economic growth whatever the consequences. Now everyone recognizes a fundamental change has been ordered by the public."

The legal and legislative challenges do not dismay him. "Environmentalists seldom win battles permanently. They have to keep on fighting. What would be scary would be indifference. It is healthy that the whole state is involved in a serious contest over its development over the next few years."

"Cut, trim, squeeze"

But the coastal regulation initiative was only one of several blows to construction interests. Last September, the California Supreme Court ruled that the legislation requiring environmental impact reports on construction did not, as some thought, apply exclusively to government projects but required it of any private building which involves use of public funds or public authorization. The author of the legislation, Assemblyman John Knox, emphasizes that this was his intention.

"We didn't halt anything. We didn't say an unfavorable impact statement necessitated prohibiting a building. We just wanted public disclosure of the consequences and public discussion of what this meant to the community."

Norman B. Livermore, Jr., state resources director, reports that this makes California the only state to weigh environmental factors in private building as well as public. The case *Friends of Mammoth* v. *Mono County* arose when residents near a lovely chain of lakes in a high wooded canyon on the eastern side of the Sierras, just off the Reno–Los Angeles route, became so irritated at the influx of vacationers that they went to court to counter local approval given an eight-story, one-hundred-and-eighty-four-unit condominium which had not presented an environmental impact report. The word "impact" is ubiquitous in the conservation world these days, but California is still reeling from the results of that decision. It has forced hundreds of projects back for fresh consideration. A later court decision requires such reports even on projects completed prior to passage of the law itself, if these projects have a continuing effect upon the environment.

In 1968, Governor Reagan vetoed plans for the Dos Rios Dam on the Eel River, one of the most abundant water sources in Northern California. He has blue-penciled highway plans which threatened coastal areas or mountain wilderness, and last year he signed the stronger of rival measures proposing a wild-river status for five key northern rivers. But moves to regulate private land use or restrict the freedom of individual property owners run contrary to Reagan's views. His basic aim is to reduce government's regulation of the citizenry. He was vehemently against the coastal protection restrictions. "California is behind most states in land conservation measures," said Dean Wheaton. "Eight years of Reaganism have taken their toll."

The Governor represents the next challenge the environmentalists confront. He has brought his own constitutional initiative to the ballot. This November his plan for limiting taxes will be the only measure before the people at a special election. Reagan's plan would impose on the state a ceiling on spending, confining its revenues to no more than the ratio of state income which is collected from all taxes at present. Over the next fifteen years, this level of permitted dollar expenditure would diminish each year by a fixed percentage. This reflects Reagan's effort to implant his "cut, trim, and squeeze" philosophy on the state and carry it into the future, irrespective of changing obligations, unforeseeable social demands, or environmental costs. The platform is also designed to carry forward his carefully calculated move toward the Republican nomination for the presidency after he leaves office in California in 1975.

It is clear that this issue will face powerful opposition from forces eager to keep California's government flexible and responsive in a time of change. Whether the environmentalists are indeed shapers of California's destiny may be discovered in the extent of their participation in this next major political test.

—MARY ELLEN LEARY

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Holbrooke is the managing editor of *Foreign Policy* magazine.

Mary Ellen Leary is a free-lance reporter who writes about California politics.

The Crystal Year

by L. E. Sissman

The twenty-seventh of this month—almost certainly, like so many of its predecessors, a chill and pewter day with a crack in the west to let the coming winter in—is my wedding anniversary. My fifteenth, to be exact. The sign in a gift shop I sometimes go to says that the fifteenth is the crystal year; if I get diligent and order the monograms in time, I may surprise my wife with some Orrefors or Waterford.

But that's hardly the point or purpose of the occasion. If there is anything in fifteen years of cumulative marriage to mark them besides an arbitrary milepost on the calendar, it's, well, a kind of crystallinity. Five thousand days of union, if not unity, lend a certain distance and clarity to one's view of oneself and one's marriage. And, doubtless, of one's wife. (I realize it is not lately fashionable to stay married, and faithful, for so long; nonetheless we, in all our unconscious gaucherie, have done it, and I think we have little to repent.)

My wife. I have learned a lot about her. She must be among the last of those perfectionistic creatures who itch to pat, fold, and tuck the world into order like a bed, and, though I am not of that vanishing kind, I find myself increasingly in admiration of her gift. To see her asserting herself over matter—the fork pricking the ideal number of steam vents in the top pie crust, the knife slicing its hoop of excess off the pie's circumference with micrometric exactitude—is to see a very grave and honorable human candle lit.

To see her, conversely, lose a long-fought battle over garden weeds or bagworms in the saplings is to see that noble candle snuffed, to be relit again elsewhere. To know mechanisms and to try conclusions is my wife's lesson; though it will never apply to me, I've studied it long and carefully.

Myself. I've learned—by contrast with my wife over these married years—that I will always be a Sunday plumber, a slapdash, intuitive paperer-over of projects and problems. Not for me the unrelenting penetration of the malfunction to its source and the ensuing rebuilding, step by step, of the delicate tissue of structure; instead, I'll coin a phrase or make a law (on no known precedent) to cover it. Patience makes me impatient; I am too slack for rigor; I'm witlessly willing to live by my wits.

My marriage. Surely such opposites disagree? Surely they do. But, just as surely, they don't sunder. There is some cement in opposite-ness, some saving grace and glue in being different. My wife regards me as a friendly curiosity, I'm sure, but one well worth respecting; I think and hope I do the same. Where is there any novel or tetralogy one-half so gripping as the ongoing saga of another person coping with all the vicissitudes of everyday? Where is the bombshell film that captures all the panoply and nuance, all the shadings of face and speech, of a whole life lived in front of one?

But to retrace my steps to the beginning. We entered on this marriage—this frail skiff which has become a stout ship through time and use—in thunder, lightning, and storm at sea. It was the disaffected dead end of the fifties, when so many of us who had started out with bright, simpleminded hopes after the war found we had to take our first tuck of compromise. My wife and I had both been married before; the age of anxiety and a wealth of small, repeated nags like poverty had laid waste both our marriages; now we joined up together in uncertainty, hoping not for radiant new horizons but for a small, plain, homely fresh start, surrounded not by glamorous vistas but by the humble, light-washed things—a crook-legged nightstand, a rusting pair of scissors, a bloomless, pot-bound Christmas cactus, a dog-raveled afghan somebody's mother made—of ordinary life.

It was immediately apparent that our earlier experiences had almost disqualified us for family life. Both of us were proud and touchy, both afraid and ashamed to play the roles we had played and lost at in our former marriages. There was formality and constraint; there were long silences. If we had been living in our former haunt, the city, I think we would have given it up as a bad job, shaken hands, and made off somewhere else. But we had had the good sense or good fortune to pick up our traps and move to the country, where the strangeness of the scene, the days, the seasons was a constant challenge to our senses.

One can't stay rigid and inhibited very long in the face of a new world. Paradoxically, the experience of being caught in an old-fashioned blizzard, with six-foot drifts, a seventy-five-mile-an-hour gale, and a frozen soil pipe thawed us and brought us closer together. In the spring, the assault of growth and greenness from all quarters—the peepers' wall of sound, the first-quarter moon sliding down a dim-lit sky between new leaves, the first tough, tiny crocuses levering themselves up through frozen earth with the muscular power of a Charles Atlas—warmed us and made us, in both senses, sensible. Suddenly we were free of the past, even of our past feckless selves, and free to partake of these un-manmade happenings around us.

My wife's hands took up trowels, almost unconsciously, and began to shape and mold a garden out of dead, clayey soil; my hands picked up a camera and began to record the close-up images of flowers and grasses. I admired her garden; she, my pictures. Accord began to take turns with disharmony; I began to look on her face, in all its changefulness, with a proprietary smile, and she, I think, on mine. We were still different as noon and night and always would be, but our common wonder at the blackbirds, the sound of partridge drumming, the pink puff blossoms of rabbit's-foot clover gave us a single ground to stand

L. E. Sissman is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

on gladly. It was the earth, a place elusive to city people in these times.

We were also drawn together—how simple, how sentimental it now seems—by the dogs we owned. A pair of beagles, purebred but paperless, bought for ten dollars each from a kind farmer who had raised the litter in his cow-fragrant barn, never far from the lows and stomps of the horned cattle. We took our puppies home—already named, Fanny and Daisy, for two of their forebears, since simple names ran amply in that family—and learned all over again the responsible joy of having helpless dependents. It's all been written about dogs, and I don't want to plow that furrowed ground again, but the simple decency and happiness of the two puppies touched us more than we thought possible. Their adventures were our adventures; when they made a discovery, we made it too; and we ran the fields behind them as young as they were—and as innocently reliant on the endlessness of life. That innocence was cured: Daisy was killed by a car when she was just over a year old; Fanny, after a short life plagued by respiratory illnesses, was killed by a car at five. But my wife and I found ourselves united even by that small—by human standards—but incredibly persistent sadness (to this day, we find it difficult to think of Fanny's death).

And there were the houses—not sleek, functional machines for living, but tumbledown engines of survival. I see my wife on a ladder, cigarette in mouth, paint roller in hand, hair in a bandanna, attacking a bare wall we'd scraped eight layers of old paper off; I see her refinishing an eight-dollar junk-shop table—mission oak, a ton of it—for us to dine on; I see her helping me put up the huge, shuddering porch screens, clumsy and flimsy as dobsonfly wings, at the onset of summer; I see her in the chiaroscuro of our low-ceilinged kitchen, baking the first flat biscuits of the strawberry-shortcake season; I see her in a kind of mind's-eye book of hours, tracing the seasons with her pertinacious housework. (I see myself, not incidentally, mostly helping at the fringes, or standing by and getting out of it; I am incorrigibly of the observing kind, not one to see a job of manual work through on my own.)

All these occasions of striving and unity have been ameliorated now, of course. Our present house is relatively new and relatively trouble-free. We can afford to save our labor with more machines than we once possessed. Our dog—a second Fanny from a later litter—is growing old fatly and docilely, kept alive and well because we will not let her run.

Our pleasures are more sere and settled, seen through our fifteen years of crystal light, of testing and discarding and going on from there. But those fields out there still get a rise out of us, and it is touching to see a pine and a blue spruce, tiny when we arrived, now growing to tower over our declining years. Each spring and fall, we make a certain old, fixed pilgrimage over meadows and through orchards in the manner of some mystic praising God. Bluet and violet in spring, woodbine and aster in the fall: these are resurgent evidences of our imbrication, together, as a couple, in the nature of things.

Is this all too high-flown for the flatness of our ordinary days, when we communicate at cross-purposes or maybe, tired out, not at all? I don't think so, for the point of marriage—and perhaps its hope of surviving in a world of such staccato change—is to create a kind of gestalt, a whole greater than the sum of its parts, from just such orts of ordinariness.

We are born alone. We live and die mainly alone. It is not given to us to share wholly the consciousness of another person. But in the long loom of marriage, an intimacy and interpenetration that have little to do with sexuality per se begin to operate. Long-married people are said to come to look alike; even if not, their extended proximity must make them more deeply aware of every changing nuance of each other. Marriage must then be the state closest to true understanding of another, if not as well the state in which real love is nearest to realization.

In any case, I treasure—as you must surely know by now—the years of my marriage and the knowledge they have brought me. I can't begin to tell you what a rare and remarkable person my wife is, any more than I can tell her—in either case I would founder in unbelievability and mawkishness—but I can perhaps convey some of the sense of privilege in pursuing any decent marriage over the years, over the hills, as John Gay wrote, and far away. To come to understand another over time must be among the highest and most difficult of human aspirations.

Mere token as it is and as such gifts must always be, I *will* proceed forthwith to order that monogrammed Waterford. For one who's grown accustomed to my face.

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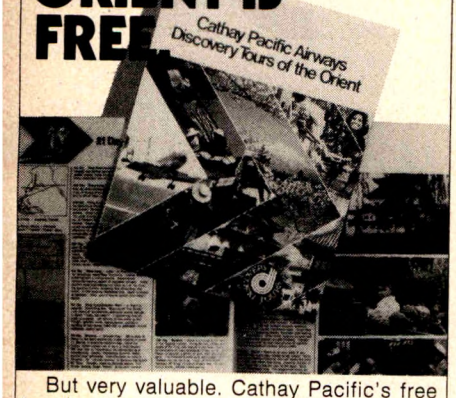

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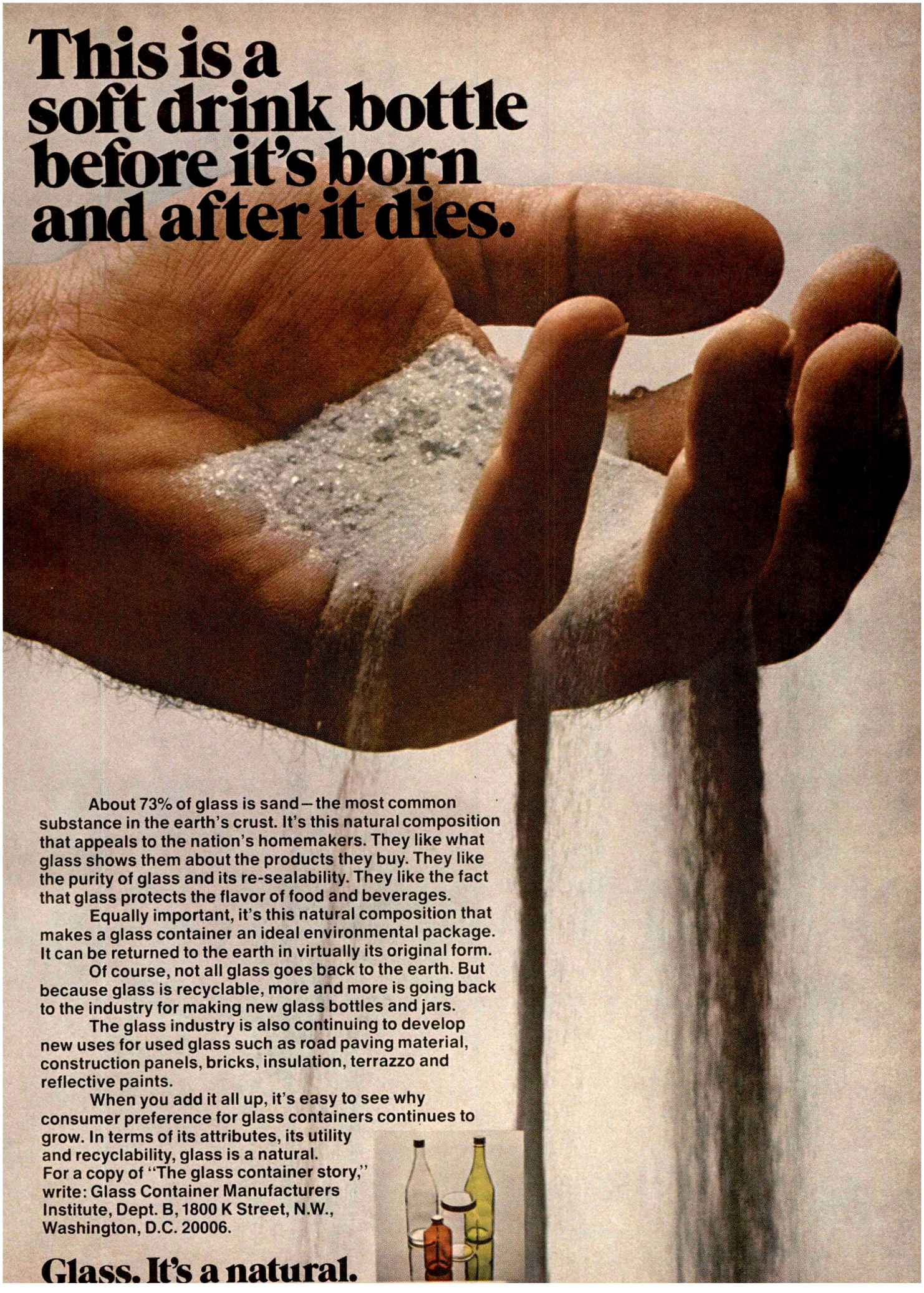

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THE MAIL

MORE ON HOUSEWIVES

SIR: John Kenneth Galbraith (in "The Economics of the American Housewife," August *Atlantic*) presents such a generalized and simplified picture of the plight of American housewives that he not only misleads but poorly serves the worthwhile cause of women's liberation.

First, his portrait of American wives as complete housewives is incorrect. Actually, nearly half of American wives in husband-wife families hold jobs for which they receive monetary wages. In 1970, in 20,281,000 of 44,739,000 husband-wife headed families, that is in approximately *45* percent, *both* the wife and the husband worked.

Second, the high percentage of working wives makes questionable Galbraith's thesis that the expansion of consumption is made possible by unpaid household labor of wives. It is more likely that the expansion of consumption is made possible by the income which the working wife brings to the family. Glance at the statistics: in 1970, the percentage of family income contributed by job-holding wives was 25.7 percent for white families and 31.4 percent for black families. It was the wives' income that put these families into the middle class. Thus for nearly half of the husband-wife families, Galbraith's thesis is of dubious validity.

There is no reason to assume that in families with income-earning wives the wife does all the household labor, nor that the husband makes all crucial family decisions. The reality is undoubtedly more complicated. The wife simply does not have the time to do *all* the household labor Galbraith describes, because she is out of the house, at least part of the time, at a job.

Furthermore, although 55 percent of the husband-wife families in 1970 did not have income-earning wives, it would be false to assume that in these families the wives never earn an income while married. It is more likely that they are in and out of the job market, earning money needed for special consumer purchases, such as earning the down payment of a house or saving for a baby, then dropping out of the market.

RONALD C. TOBEY
Riverside, Calif.

SIR: With respect to John Kenneth Galbraith's justification "for a period of time to discriminate affirmatively" in order to compensate for past as well as present exclusion of women and minorities from many occupations and educational opportunities:

A social policy which has as a premise the validity of "group fair shares" instead of individual merit is not easily reconcilable with a fundamental tenet of liberalism, an emphasis on the integrity and worth of the individual in society.

If society is to pursue *at present* a manner of discrimination in order to compensate for *past* injustices, then in the *future* society again will have to discriminate positively (or "affirmatively") in order to compensate for those injustices of the *present,* and so on!

While recognizing Galbraith's concern about the discrimination practiced in the name of certain convenient social virtues, we ought to consider Ernest van den Haag's contention that a society which attributes a higher priority to the social virtue of equality than to that of justice inevitably becomes unjust.

Social conscience demands affirmative *nondiscrimination.* Nothing less is morally and ethically acceptable. But anything more cannot be reconciled with justice.

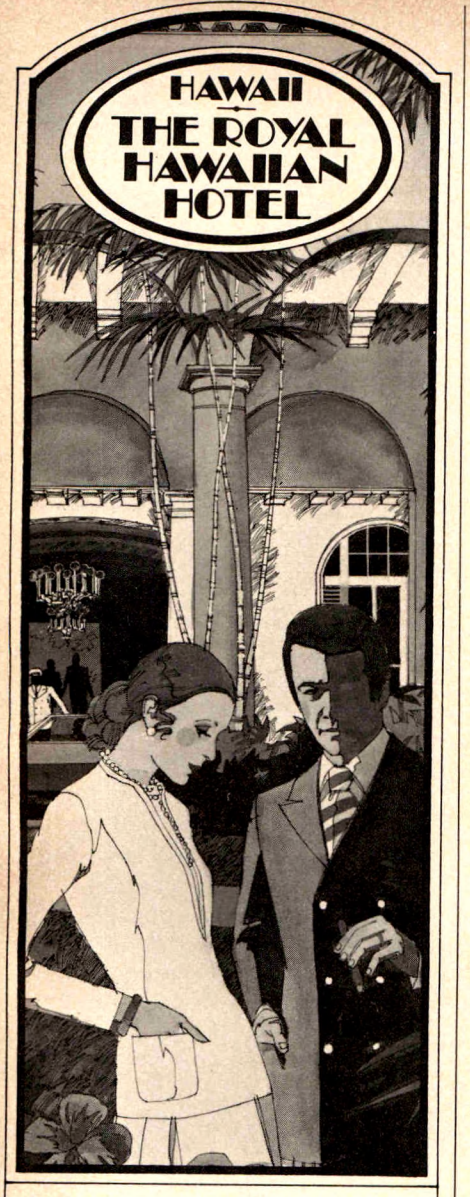
JAMES A. GOLDMAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

HISTORY AS MIRROR

SIR: *The Atlantic* shows perception and sensitivity in publishing "Farming and Mining" and "The Last of the West" along with Barbara Tuchman's "History as Mirror" in its September issue. The acts of the *tarde-venus,* who burned the very resources that provided their livings, compare in a striking way to those today who strip-mine the earth for their short-term gain, and then move on.

Yet Ms. Tuchman is naïve to take comfort from the fact that man today perhaps is no better or worse than his brother of the past. The result of today's plundering is different, not only in its quantity but, more disastrously, in its quality. Medieval lands could restore themselves after burning, but strip-mining creates irreversible damage.

PETER WILD
Chairman, Wilderness Committee
Arizonans for Quality Environment
Tucson, Ariz.



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SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

SIR: Barbara Tuchman is in error when she says that "Chaucer, from what I have read, passes it [the Black Death] over in silence." In *The Pardoner's Tale,* one of the finest stories of *The Canterbury Tales,* lines 208-229 contain obvious references to the Black Death, the key lines being: " 'He hath a thousand slayn, this pestilence' " (217) and " 'The child seith sooth, for he [the pestilence] hath slayn this yer,/Henne over a myle, withinne a greet village,/Bothe man and woman, child, and hyne, and/ page' " (224-227).

MORTON SHAPIRO
Department of English
University of North Carolina
Charlotte, N.C.

SIR: I am not comforted by Barbara Tuchman's assurances that mankind, as a species, will survive. This has not really been in doubt (unless a nuclear devastation so pervasive as to eliminate man leaves the earth to a more adaptable species).

For human beings living through a period of plague, tyranny, warfare, or other violence, the concern is individual and family survival. In the long run, as we are often reminded, we'll all be dead.

A view that long is for the biologist, not the historian.

MIRIAM COHEN
Newton Highlands, Mass.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: The article on "The Menlo Park Police" by Patricia Lynden in the September *Atlantic* is very good indeed in its emphasis on the community role of the police. However, she perhaps overstates the situation when she describes a reduction in cases of "assaults on police officers" of 150 percent since 1969. Such a reduction would not only be a magnificent achievement but borders on the impossible.

DAVID L. MACFARLANE
McGill University
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Patricia Lynden replies:

I regret the error. Assaults for 1969 totaled 24: for 1972 the figure was 8. The result, of course, was a 66⅔ percent decrease in assaults on police officers for the three-year period.

SIR: When my son was very young, he once asked me, "Mother, why did God have to make it rain today?" Then, looking skyward, he stamped his foot and added, "I've a notion to get Him down from there!"

This epitomizes the feeling I had when I read in the September *Atlantic* the title of an article by Paul O'Neil, "How Now World's Greatest Cow?" An article on animal husbandry in *The Atlantic?*

I had not the faintest intention of reading this cow article, but curiosity got the better of me, and, once into it, a horrible fascination held me to the end. It told me, even convinced me, of things I did not wish to know and tried to refuse to believe. It was about cows, true enough, but its implications involving the rest of the animal world, including humans, were plain to be seen. Does love, or even desire, play any necessary part in the begetting of offspring? Nonsense! It can all be done by science. The steers used as stand-ins for procreation in cows have their counterparts in the Masters and Johnson surrogates for human sexual passion. Computers are the new saviors of the world.

I thank you, editors, for the grace note that preceded the cow article, the poem "Rest" by John Hall Wheelock. I needed that badly.

FAYE C. LEWIS, M.D.
Webster City, Iowa

SIR: In the June issue L. E. Sissman writes: "This does not mean that I posit a nation of pot-makers squatting at their wheels."

One cannot squat at a potter's wheel. You have to sit on a stool. One foot braces and the other turns (kicks) the treadle. One cannot even sit hunched, as the kicking motion requires you to sit fairly erect for leverage.

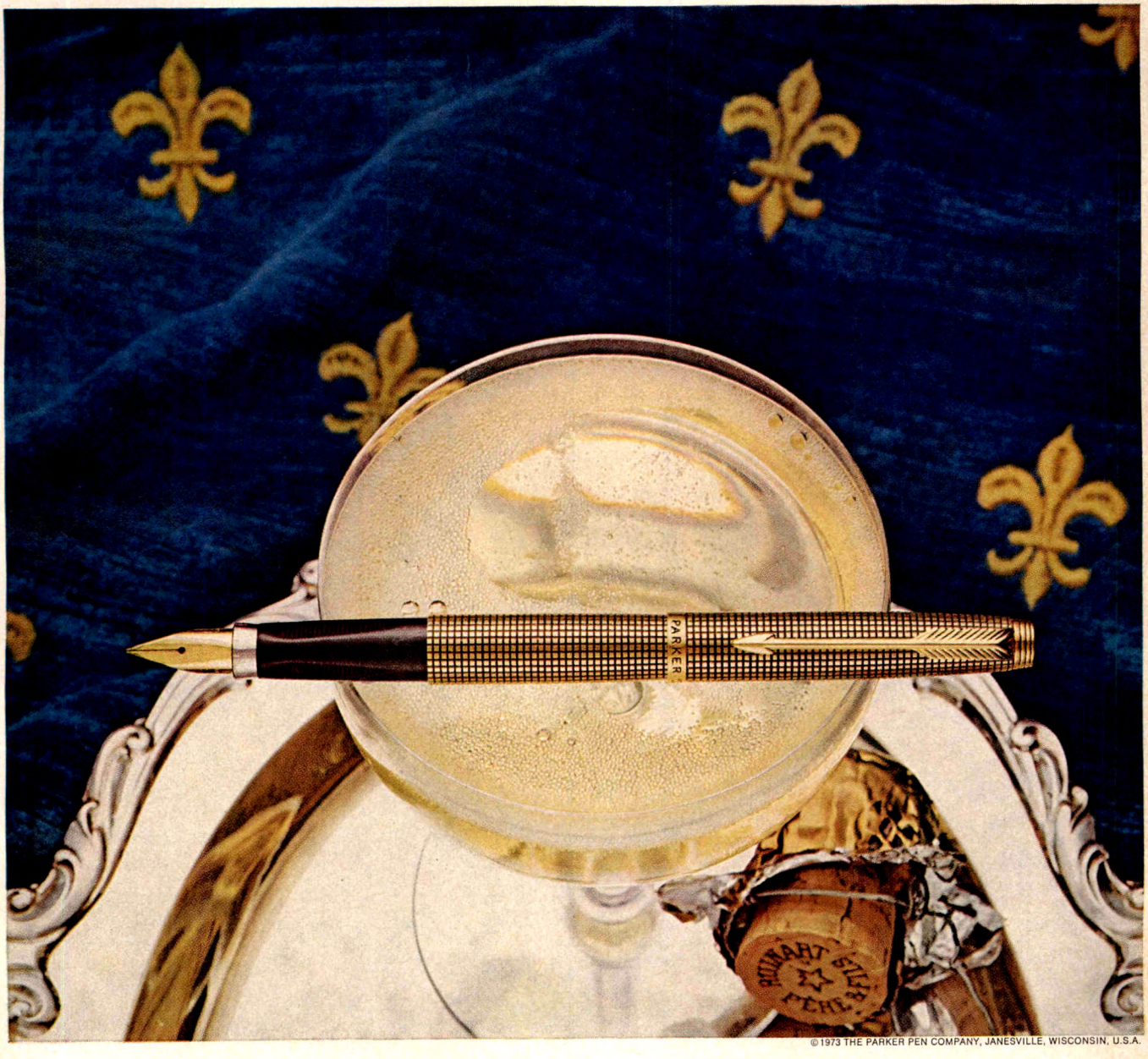
B. J. GRANTIER
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

L. E. Sissman replies:

Hmm.

The Atlantic welcomes communications from readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless stipulated, is free for publication in our letters column.

PARKER 75



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THE Atlantic
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THE RUNAWAY PRESIDENCY

by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

"Watergate is potentially the best thing to have happened to the presidency in a long time. If the trails are followed to their end, many, many years will pass before another White House staff dares take the liberties with the Constitution and the laws the Nixon White House has taken."

I

"The tyranny of the legislature is really the danger most to be feared, and will continue to be so for many years to come," Jefferson wrote Madison six weeks before Washington's first inauguration. "The tyranny of the executive power will come in its turn, but at a more distant period." On the eve of the second centennial of independence, Jefferson's prophecy appears almost on the verge of fulfillment. The imperial presidency, created by wars abroad, has made a bold bid for power at home. The belief of the Nixon Administration in its own mandate and in its own virtue, compounded by its conviction that the republic has been in mortal danger from internal enemies, has produced an unprecedented concentration of power in the White House and an unprecedented attempt to transform the presidency of the Constitution into a plebiscitary presidency. If this transformation is carried through, the President, instead of being accountable every day to Congress and public opinion, will be accountable every four years to the electorate. Between elections, the President will be accountable only through impeachment and will govern, as much as he can, by decree. The expansion and abuse of presidential power constitute the underlying issue, the issue that Watergate has raised to the surface, dramatized, and made politically accessible.

In giving great power to Presidents, Americans have declared their faith in the winnowing processes of politics. They have assumed that these processes, whether operating through the electoral college or later through the congressional caucus or still later through the party conventions, will eliminate aspirants to the presidency who reject the written restraints of the Constitution and the unwritten restraints of the republican ethos.

Through most of American history that assumption has been justified. "Not many Presidents have been brilliant," James Bryce observed in 1921, "some have not risen to the full moral height of the position. But none has been base or unfaithful to his trust, none has tarnished the honour of the nation." Even as Bryce wrote, however, his observation was falling out of date—Warren G. Harding had just been inaugurated—and half a century later his optimism appears as much the function of luck as of any necessity in the constitutional order. Today the pessimism of the Supreme Court in an 1866 decision, *ex parte Milligan,* seems a good deal more prescient. The nation, as Justice Davis wrote for the Court then, has "no right to expect that it will always have wise and humane rulers, sincerely attached to the principles of the Constitution. Wicked men, ambitious of power, with hatred of

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liberty and contempt of law, may fill the place once occupied by Washington and Lincoln."

The presidency has been in crisis before; but the constitutional offense that led to the impeachment of Andrew Johnson was trivial compared to the charges now accumulating around the Nixon Administration. There are, indeed, constitutional offenses here too—the abuse of impoundment and executive privilege, for example; or the secret air war against Cambodia in 1969-1970, unauthorized by and unknown to Congress; or the prosecution of the war in Vietnam after the repeal of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution; or the air war against Cambodia after the total withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam. But these, like Andrew Johnson's far less consequential defiance of the Tenure of Office Act, are questions that a President may more or less plausibly insist lie within a range of executive discretion. The Johnson case has discredited impeachment as a means of resolving arguable disagreements over the interpretation of the Constitution in advance of final judgment by the Supreme Court.

What is unique in the history of the presidency is the long list of potential *criminal* charges against the Nixon Administration. The investigations in process suggest that Nixon's appointees were engaged in a multitude of indictable activities: at the very least, in burglary; in forgery; in illegal wiretapping; in illegal electronic surveillance; in perjury; in subornation of perjury; in obstruction of justice; in destruction of evidence; in tampering with witnesses; in misprision of felony; in bribery (of the Watergate defendants); in acceptance of bribes (from Vesco and ITT); in conspiracy to involve government agencies (the FBI, the CIA, the Secret Service, the IRS, the Securities and Exchange Commission) in illegal action.

As for the President himself, he has denied that he knew either about the warfare of espionage and sabotage waged by his agents against his opponents or about the subsequent cover-up. If Nixon knew about these things, he obviously conspired against the basic processes of democracy. If he really did not know and for nine months did not bother to find out, he is surely an irresponsible and incompetent executive. For, if he did not know, it can only be because he did not want to know. He had all the facilities in the world for discovering the facts. The courts and posterity will have to decide whether the *Spectator* of London is right in its harsh judgment that in two centuries American history has come full circle "from George Washington, who could not tell a lie, to Richard Nixon, who cannot tell the truth."

Whether Nixon himself was witting or unwitting, what is clearly beyond dispute is his responsibility for the moral atmosphere within his official family. White House aides do not often do things they know their principal would not wish them to do—a proposition which I and dozens of other former White House aides can certify from experience. It is the President who both sets the example and picks the men. What standards did Nixon establish for his White House? He himself has admitted that in 1970, till J. Edgar Hoover forced him to change his mind, he authorized a series of criminal actions in knowing violation of the laws and the Constitution—authorization that would appear to be in transgression both of his presidential oath to preserve the Constitution and of his constitutional duty to see that the laws are faithfully executed. In 1971, as he has also admitted, he commissioned the White House plumbers, who set out so soon thereafter on their career of burglary, wiretapping, and forgery. "From the time when the break-in occurred," he said of the Watergate affair in August, 1973, "I pressed repeatedly to know the facts, and particularly whether there was any involvement of anyone in the White House"; but two obvious sources—John Mitchell, his intimate friend, former law partner, former Attorney General, head of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, and Patrick Gray, acting director of the FBI itself—have both testified under oath that he never got around to pressing them. He even, through John Ehrlichman, asked the Ellsberg judge in the midst of the trial whether he would not like to be head of the FBI. And he continues to hold up Ehrlichman and Haldeman as models to the nation—"two of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know."

Nixon, in short, created the Nixon White House. "There was no independent sense of morality there," said Hugh Sloan, who served in the Nixon White House for two years. ". . . If you worked for someone, he was God, and whatever the orders were, you did it. . . . It was all so narrow, so closed. . . . There emerged some kind of separate morality about things." "Because of a certain atmosphere that had developed in my working at the White House," said Jeb Stuart Magruder, "I was not as concerned about its illegality as I should have been." "The White House is another world,"

Professor Schlesinger, author of *The Age of Jackson* and three volumes of his work *The Age of Roosevelt,* and a former Assistant to President John Kennedy, will shortly publish *The Imperial Presidency,* from which this article is drawn.

said John Dean. "Expediency is everything." "No one who had been in the White House," said Tom Charles Huston, "could help but feel he was in a state of siege." "On my first or second day in the White House," said Herbert Porter, "Dwight Chapin [the President's appointments secretary] said to me, 'One thing you should realize early on, we are practically an island here.' That was the way the world was viewed." The "original sin," Porter felt, was the "misuse" of young people "through the whole White House system. They were not criminals by birth or design. Left to their own devices, they wouldn't engage in this sort of thing. Someone had to be telling them to do it." Gordon Strachan told of his excitement at "being twenty-seven years old and walking into the White House and seeing the President"; but, when asked what word he had for other young men who wanted to come to Washington and enter the public service, he said grimly, "My advice would be to stay away."

This is not the White House we have known—those of us, Democrats or Republicans, who served other Presidents in other years. Appointment to the White House of Roosevelt or Truman or Eisenhower or Kennedy or Johnson seemed the highest responsibility one could expect and therefore required higher standards of behavior than most of us had recognized before. And most of us look back at our White House experience, not with shame and incredulity, as the Nixon young men do, but as the most exhilarating time in our lives. Government, as Clark Clifford says, is a chameleon, taking its color from the character and personality of the President.

Moreover, Nixon's responsibility for the White House ethos goes beyond strictly moral considerations. In the First Congress, Madison, arguing that the power to remove government officials must belong to the President, added, "We have in him the security for the good behavior of the officer." This makes "the President responsible to the public for the conduct of the person he has nominated and appointed." If the President suffers executive officials to perpetrate crimes or neglects to superintend their conduct so as to check excesses, he himself, Madison said, is subject to "the decisive engine of impeachment."

II

The crisis of the presidency has led some critics to advocate a reconstruction of the institution itself. For a long time people have felt that the job was becoming too much for one man to handle. "Men of ordinary physique and discretion," Woodrow Wilson wrote as long ago as 1908, "cannot be Presidents and live, if the strain be not somehow relieved. We shall be obliged always to be picking our chief magistrate from among wise and prudent athletes,—a small class."

But what was seen until the late 1950s as too exhausting physically is now seen, after Vietnam and Watergate, as too dizzying psychologically. In 1968 Eugene McCarthy, the first liberal presidential aspirant in the century to run against the presidency, called for the depersonalization and decentralization of the office. The White House, he thought, should be turned into a museum. Instead of trying to lead the nation, the President should become "a kind of channel" for popular desires and aspirations. Watergate has made the point irresistible. "The office has become too complex and its reach too extended," writes Barbara Tuchman, "to be trusted to the fallible judgment of any one individual." "A man with poor judgment, an impetuous man, a sick man, a power-mad man," adds Max Lerner, "each would be dangerous in the post. Even an able, sensitive man needs stronger safeguards around him than exist today."

The result is a new wave of proposals to transform the presidency into a collegial institution. Mrs. Tuchman suggests a six-man directorate with a rotating chairman, each member to serve for a year, as in Switzerland. Lerner wants to give the President a Council of State, a body that he would be bound by law to consult and that, because half its members would be from Congress and some from the opposite party, would presumably give him independent advice. Both proposals were, in fact, considered and rejected at the Constitutional Convention.

Hamilton and Jefferson disagreed on many things, but they agreed that the convention had been right in deciding on a one-man presidency. A plural executive, Hamilton contended, if divided within itself, would lead the country into factionalism and anarchy and, if united, could lead it into tyranny. When power was placed in the hands of a group small enough to admit "of their interests and views being easily combined in a common enterprise, by an artful leader," Hamilton thought, "it becomes more liable to abuse, and more dangerous when abused, than if it be lodged in the hands of one man, who, from the very circumstances of his being alone, will be more narrowly watched and more readily suspected." With a single executive it was possible to fix accountability. But a directorate "would serve to destroy, or would greatly diminish, the intended and necessary responsibility of the Chief Magistrate himself."

Jefferson had favored a plural executive under the Articles of Confederation, and, as an American

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in Paris, he watched with sympathy the Directoire of the French Revolution. But these experiments left him no doubt that plurality was a mistake. As he later observed, if Washington's Cabinet, in which he had served with Hamilton, had been a directorate, "the opposing wills would have balanced each other and produced a state of absolute inaction." But Washington, after listening to both sides, acted on his own, providing the "regulating power which would keep the machine in steady movement." History, moreover, furnished "as many examples of a single usurper arising out of a government by a plurality, as of temporary trusts of power in a single hand rendered permanent by usurpation."

The question remains whether the world has changed enough in two centuries to make these objections obsolete. There is, of course, the burden-of-the-presidency argument. But is the presidential burden so much heavier than ever before? The scope of the national government has expanded beyond imagination, but so too have the facilities for presidential management. The only President who clearly died of overwork was Polk, and that was a long time ago. Hoover, who worked intensely and humorlessly as President, lived for more than thirty years after the White House; Truman, who worked intensely and gaily, lived for twenty. The contemporary President is really not all that overworked. Eisenhower managed more golf than most corporation officials or college presidents; Kennedy always seemed unhurried and relaxed; Nixon spends almost as much time in Florida and California as in Washington, or so it appears. Johnson's former press secretary, George Reedy, has dealt with the myth of the presidential work load in terms that rejoice anyone who has ever served in the White House. "There is far less to the presidency, in terms of essential activity," Reedy correctly says, "than meets the eye." The President can fill his hours with as much motion as he desires; but he also can delegate as much "work" as he desires. "A president moves through his days surrounded by literally hundreds of people whose relationship to him is that of a doting mother to a spoiled child. Whatever he wants is brought to him immediately—food, drink, helicopters, airplanes, people, in fact, everything but relief from his political problems."

As for the moral and psychological weight of these political problems, this is real enough. All major presidential decisions are taken in conditions of what General Marshall, speaking of battle, used to call "chronic obscurity"—that is, on the basis of incomplete and probably inaccurate intelligence, with no sure knowledge where the enemy is or even where one's own men are. This can be profoundly anguishing for reasonably sensitive Presidents, especially when decisions determine people's livelihoods or end their lives. It was this, and not the work load, that did in Wilson and the second Roosevelt. But is the sheer moral weight of decision greater today than ever before? Greater for Johnson and Nixon than for Washington and Lincoln or Wilson or FDR? I doubt it very much.

If there is an argument for a plural executive, it is not the alleged burden of the presidency. The serious argument is simply to keep one man from wielding too much power. But here the points of Hamilton and Jefferson still have validity. The Council of Ten in Venice was surely as cruel as any doge. One wonders whether a six-man presidency would have prevented the war in Vietnam. It might well, however, have prevented the New Deal. The single-man presidency, with the right man as President, has its uses; and historically Americans have as often as not chosen the right man.

The idea of a Council of State has more plausibility. But it works better for foreign than for domestic policy. A prudent President is well advised to convoke ad hoc Councils of State on issues of war and peace. Kennedy added outsiders to his Executive Committee during the Cuban missile crisis; and it was an ad hoc Council of State in March, 1968, that persuaded Johnson to cease and desist in Vietnam. But, as an institutionalized body, with membership the ex officio perquisite of the senior leadership of House and Senate—that is, of the men in Congress who in the past have always been inclined to go along with Presidents—it could easily become simply one more weapon for a strong President. As Gouverneur Morris said at the Constitutional Convention, the President "by persuading his Council . . . to concur in his wrong measures would acquire their protection for them."

Above all, both the plural executive and the Council of State are open to the objection that most concerned the Founding Fathers—the problem of fixing accountability. In the case of high crimes and misdemeanors, who, to put it bluntly, is to be impeached? The solution surely lies not in blurring responsibility for the actions of the executive but in making that responsibility categorical and in finding ways of holding Presidents to it.

III

The other change in the institution of the presidency under discussion runs in the opposite direction. The idea of a single six-year presidential term is obviously designed not to reduce but to increase the independence of the

presidency. This idea naturally appeals to the imperial ethos. Lyndon Johnson advocated it; Nixon has commended it to his Commission on Federal Election Reform for particular study. What is more puzzling is that it also has the support of two eminent senators, both unsympathetic to the imperial presidency, Mike Mansfield of Montana and George Aiken of Vermont—support that gives it a hearing it would not otherwise have had.

It is not a new idea. Andrew Jackson recommended to Congress an amendment limiting Presidents to a single term of four to six years; Andrew Johnson did the same; the Confederate Constitution provided for a single six-year term. Mansfield and Aiken now press their version on the ground, as Mansfield says, that a six-year term would "place the Office of the Presidency in a position that transcends as much as possible partisan political considerations." The amendment, says Aiken, "would allow a President to devote himself entirely to the problems of the Nation and would free him from the millstone of partisan politics."

This argument has a certain old-fashioned good-government plausibility. How nice it would be if Presidents could be liberated from politics for six years and set free to do only what is best for the country! But the argument assumes that Presidents know better than anyone else what is best for the country and that the democratic process is an obstacle to wise decisions. It assumes that Presidents are so generally right and the people so generally wrong that the President has to be protected against political pressures. It is, in short, a profoundly antidemocratic position. It is also profoundly unrealistic to think that any constitutional amendment could transport a President to some higher and more immaculate realm and still leave the United States a democracy. As Thomas Corcoran told the Senate Judiciary Committee during hearings on the Mansfield-Aiken amendment, "It is impossible to take politics out of politics."

But, even if it were possible to take the presidency out of politics, is there reason to suppose this desirable? The electorate often knows things that Presidents do not know; and the nation has already paid a considerable price for presidential isolation and ignorance. Few things are more likely to make Presidents sensitive to public opinion than worrying about their own political future. Moreover, if public opinion is at times a baneful influence, what else is democracy all about? The need to persuade the nation of the soundness of a proposed policy is the heart of democracy. "A President immunized from political considerations," Clark Clifford told the Senate Judiciary Committee, "is a President who need not listen to the people, respond to majority sentiment, or pay attention to views that may be diverse, intense and perhaps at variance with his own."

The Mansfield-Aiken amendment expresses distrust of the democratic process in still another way—by its bar against re-eligibility. If anything is of the essence of democracy, it is surely that the voters should have an unconstrained choice of their leaders. "I can see no propriety," George Washington wrote the year after the adoption of the Constitution, "in precluding ourselves from the service of any man, who on some great emergency shall be deemed universally most capable of serving the public."

IV

Oddly, the crisis of the imperial presidency has not elicited much support for what at other times has been a favored theory of constitutional reform: movement in the direction of the British parliamentary system. This is particularly odd because, whatever the general balance of advantage between the parliamentary and presidential modes, the parliamentary system has one feature the presidential system badly needs now—the requirement that the head of government be compelled at regular intervals to explain and defend his policies in face-to-face sessions with the political opposition. Few devices, it would seem, are better calculated both to break down the real isolation of the latter-day presidency and to dispel the spurious reverence that has come to envelop the office.

In a diminished version, applying only to members of the Cabinet, the idea is nearly as old as the republic itself. The proposal that Cabinet members should go on to the floor of Congress to answer questions and take part in debate, "far from raising any constitutional difficulties," as E. S. Corwin once observed, "has the countenance of early practice under the Constitution." The Confederate Constitution authorized Congress to grant the head of each executive department "a seat upon the floor of either House, with the privilege of discussing any measures appertaining to his department," and Congressman George H. Pendleton of Ohio, with the support of Congressman James A. Garfield, argued for a similar proposal in the Union Congress in 1864. In his last annual message, President William Howard Taft suggested that Cabinet members be given access to the floor in order, as he later put it, "to introduce measures, to advocate their passage, to answer questions, and to enter into debate as if they were members, without of course the right to vote. . . . The time lost in Congress over useless discussion of issues that

might be disposed of by a single statement from the head of a department, no one can appreciate unless he has filled such a place."

In the meantime, the young Woodrow Wilson carried the idea a good deal further toward the British model, arguing that Cabinet members should not just sit voteless in Congress but should be actually chosen "from the ranks of the legislative majority." Instead of the chaotic and irresponsible system of government by congressional committees, the republic would then have Cabinet government and ministerial responsibility. Though Wilson did not renew this specific proposal in later years, it very likely lingered in the back of his mind. On the eve of his first inauguration he noted that the position of the presidency was "quite abnormal, and must lead eventually to something very different." "Sooner or later," the President must be made "answerable to opinion in a somewhat more informal and intimate fashion—answerable, it may be, to the Houses whom he seeks to lead, either personally or through a cabinet, as well as to the people for whom they speak. But that is a matter to be worked out."

Wilson never found time to work it out. Today there appears to be little interest in reforms that squint at parliamentarianism. This may be in part because the parliamentary regimes best known in America—the British and French—have themselves moved in the direction of prime-ministerial or presidential government and offer few guarantees against the Vietnam-Watergate effect.

V

The problem of reining in the runaway presidency centers a good deal more at the moment on substantive than on structural solutions. Congress, in other words, has decided it can best restrain the presidency by enacting specific legislation in the conspicuous fields of presidential abuse. The main author of this comprehensive congressional attack on presidential supremacy, well before he assumed the chairmanship of the Senate Select Committee investigating Watergate, has been Senator Sam Ervin of North Carolina.

The republic owes a great deal to Sam Ervin. No one for a long time has done so much to educate the American people in the meaning and majesty of the Constitution (though his Constitution seems to stop with the ten amendments adopted in 1791; at least he does not show the same fervor about the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments as he does about the First and Fourth). For most Americans the Constitution has become a hazy document, cited like the Bible on ceremonial occasions but forgotten in the daily transactions of life. For Ervin the Constitution, like the Bible, is superbly alive and fresh. He quotes it as if it had been written the day before; the Founding Fathers seem his contemporaries; it is almost as if he has ambled over from the Convention at Philadelphia. He is a true believer who endows his faith with abundant charm, decency, sagacity, and toughness. The old-fashioned Constitution—"the very finest document ever to come from the mind of men"—could have no more fitting champion in the battle against the imperial presidency.

But Ervin is concerned with more than the vindication of the Constitution. His larger design is to establish a new balance of constitutional power. Congress itself, Ervin thinks, has negligently become "the chief aggrandizer of the Executive." The restoration of the Constitution, he believes, requires the systematic recovery by Congress of powers appropriated by the presidency. The bills designed to constrain presidential war powers are, in his view, a confused and sloppy application of this strategy; he has little use for them. His own approach, direct and unequivocal, is expressed in the bill in which he proposes to give Congress absolute authority to veto executive agreements within sixty days. Congress never had, or even seriously sought, such authority before. While the provocation is real enough, the bill, if enacted, would give Congress unprecedented control over the presidential conduct of foreign affairs.

A leading item on Ervin's domestic agenda is executive privilege. This question has been historically one of conflicting and unresolved constitutional claims. In the nineteenth century, while insisting on a general congressional right to executive information, Congress acknowledged a right, or at least a power, of presidential denial in specific areas. It acquiesced in these reservations because they seemed reasonable and because responsible opinion saw them as reasonable. But what Congress saw as an expression of constitutional comity, Presidents in the later twentieth century—Nixon above all—have come to see as their inherent and unreviewable constitutional right.

Ervin, in response, has introduced a bill requiring members of the executive branch summoned by a committee of Congress to appear in person, even if they intend to claim executive privilege. Only a personal letter from the President could warrant the claim; and the bill gives the committee the power to decide whether the presidential plea is justified. In the words of Senator William Fulbright, it places "the final responsibility for judging the validity of a claim of executive privilege in the Congress, where it belongs."

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A presidential thesis in violation of the traditional comity between the two branches has thus produced a congressional answer that would itself do away with what has been not only a historic but a healthy ambiguity. For one hundred and eighty years the arbiter in this question has been neither Congress nor the President nor the courts but the political context and process, with responsible opinion considering each case more or less on merit and turning against whichever side appears to be overreaching itself. The system is not tidy, but it encourages a measure of restraint on both sides and has avoided a constitutional showdown. Now absolute presidential claims have provoked an absolute congressional response. Would this really be an improvement? Would Ervin and Fulbright themselves twenty years earlier have wanted to give Joe McCarthy and his committee "the final responsibility" to judge whether executive testimony could be properly withheld?

Next on the Ervin agenda stands the restoration of congressional control over something it has thought it had anyway—the power of the purse. This means a solution of the problem of presidential impoundment. Impoundment existed before Nixon, but no previous President used it to overturn statutes and abolish programs against congressional will. For Nixon, impoundment is a means of taking from Congress the determination of national priorities.

The courts have been more willing to grasp the nettle of impoundment than they were, at least at the start, in the case of executive privilege. In decision after decision this year, judges have declared one aspect after another of the impoundment policy illegal. No judge has accepted Nixon's claim that he has a "constitutional right" not to spend money voted by Congress. One judge calls his use of impoundment "a flagrant abuse of executive discretion." "It is not within the discretion of the Executive," says another, "to refuse to execute laws passed by Congress but with which the Executive presently disagrees." The decisions are, however, as they should be, constructions of specific statutes and stop short of proposing a general solution to the impoundment controversy.

Though the courts have rallied splendidly, it is not really very satisfactory to have to sue the executive branch in every case in order to make it carry out programs duly enacted by Congress. But Congress itself has found it hard to make a stand on the Constitution. For Nixon has changed the issue with some success from a constitutional to a budgetary question. Impoundment, in other words, is alleged as the only answer a fiscally responsible President can make to insensate congressional extravagance. Sam Ervin derides this proposition. "Congress," he says, "is not composed of wild-eyed spenders, nor is the President the embattled crusader against wasteful spending that he would have you believe." The figures bear Ervin out. Congress, for example, cut more than $20 billion from Administration appropriation requests in Nixon's first term. Congress and the presidency roughly agree on the amount of money government should spend but disagree, as Ervin puts it, "over spending priorities and [the President's] authority to pick and choose what programs he will fund." Impoundment, says Ervin, has to do not with the budget but with the separation of powers.

It is a political fact, fully recognized by Ervin, that anti-impoundment legislation will have to be accompanied by new evidences of congressional self-control in spending. Ervin is personally a budget-balancer anyway. So his impoundment bill includes a spending ceiling. The bill, as passed by the Senate in 1973, also has certain eccentricities for a constitutional fundamentalist. After a clear statement in Section 1 that impoundment is unconstitutional, subsequent sections say that nevertheless the President is authorized to commit this unconstitutional act for periods up to seventy days. Thereafter impoundments not covered by the anti-deficiency acts (which permit the executive to impound funds not required to achieve the purpose of a statute) must cease unless Congress specifically approves them by concurrent resolution. The House, on the other hand, is quite willing to let impoundments stand unless specifically disapproved by one house of Congress. Both bills legitimize impoundment; but, where the House would place the burden on Congress in each case to stop impoundment, Ervin would place the burden on the President in each case to justify impoundment.

VI

In one area after another, with the concealed passion and will of a deceptively relaxed personality, Ervin is moving to restore the balance of the Constitution by cutting the presidency down to constitutional size. However, his is the Constitution not of Abraham Lincoln but of *ex parte Milligan.* "What the framers intended," he says, "was that the President . . . should be merely the executor of a power of decision that rests elsewhere; that is, in the Congress. This was the balance of power between the President and Congress intended by the Constitution." The "ultimate power," Ervin says, is "legislative."

Both Nixon and Ervin are wrong in supposing that the matter can be settled by shifting the balance of power in a decisive way to one branch or the other.

It is hard to know how literally to take the Ervin scheme. If it sounds at times like an effort to replace presidential government by congressional government, it must be remembered that the Ervin proposals have been provoked by an attempt to alter the nature of the system. Ervin and his colleagues are fighting to protect Congress from the plebiscitary presidency, not to frustrate the leadership of a President who recognizes his accountability to Congress and the Constitution. Yet, if taken literally, the Ervin scheme is a scheme of presidential subordination. Where presidential abuse of particular powers has harmed the country, those powers are now to be vested in Congress. Pursued to the end, the Ervin scheme could produce a national polity which would be almost as overbalanced in the direction of congressional supremacy as the Nixon scheme is in the direction of presidential supremacy.

The Ervin counterattack thus runs the risk of creating a generation of weak Presidents in an age when the turbulence of race, poverty, inflation, crime, and urban decay is straining the delicate bonds of national cohesion and demanding, quite as much as in the 1930s, a strong domestic presidency to hold the country together. For Sam Ervin is of the pure Jeffersonian school, like the old Tertium Quids who felt that Jefferson and Madison, in building up the presidency and seeing the national government as an instrument of the general welfare, had deserted the true faith.

The pure Jeffersonian doctrine was a witness rather than a policy, which is why Jefferson and Madison themselves abandoned it. The pure Jeffersonian idea of decentralized power receded in the course of American history because local government simply did not offer the means to attain Jeffersonian ends. In practice, pure Jeffersonianism meant a system under which the strongest local interests, whether planters, landlords, merchants, bankers, or industrialists, consolidated their control and oppressed the rest; it meant all power to the neighborhood oligarchs. Theodore Roosevelt explained at the start of the twentieth century why Hamiltonian means had become necessary to achieve Jeffersonian ends, how national authority was the only effective means of correcting injustice in a national society. "If Jefferson were living in our day," said Wilson in 1912, "he would see what we see: that the individual is caught in a great confused nexus of complicated circumstances, and that . . . without the watchful interference . . . of the government there can be no fair play." And, for the first Roosevelt and for Wilson, as for their joint heir, the second Roosevelt, national authority was embodied in the presidency.

This has not been a bad thing for the republic. It is presidential leadership, after all, that brought the country into the twentieth century, that civilized American industry, secured the rights of labor organization, defended the livelihood of the farmer. It is presidential leadership that has protected the Bill of Rights against local vigilantism and natural resources against local greed. It is presidential leadership, spurred on by the Supreme Court, that has sought to vindicate racial justice against local bigotry. Congress would have done few of these things on its own; local government even fewer. It would be a mistake to cripple the presidency at home because of presidential excesses abroad. History has shown the presidency to be the most effective instrumentality of government for justice and progress. Even Calvin Coolidge, hardly one of the more assertive of Presidents, said, "It is because in their hours of timidity the Congress becomes subservient to the importunities of organized minorities that the President comes more and more to stand as the champion of the rights of the whole country."

The scheme of presidential subordination can easily be pressed to the point of national folly. But it is important to contend not for a strong presidency in general, but for a strong presidency within the Constitution. The presidency deserves to be defended on serious and not on stupid points. Watergate has produced flurries of near hysteria about the life expectancy of the institution. Thus Charles L. Black, Jr., Luce Professor of Jurisprudence at the Yale Law School, argues that, if Nixon turned over his White House tapes to Congress or the courts, it would mean the "danger of degrading or even destroying the Presidency" and constitute a betrayal of his "successors for all time to come." The republic, Black says, cannot even risk diluting the "symbolism" of the office lest that disturb "in the most dangerous way the balance of the best government yet devised on earth"; and it almost seems that he would rather suppress the truth than jeopardize the symbolism.

Executive privilege is not the issue. No Presidents cherished the presidency more than, say, Jackson or Polk; but both readily conceded to Congress the right in cases of malversation to penetrate into the most secret recesses of the executive department. Nor, in the longer run, does either Ervin's hope of presidential subordination or Black's fantasy of presidential collapse have real substance. For the presidency, though its wings can be clipped for a time, is an exceedingly tough institution. Its primacy is founded in the necessities of the American political order. It has endured many challenges and survived many vicissitudes. It is

nonsense to suppose that its fate as an institution is bound up with the fate of the particular man who happens to be President at any given time. In the end power in the American order is bound to flow back to the presidency.

Congress has a marvelous, if generally unfulfilled, capacity for oversight, for advice, for constraint, for chastening the presidency and informing the people. When it really wants to say no to a President, it has ample means of doing so; and in due course the President will have no choice but to acquiesce. But it is inherently incapable of conducting government and providing national leadership. Its fragmentation, its chronic fear of responsibility, its habitual dependence on the executive for ideas, information, and favors—this is life insurance for the presidency.

Both Nixon and Ervin are wrong in supposing that the matter can be settled by shifting the balance of power in a decisive way to one branch or the other. The answer lies rather in preserving fluidity and re-establishing comity. Indeed, for most people—here Ervin is a distinguished exception—the constitutional and institutional issues are make-believe. It is largely a matter, as Averell Harriman says, "of whose ox is getting gored: who is in or out of power, and what actions either side may want." When Nixon was in the opposition, there was no more earnest critic of presidential presumption. Each side dresses its arguments in grand constitutional and institutional terms, but their contention is like that of the two drunken men described long ago by Lincoln who got into a fight with their greatcoats on until each fought himself out of his own coat and into the coat of the other.[1]

VII

What is required is, in Herbert Wechsler's phrase, a set of neutral principles—principles, that is, that are not shaped in response to a particular situation but work all the time, transcending any particular result involved. The supreme neutral principle, as vital in domestic policy as in foreign policy, is that all great decisions of the government must be shared decisions. The subsidiary principle is that if the presidency tries to transform what the Constitution sees as concurrent into exclusive authority, it must be stopped; and if Congress tries to transform concurrent into exclusive authority, it must be stopped too. If either the presidency or Congress turns against the complex balance of constitutional powers that has left room over many generations for mutual accommodation, then the ensuing collision will harm both branches of government and the republic as well. Even together, Congress and the presidency are by no means infallible; but their decisions, wise or foolish, at least meet the standards of democracy. And, taken together, the decisions are more likely to be wise than foolish.

All Presidents affect a belief in common counsel, but most after a time prefer to make other arrangements. Still, the idea is right, and the process of accountability has to begin inside the President himself. A constitutional President can do many things, but he has to believe in the discipline of consent. It is not enough that he personally thinks the country is in trouble and genuinely believes he alone knows how to save it. In all but the most extreme cases, action has to be accompanied by public explanation and tested by public acceptance. A constitutional President has to be aware of what Whitman called "the never-ending audacity of elected persons" and has to understand the legitimacy of challenges to his own judgment and authority. He has to be sensitive directly to the diversity of concern and conviction in the nation, sensitive prospectively to the verdict of history, sensitive always to the decent respect pledged in the Declaration of Independence to the opinions of mankind.

Yet Presidents chosen as open and modest men are not sure to remain so amid the intoxications of the office; and the office has grown steadily more intoxicating in recent years. A wise President, having read George Reedy and observed the fates of Johnson and Nixon, will take care to provide himself, while there still is time, with antidotes to intoxication. Presidents in the last quarter of the twentieth century might, as a beginning, plan to rehabilitate (I use the word in almost the Soviet sense) the executive branch of government. This does not mean the capitulation of the presidency to the permanent government; nor should anyone forget that it was the unresponsiveness of the permanent government that gave rise to the aggressive White House of the twentieth century. But it does mean a reduction in the size and power of the White House staff and the restoration of the access and prestige of the executive departments. The President will always need a small and alert personal staff to serve as his eyes and ears and one

[1]Lincoln to H. L. Pierce et al., April 6, 1859. Lincoln, *Collected Works*, ed. R. P. Basler (New Brunswick, 1953), III, 375. Lincoln was amused by the fact that the Democrats of his day had stopped mentioning Jefferson while the Republicans constantly invoked him. "If the two leading parties of this day are really identical with the two in the days of Jefferson and Adams, they have performed about the same feat as the two drunken men."

The age of the imperial presidency has produced the idea that run-of-the-mill politicians, brought by fortuity to the White House, must be treated thereafter as if they have become superior and perhaps godlike beings.

lobe of his brain, but he must avoid a vast and possessive staff ambitious to make all the decisions of government. Above all, he must not make himself the prisoner of a single information system. No sensible President will give one man control of all the channels of communication; any man sufficiently wise to exercise such control properly ought to be President himself.

As for the Cabinet, while no President in American history has found it a very satisfactory instrument of government, it has served Presidents best when it has contained men strong and independent in their own right, strong enough to make the permanent government responsive to presidential policy and independent enough to carry honest dissents into the Oval Office. Franklin Roosevelt, who is fashionably regarded these days as the cause of it all, is really a model of how a strong President can operate within the constitutional order. While no President wants to create the impression that his Administration is out of control, FDR showed how a masterful President could maintain the most divergent range of contacts, surround himself with the most articulate and positive colleagues, and use debate within the executive branch as a means of clarifying issues and trying out people and policies. Or perhaps FDR is in a way the cause of it all, because he alone had the vitality, flair, and cunning to be clearly on top without repressing everything underneath. In a joke that Henry Wallace, not usually a humorous man, told in my hearing in 1943, FDR could keep all the balls in the air without losing his own. Some of his successors tried to imitate his mastery without understanding the sources of his strength.

But not every President is an FDR, and FDR himself, though his better instincts generally won out in the end, was a flawed, willful, and, with time, increasingly arbitrary man. When Presidents begin to succumb to delusions of grandeur, when the checks and balances inside themselves stop operating, external checks and balances may well become necessary to save the republic. The nature of an activist President in any case, in Samuel Lubell's phrase, is to run with the ball until he is tackled. As conditions abroad and at home have nourished the imperial presidency, tacklers have had to be more than usually sturdy and intrepid.

How to make external checks effective? Congress can tie the presidency down by a thousand small legal strings; but, like Gulliver, the President can always break loose. The effective means of controlling the presidency lie not in law but in politics. For the American President rules by influence; and the withdrawal of consent, by Congress, by the press, by public opinion, can bring any President down. The great Presidents have understood this. The President, said Andrew Jackson, must be "accountable at the bar of public opinion for every act of his Administration." "I have a very definite philosophy about the Presidency," said Theodore Roosevelt. "I think it should be a very powerful office, and I think the President should be a very strong man who uses without hesitation every power that the position yields; but because of this fact I believe that he should be sharply watched by the people [and] held to a strict accountability by them."

Holding a President to strict accountability requires, first of all, a new attitude on the part of the American people toward their Presidents, or rather a return to the more skeptical attitude of earlier times: it requires, specifically, a decline in reverence. An insistent theme in Nixon's public discourse is the necessity of maintaining due respect for the presidency. The possibility that such respect might be achieved simply by being a good President evidently does not reassure him. He is preoccupied with "respect for the office" as an entity in itself. Can one imagine Washington or Lincoln or the Roosevelts or Truman or Kennedy going on in public, as Nixon repeatedly does, about how important it is to do this or that in order to maintain "respect for the office"? But the age of the imperial presidency has produced the idea that run-of-the-mill politicians, brought by fortuity to the White House, must be treated thereafter as if they have become superior and perhaps godlike beings.

The Nixon theoreticians even try to transform reverence into an ideology, propagating the doctrine, rather novel in the United States, that institutions of authority are entitled to respect per se, whether or not they have done anything to earn respect. If authority is denied respect, the syllogism ran, the whole social order will be in danger. "Your task, then, is clear," Pat Moynihan charged his President in 1969: "To restore the authority of American institutions." But should institutions expect obedience that they do not, on their record of performance, deserve? To this question the Nixon ideologues apparently answer yes. An older American tradition would say no, incredulous that anyone would see this as a question. In that spirit I would argue that what the country needs today is a little serious disrespect for the office of the presidency; a refusal to give any more weight to a President's words than the intelligence of the utterance, if spoken by anyone else, would command; an understanding of the point made so aptly by Montaigne: "Sits he on never so high a throne, a man still sits on his bottom."

But what if men not open and modest, even at

the start, but from the start ambitious of power and contemptuous of law, reach the place once occupied by Washington and Lincoln? What if neither personal character, nor the play of politics, nor the Constitution itself avail to hold a President to strict accountability? In the end, the way to control the presidency may have to be not in many little ways but in one large way. In the end, there remains, as Madison said, the decisive engine of impeachment.

VIII

This is, of course, the instrument provided by the Constitution. But it is an exceedingly blunt instrument. Only once has a President been impeached, and there is no great national desire to go through the experience again. Yet, for the first time in a century, Americans in the 1970s have to think hard about impeachment, which means that, because most of us flinch from the prospect, we begin to think hard about alternatives to impeachment.

One alternative is the censure of the President by the Congress. That was tried once in American history—in 1834, when the Senate censured Andrew Jackson on the ground that, in removing the government deposits from the Second Bank of the United States, he had "assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both." Jackson's "protest" to the Senate was eloquent and conclusive. The Senate resolution, he said, charged him with having committed a "high crime." It was therefore "in substance an impeachment of the President." If Congress really meant this, Jackson said, let it be serious about it: let the House impeach him and the Senate try him. Jackson was plainly right. The slap-on-the-wrist approach to presidential delinquency makes little sense, constitutional or otherwise. There is no halfway house in censure. If a President has committed high crimes and misdemeanors, he should not stay in office. This does not mean, of course, that a fainthearted Congress may not pass a resolution of censure and claim to have done its duty. But, unless the terms of the resolution make it clear why the President is merely censurable and not impeachable, the action is a cop-out and a betrayal of Congress' constitutional responsibility.

Are there other halfway houses? Another proposal seems worth consideration: that is, the removal of an offending President by some means short of impeachment. A resolution calling on the President to resign and passed by an overwhelming vote in each house could have a powerful effect on a President who cares about the Constitution and the country. If either the President or the Vice President then resigned, the President, old or new, could, under the Twenty-fifth Amendment, nominate a new Vice President, who would take office upon confirmation by both houses of Congress. "Admirable," said Cardinal Fleury after he read the Abbé de Saint-Pierre's *Projet de Paix Perpétuelle,* "save for one omission: I find no provision for sending missionaries to convert the hearts of princes." Alas, Presidents who succeed in provoking a long-suffering Congress into a resolution calling for their resignation are not likely to be deeply moved by congressional disapproval nor inclined to cooperate in their own liquidation.

If Presidents will not resign of their own volition, can they be forced out without the personal and national ordeal of impeachment and conviction?

A proposal advanced in various forms by leading members of the House of Representatives this year contemplates giving Congress authority by constitutional amendment to call for a new presidential election when it finds that the President can no longer perform the functions of his office (Representative Bingham) or that the President has violated the Constitution (Representatives Edith Green and Morris Udall).

The possibility of dissolution and new elections at times of hopeless stalemate or blasted confidence has serious appeal. Dissolution would give a rigid electoral system flexibility and responsiveness. It would permit, in Bagehot's phrase, the timely replacement of the pilot of the calm by the pilot of the storm. It would remind intractable Congresses that they cannot block Presidents with immunity, as it would remind high-flying Presidents that there are other ways of being shot down besides impeachment. But my instinct is somehow against it. One congressman observes of the Green-Udall amendment that it "would, in effect, take one-half of the parliamentary process and not the entire parliamentary process." This is certainly the direction and logic of dissolution. The result might well be to alter the balance of the Constitution in unforeseeable and perilous ways. It might, in particular, strengthen the movement against the separation of powers and toward a plebiscitary presidency. "The republican principle," said the 71st Federalist, "demands that the deliberate sense of the community should govern the conduct of those to whom they intrust the management of their affairs; but it does not require an unqualified complaisance to every sudden breeze of passion, or to every transient impulse which the people may re-

ceive from the arts of men, who flatter their prejudices to betray their interests."

I think that the possibility of inserting dissolution into the American system is worth careful examination. But digging into the foundations of the state, as Burke said, is always a dangerous adventure.

IX

Impeachment, on the other hand, is part of the original foundation of the American state. The Founding Fathers placed the blunt instrument in the Constitution with the expectation that it would be used, and used most especially against Presidents. "No point is of more importance," George Mason told the Convention, "than that the right of impeachment should be continued. Shall any man be above Justice? Above all shall that man be above it, who [as President] can commit the most extensive injustice?" Benjamin Franklin pointed out that, if there were no provision for impeachment, the only recourse would be assassination, in which case a President would be "not only deprived of his life but of the opportunity of vindicating his character." Corruption or loss of capacity in a President, said Madison, was "within the compass of probable events. . . . Either of them might be fatal to the Republic."

The genius of impeachment lies in the fact that it can punish the man without punishing the office. For, in the presidency, as elsewhere, power is ambiguous: the power to do good means also the power to do harm, the power to serve the republic also the power to demean and defile it. The trick is to preserve presidential power but to deter Presidents from abusing that power. Shall any man be above justice? George Mason asked. Obviously not; not even a President of the United States. But bringing Presidents to justice is not all that simple.

History has turned impeachment into a weapon of last resort—more so probably than the Founding Fathers anticipated. Still, it is possible to exaggerate its impact on the country. It took less than three months to impeach and try Andrew Johnson, and the nation—in a favorite apprehension of 1868 as well as of 1973—was not torn apart in the process. Three months of surgery might be better than three years of paralysis. Yet impeachment presents legal as well as political problems. There is broad agreement, among scholars at least, on doctrine. Impeachment is a proceeding of a political nature, by no means restricted to indictable crimes. On the other hand, it plainly is not to be applied to cases of honest disagreement over national policy or over constitutional interpretation, especially when a President refuses to obey a law that he believes strikes directly at the presidential prerogative. Impeachment is to be reserved, in Mason's phrase at the Constitutional Convention, for "great and dangerous offenses."

The Senate, in trying impeachment cases, is better equipped to be the judge of the law than of the facts. When Andrew Johnson was impeached, there had been no dispute about the fact that he had removed Stanton. When Andrew Jackson was censured, there had been no dispute about the fact that he had removed the deposits. The issue was not whether they had done something but whether what they had done constituted a transgression of the laws and the Constitution. But in the Nixon case the facts themselves remain at issue—the facts, that is, of presidential complicity—and the effort of a hundred senators to determine those facts might well lead to chaos. The record here may be one of negligence, irresponsibility, and even deception, but it is not necessarily one of knowing violation of the Constitution or of knowing involvement in the obstruction of justice. While impeachment is in the Constitution to be used, there is no point in lowering the threshold so that it will be used casually. All this argues for the determination of facts before the consideration of impeachment. There are two obvious ways to determine the facts. One is through the House of Representatives, which has the sole power to initiate impeachment. The House could, for example, instruct the Judiciary Committee to ascertain whether there were grounds for impeachment, or it could establish a select committee to conduct such an inquiry. The other road is through the courts. If the Special Prosecutor establishes incriminating facts, these can serve as the basis for impeachment.

But what if a President himself withholds evidence—for example, Nixon's tapes—deemed essential to the ascertainment of facts? If a President says "the time has come to turn Watergate over to the courts, where the questions of guilt and innocence belong," and then denies the courts the evidence they need to decide on innocence or guilt, what recourse remains to the republic except impeachment? Apart from the courts, President Polk said quite explicitly that the House, if it were looking into impeachment, could command testimony and papers, public and private, official or unofficial, of every agent of the government. If a President declines for whatever reason to yield material evidence in his possession, whether to the courts or to the House, this itself might provide clear grounds for impeachment.

All these things are obscure in the early autumn of 1973. It is possible that Nixon may conclude

"There is no week nor day nor hour," wrote Walt Whitman, "when tyranny may not enter upon this country, if the people lose their supreme confidence in themselves,—and lose their roughness and spirit of defiance."

that the Watergate problems are not after all (as he told the Prime Minister of Japan) "murky, small, unimportant, vicious little things," but are, rather, evidence of a profound and grievous imbalance between the presidency and the Constitution. Perhaps he may, by an honest display of candor and contrition, regain a measure of popular confidence, re-establish constitutional comity and recover presidential effectiveness. But full recovery seems unlikely unless the President himself recognizes why his presidency has fallen into such difficulties. Nixon's continued invocation, after Watergate, of national security as the excuse for presidential excess, his defense to the end of unreviewable executive privilege, his defiant assertion that, if he had it to do over again, he would still deceive Congress and the people about the secret air war in Cambodia—such unrepentant reactions suggest that he still has no clue as to what his trouble was, still fails to understand that the sickness of his presidency is caused not by the overzealousness of his friends or by the malice of his enemies, but by the expansion and abuse of presidential power itself.

X

For the issue is more than whether Congress and the people wish to deal with the particular iniquities of the Nixon Administration. It is whether they wish to rein in the runaway presidency. Nixon's presidency is not an aberration but a culmination. It carries to reckless extremes a compulsion toward presidential power rising out of deep-running changes in the foundations of society. In a time of the acceleration of history and the decay of traditional institutions and values, a strong presidency is both a greater necessity than ever before and a greater risk—necessary to hold a spinning and distracted society together, necessary to make the separation of powers work, risky because of the awful temptation held out to override the separation of powers and burst the bonds of the Constitution. The nation requires both a strong presidency for leadership *and* the separation of powers for liberty. It may well be that, if continuing structural compulsions are likely to propel future Presidents in the direction of government by decree, the rehabilitation of impeachment will be essential to contain the presidency and preserve the Constitution.

Watergate is potentially the best thing to have happened to the presidency in a long time. If the trails are followed to their end, many, many years will pass before another White House staff dares take the liberties with the Constitution and the laws the Nixon White House has taken. If the nation wants to work its way back to a constitutional presidency, there is only one way to begin. That is by showing Presidents that, when their closest associates place themselves above the law and the Constitution, such transgressions will be not forgiven or forgotten for the sake of the presidency, but exposed and punished for the sake of the presidency.

If the Nixon White House escapes the legal consequences of its illegal behavior, why will future Presidents and their associates not suppose themselves entitled to do what the Nixon White House has done? Only condign punishment will restore popular faith in the presidency and deter future Presidents from illegal conduct—so long, at least, as Watergate remains a vivid memory. Corruption appears to visit the White House in fifty-year cycles. This suggests that exposure and retribution inoculate the presidency against its latent criminal impulses for about half a century. Around the year 2023 the American people will be well advised to go on the alert and start nailing down everything in sight.

A constitutional presidency, as the great Presidents have shown, can be a very strong presidency indeed. But what keeps a strong President constitutional, in addition to checks and balances incorporated within his own breast, is the vigilance of the people. The Constitution cannot hold the nation to ideals it is determined to betray. The reinvigoration of the written checks in the American Constitution depends on the re-invigoration of the unwritten checks in American society. The great institutions—Congress, the courts, the executive establishment, the press, the universities, public opinion—have to reclaim their own dignity and meet their own responsibilities. As Madison said long ago, the country cannot trust to "parchment barriers" to halt the encroaching spirit of power. In the end, the Constitution will live only if it embodies the spirit of the American people.

"There is no week nor day nor hour," wrote Walt Whitman, "when tyranny may not enter upon this country, if the people lose their supreme confidence in themselves,—and lose their roughness and spirit of defiance—Tyranny may always enter—there is no charm, no bar against it—the only bar against it is a large resolute breed of men." □

A SOLDIER IN ICELAND

A story by Barton Midwood

He entered noisily. I hoped that he would take a seat far away but he took the aisle seat in my row.

A stewardess, a dark-haired Icelandic woman, came up to him.

"Are you going to behave yourself today?" she said.

"I'm sober this time," he said.

"Congratulations." She smiled.

He turned to me. "I was drunk yesterday and they kicked me off ten minutes before takeoff. You can't blame them. I was singing and I can't carry a tune."

The stewardess laughed.

"Icelanders are a musical people, you see," he continued. "They kicked me off very musically. I've got no complaint. The airline even paid the hotel bill in Luxembourg. That was hos*pit*able, don't you think?"

He repeated the word "hospitable" and roared with laughter.

The stewardess smiled at the top of his head with maternal superiority and walked away.

He leaned into the aisle to watch her. "She has hair all over her legs," he said. He meditated for a moment. "I can't stand that," he concluded with a scowl, and meditated for another moment. Then he turned to me and said cheerfully, "My name is Hans. Hans Welleck."

I told him my name and we shook hands. He had a two- or three-day growth of beard and his eyes were red and swollen and there was a scar from a recent wound just over his left cheekbone. His clothes, a light brown gabardine suit and a white shirt open at the collar, were wrinkled and stained as though he had been sleeping in them.

We were on an Icelandic flight from Luxembourg to New York, a twelve- or thirteen-hour trip with a one-hour stopover in Iceland at Keflavik Airport. Between us was an empty seat that was occupied a few minutes before takeoff by a thin, attractive woman, about twenty-four years old, who became talkative as soon as we were in the air.

Her name was Mary. She told us she had been working as a secretary for an English executive in Belgium and was now returning to New York to marry a man she hadn't seen in two years. They had been corresponding. He had been a law student when they first met. Last month he had passed his New York bar examination and had written a letter proposing marriage.

"So I accepted," she said. "Life in Belgium was all right, but empty. It was just smooth sailing in shallow waters."

"That's the sort of sailing I'd like to try some day," said Welleck. He laughed with derision and then muttered something under his breath, looking as though he wanted to plunge into her shallow waters and shout.

In fact, he alarmed her and she was put off. She took up a magazine and leafed through it, and he ordered a gin and tonic from the stewardess.

I pushed back the top of my chair, shut my eyes, and managed to fall asleep.

When I woke about an hour later, Welleck's face was flushed and he was talking to Mary.

He was pointing at the scar on his cheekbone. "I got this in a fight in a bar in Saigon. This idiot of a sergeant didn't like my face or something. 'How come you don't have any insignias on your uniform?' he says. 'I'm an engineer,' I tell him. So he starts to make fun of the engineers. I just laugh. What do I care about the engineers? But he won't quit, you see. I try to keep my mouth shut—but he

won't quit! Finally when he says why don't I get a gun like him and all his buddies and do some *real* work in this war, I can't take it any longer. 'Listen, friend,' I say, 'yesterday in fifteen minutes I killed more men than you have bubbles in your beer.' Then I beat the hell out of him and left."

He paused, apparently expecting an encouraging reply, but Mary stared at him in bewilderment.

He was ill at ease. "Some world, eh?" he said.

"I don't understand," she said. "Why didn't you have insignias?"

Welleck noticed that I was awake and he seemed relieved. He winked at me, as though he and I shared a secret. "Because we don't wear insignias," he said.

"Who do you mean by 'we'?" said Mary sternly.

"Professionals. I'm a professional."

"In plain words, you're a mercenary."

Welleck smiled at her and then again winked at me, but did not answer.

"Who do you fight for?" she continued.

He laughed. "Myself."

"But who *pays* you?"

"The American government."

"That's interesting," I said. "What's your job?"

"Two thousand dollars a month," he said.

"No, I meant what do you do?"

"Automatic weapons. I've been in Vietnam for nearly two years. Look, I'll show you something."

He reached under his seat and came up with a brown leather case that was full of photographs. He leafed through them, then handed one to me. "That's my monkey," he said.

It was a photograph of a monkey perched on the hood of a jeep. Standing beside the jeep was a man about thirty-five years old. He was wearing Army fatigues and was smiling at the camera.

"Who's the man?" I said.

"Jensen. He's a Dane. We've been everywhere together. The Congo, the Dominican Republic, Korea. He's taking care of Raffles for me."

"Raffles is your monkey."

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"Right there." He pointed at the photograph. "Just near the Cambodian border. I've had all kinds of pets."

"Are you going back?"

"I'll stay a couple of days in New York first. I ship out from San Francisco next week." He began to leaf through the photographs again. "Here, look at this one. She got hit by a car in Wiesbaden."

It was a photograph of two small children and an Afghan hound.

"Who are the children?" said Mary.

"My son and my daughter. I had a lion cub when I was in Africa. One day he bit me and I let him go. I have a picture of him somewhere."

He began to look for it, but Mary interrupted him. "Do you have any more pictures of your children?"

He studied her a moment suspiciously.

"They're fine-looking children," she added.

"Thanks," he said.

"When was the last time you saw them?"

"Three days ago. They're in Munich with my mother."

"What's she doing in Munich?"

"She was born there. So was I."

Mary looked at him with interest. "I thought you were American."

"I went to school in Philadelphia. I grew up there. My stepfather was American. When he died, my mother moved back to Germany. That was about three years ago. Here, look at this. That's Daisy." Welleck handed me another photograph of Jensen smiling at the camera, now with a parrot perched on his shoulder. "And here's another picture of the children." This he gave to Mary.

"Is that your wife with them?" she said.

"Yes."

"That's Jensen again," I said.

"Yes, in the Dominican Republic."

"Isn't your wife with the children in Munich?" said Mary.

"I don't know where she is. We just divorced." Welleck took the photograph from her and handed it to me. "Beautiful woman, eh?"

"Yes," I said.

"I gave her everything she asked for. A forty-thousand-dollar house in Wiesbaden, a Mercedes, a nurse for the children, two fur coats, everything. Two months ago I get leave. I figure I'll surprise her. I get to my house about ten o'clock at night and a guy answers the door. It looks like I woke him up and he's wearing my pajamas. He wants to know who I am and what I want. 'I am the person who owns this house,' I say, 'and I want my pajamas back.' Then I beat the hell out of him. He was a captain in the Air Force. An American." Welleck paused, preoccupied.

"So you divorced her," said Mary, unashamedly prodding him.

Welleck seemed not to mind. "Not that time," he said. "I just worked her over a bit. She said she was sorry, and I forgave her. Like a fool. I hadn't had any in six months. I wouldn't touch the street girls in Saigon. We had five days together just like old times. Then I took a trip to Munich to see my mother. Three days later I come home and the same guy answers the door in my pajamas. This time I put him in the hospital. *Then* I divorced her." He leaned toward Mary. "It drives me wild. One minute she lies in my arms and tells me she loves me forever and the next minute some idiot is wearing my pajamas. I can't put the two minutes together. Do you see?"

Barton Midwood is the author of two books, *Bodkin* and *Phantoms,* a collection of stories.

Mary lowered her eyes. "Yes."

"Anyway, the court gave me custody of the children. She can't see them without my permission."

"What happened to the captain?" I said.

"I fixed him good. I got him shipped out to Saigon. I know a colonel in Wiesbaden. Good friend of mine. Hey, do you want to see something special? Look at this."

He began to leaf through the photographs in his leather case again and brought out a picture of Joan Baez, the singer. She was standing in an alley near the back door of a theater and was caught in the middle of an admiring crowd. She was signing an autograph book and smiling.

"I took that picture myself," said Welleck. He had tears in his eyes from talking about his wife and it was painfully apparent that he was making an attempt to get a grip on himself by changing the subject. "You don't see a picture like that every day," he added. "Only professionals get pictures like that."

"It's a good picture," I agreed.

"I'm just nuts about Joan Baez," he said.

"That's ironical," said Mary.

"What do you mean?" said Welleck.

"I mean, she's a peacemonger. I should think you'd hate her politics."

"Why? I don't. I *like* her politics."

"Well, I'm sure she wouldn't like yours."

Welleck's face reddened; he was hurt. "Why? What do you know about my politics?"

Mary shrugged her shoulders and kept silent.

"Who's talking about politics anyway?" continued Welleck. "I'm talking about *mu*sic, not politics. I don't give a damn about politics."

Sulking, he started to put the photograph back in the leather case, but then an idea seemed to occur to him and he turned to Mary. "Look, I'd like you to have this photograph. I mean, it would be nice if you took it. I've got about fifteen prints of it."

"No, no, really," said Mary. "It's kind of you but I couldn't—"

Prepared for the rebuff, Welleck promptly closed the leather case and interrupted her. "Look, can I buy you two a drink?"

Mary glanced at me.

"Sure," I said. "Let's all get drunk."

Welleck was delighted. "*That's* the spirit! Stewardess!"

The stewardess, who was just a few yards down the aisle, signaled that she would be with him in a minute.

"What about you, Mary?" he said.

She smiled at him. "All right. Gin and tonic?"

"That's *my* drink too!" He was excited as a schoolboy.

The stewardess appeared. He smiled up at her and there were still tears in his eyes. "We'd like some drinks, miss."

"Yes?"

"Gin and tonic for the lady and myself." He turned to me. "What about you?"

"Vodka and tomato juice."

"Bloody Mary for the gentleman," he said.

Mary winced and glared at him sharply, but he was looking elsewhere.

The stewardess walked away.

Welleck turned to Mary. "Did you notice her legs?"

"No," said Mary.

"Hair. You never see that on an American woman."

Mary was embarrassed. "Oh?"

"What's your opinion?"

"Of what?"

"This business."

"Which business?"

"Women with hair on their legs."

"I don't know. Will you excuse me for a minute?"

He stood up to let her pass. She went down the aisle toward the front of the plane and disappeared into the ladies' room.

"Did I say something wrong?" he said.

"I think you insulted her when you called my drink a Bloody Mary," I said.

He slapped his forehead and shut his eyes. "I'm an idiot."

"Don't worry about it."

"I just didn't think! I *always* call it a Bloody Mary."

"She thinks you said it deliberately."

"But I didn't!"

"I know."

"I just didn't put the two together."

When she reappeared in the aisle, Welleck looked up anxiously. She had gathered her hair into a severe ponytail and had applied mascara on her eyelashes and fresh lipstick.

Welleck leaned toward me. "War paint," he whispered. He stood up to let her pass.

She bestowed a smile upon him, a tolerant smile, and sat down, quite erect, and folded her hands in her lap. "Tell us how you learned this curious profession of yours, Mr. Welleck," she said abruptly.

Welleck was taken aback. He blushed and looked at his hands; he took a breath, holding it a moment, preparing to appease her. "I joined the Legion when I was seventeen. You can call me Hans."

"The French *For*eign Legion?"

"Yes."

She laughed condescendingly. "I thought that was done only in prewar movies."

"In my time a lot of guys joined the Legion," he said, good-naturedly. "Nowadays they let their hair

grow and go to San Francisco. If I were born twenty years later, maybe I'd have gone to San Francisco myself."

"Tell us, Mr. Welleck, was it some fascinating heartless woman, some *femme fatale,* that drove you to make such a dramatic move?"

"No, it was my stepfather. Are you making fun of me?"

Mary fluttered her eyelids mockingly at him and smiled.

"My stepfather and me, we didn't get along," he continued, choking back his pride. "One day I cut him with a knife. In the right shoulder. I left that day and never went back. I had a friend who'd joined the Legion a couple of weeks before, so I knew how to go about it. The Legion trained me. I was with them four years, mainly in Algiers. After that, I could fight where I liked and name my own price."

"You've murdered people in many countries then," said Mary. "How fascinating."

"I suppose you could put it that way," he said softly.

"You'd put it another way, I'm sure."

"Look," he said, "if you're upset that I called his drink a Bloody Mary, I want you to know I didn't mean anything by it. I always call it a Bloody Mary."

Her face reddened. "So do I."

"Then why are you upset?"

"I'm not upset, Mr. Welleck, and I don't care what you call your drink."

"*His* drink."

"*Any*one's drink."

"You've got me wrong, Mary. I'm not a murderer. I'm a soldier."

"He's right," I said. "He's a soldier."

Welleck was glad of the support. Suddenly he became excited. "Did you read the story in *Newsweek* last year? They had three pages on mercenaries."

"No," said Mary.

"*He's* read it, I'll bet." He turned to me. "Did you?"

"Yes," I lied.

"See? He reads."

"What did *Newsweek* say?" said Mary.

"They said that we are the most highly skilled soldiers in the world, that's what they said."

"You must be very proud of yourself."

"You look up that story in *Newsweek.* You'll learn something."

"What will I learn?"

"Lots of things. Like about Leopoldville. We went into Leopoldville four hundred strong. Do you know how many men we lost? Out of four hundred, how many do you think we lost?"

"I don't know and I don't care."

"Guess."

"Two hundred and fifty," she said.

Welleck slapped his knees and roared with laughter. Mary stared at him in horror. Suddenly he stopped laughing, looked her in the eye, and held four fingers in front of her face.

"Four men," he said. Then he winked knowingly at me and leaned back in his seat. "*Newsweek* was right: very *highly skilled soldiers.* There are only a handful of us, you know. Mainly Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes. Not too many Germans like me."

"Yes, it's always the same old boys," he added with pride and nostalgia. "Wherever I go, the same old faces."

"Why are you fighting in Vietnam?" said Mary.

"I told you: the money."

"I don't remember your telling me that."

"That's because you don't listen."

"Would you fight for the other side if they paid more?"

"I don't like the Communists."

"Why not?"

"If you'd seen what I've seen, you'd understand."

"Like what?"

"I've seen a few things that I wouldn't care to talk about."

"Just give us an example."

"Communists have no respect for human life," he said with exasperation.

To illustrate his point he told a story about a massacre in the Congo. An immense body of half-naked men charged his unit, most of them armed with sticks. They rushed into a wall of machine-gun fire and kept coming until all of them were dead.

"These people are insane," he concluded. "Human life doesn't mean a thing to them. I don't know how many I killed in half an hour. Hundreds, thousands maybe."

There was a pause. Welleck rubbed his eyes. Mary's hands were trembling.

After a few minutes she spoke. "Mr. Welleck?" she said.

"Yes?"

"I don't either."

"You don't what?" he said, puzzled.

"I don't have respect for human life."

"Oh?"

"Yes." Then she leaned toward him and spat in his face.

Then she stood up and said, "Please let me pass."

Welleck turned pale and he gaped at her. According to convention, if you are sitting in the aisle seat on an airplane and a woman beside you asks permission to pass, you should rise from your seat and step aside into the aisle. But Mary had just spat in Welleck's face and he was trembling. What should he do, and why did she spit at him?

"Please let me pass," she repeated impatiently.

The stewardess appeared with our drinks on a white plastic tray.

"Sorry I took so long," she said.

"I'm changing my seat," said Mary.

The stewardess glanced at the top of Welleck's head and clicked her tongue in an expression of disapproval. Then she smiled sympathetically at Mary. "That's all right, dear. There are some empty seats up front. I'll bring your drink in a minute."

"Will you *please* let me pass?" said Mary.

Welleck just sat there gazing dumbly at her and trembling.

"The lady is talking to you," said the stewardess.

Welleck stood up and stepped into the aisle. He took a white handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face. Mary sidestepped out of the seat, hurried toward the front of the plane, and slipped into a seat just behind the cockpit.

A passenger, a rather fat boy about eleven or twelve years old, came down the aisle and tapped Welleck's shoulder. He wanted to pass. Welleck, after staring confusedly at him for a moment, slid back into the seat to make way.

Then the stewardess offered me my drink and I took it. Welleck made no move to take his, however. The stewardess irritably let down the little table attached to the back of the seat in front of him. Then she put his drink on it and walked away.

The man in the seat across the aisle—an old man who had been putting together a complicated balsa-wood model of a nineteenth-century whaling schooner since takeoff—leaned toward Welleck and said, "If I were you, I wouldn't let her get away with that." He spoke with a Midwestern American drawl.

Welleck glared at him.

"Spitting's a disgusting habit," continued the old man. "She your wife?"

Welleck turned away and closed his fist around the bottle of tonic in front of him.

"People are scumbags," he said.

This was not said to anyone in particular, but the old man understood that it was directed partly at him. He shrugged his shoulders and went back to his whaling schooner.

Welleck stared at the bottle of tonic for a while.

"Are you all right?" I said.

He kept silent and would not look at me, so I let him alone.

Eventually he took a small bottle from his jacket pocket. He emptied three large white pills into his palm, tossed all of them into his mouth at once, and washed them down with the tonic. Ten minutes later he was fast asleep.

He was still asleep when the plane landed at

It was Some Party. Ballantine's was there.

THE mid 1930's. The Twentieth Century Limited. Grand Central Station. 5:30 P.M. New York to Chicago, 16½ hours.

It was a casting director's dream. All the right people converging on Track 34 to board the train that called itself "The Greatest Train in the World."

This was the fastest train between New York and Chicago. The extra fare train. With a passenger list that kept city desks going double time.

You moved down a red carpet to be greeted by the chief steward. Some ran for the club car to make a last minute call, while starlets clustered on the Century's open observation car longing to be photographed.

It was difficult, almost impossible, to be blasē about the Twentieth Century. From its very first run, it was simply a place where "Something" was always happening to "Somebody."

Ballantine's was there. A proper sort of scotch. Like that train, a scotch for people who like things "just right."

Taste the scotch that was there

Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland.
86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

©'21'

Keflavik Airport four hours later. I saw the stewardess shaking his shoulder as I was making my way to the exit.

When he appeared in the terminal, he went straight for Mary, who was looking at a magazine at the newsstand. He began talking to her with anxious exaggerated gestures. I was about fifty yards off near the coffee bar and couldn't hear what he was saying. Mary just looked at him dumbly and two minutes later she turned her back on him and went into the ladies' room.

I wanted to avoid Welleck myself. I stepped out of the terminal building on the side facing the runways and lit a cigarette.

It was about forty degrees and there was no snow on the ground. There was a light breeze. From here the country looked as flat as a tabletop, though in the distance one could see some hills shrouded in mist. Behind me were the terminal's large glass windows, which were opaque because the sky was reflected in them.

I stood in silence for about ten minutes until I heard a voice behind me. It was Welleck.

"I was waving at you through the window," he said. "But you just looked right through me. Something wrong?" There was a low-keyed threat in his question.

"I didn't see you," I said.

He turned to look at the window. "You can't see a *thing* through those windows, can you!" He laughed in relief. "Really, I'm becoming a paranoiac-type nut," he added.

I offered him a cigarette.

"I don't smoke," he said. "But sometimes I like to take a cigarette from a friend."

He took the cigarette gingerly and I lit it for him, cupping my hands around the match, against the wind.

"That girl hates me," he said.

"She's just upset."

"I ought to keep my mouth shut."

"You've been through a bad time," I said. "Talking helps."

"Talking don't help. Talking hurts."

"Then why do you talk?"

"Beats me," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "You know, sometimes I expect that when I look in the mirror, I'm going to see a monster or something, a real beast with blood dripping out of his mouth. But what do I see? A face not too different from the one I had when I was twenty-one. How old do you think I am?"

"It's hard to say."

"Guess."

"Thirty-six," I said.

He looked at me suspiciously. "You're kidding. Most people guess much lower. If you could see me after I've slept and cleaned myself up, you'd think I was a kid or something."

"How old are you actually?"

"Thirty-five."

He fell silent, reflecting perhaps on the fact that he was thirty-five.

"Some place, this Iceland," he said after a while. "No army here, you know. No navy either. Nothing. A peaceful lot, the Icelanders. Funny, isn't it? I mean, these people used to be great warriors. They have stories in rhyme to prove it, too! If you'd have come here fifteen hundred years ago, you wouldn't have found such a nice little democratic ant-pile with women at the voting polls. You'd have seen big hairy bastards stalking about the place with axes in their hands. Sailors and hunters. A fighting race. The only fighters in Iceland nowadays are the Americans. But the citizens don't like the American bases mucking up their precious little island, I can tell you that for free. They even lock up their daughters at night. That's a fact. You never see any of these hairy-legged Icelandic broads walking about with a GI. I'll tell you something else about Iceland. Somebody got the name mixed up with Greenland. Greenland was the place that was supposed to be called Iceland. It was colder back in Luxembourg, did you notice?"

"Yes."

"People don't know *any*thing. Iceland's not icy, for chrissakes! Iceland is *green. Nice* climate. Temperate. I think I ought to have been born here, really. About fifteen hundred years ago. In those days people wouldn't look at me like I was Dracula or something. I'd be a hero. They'd write sagas and all kinds of crap about me."

"That's probably true," I said.

"Maybe I'll write a book myself someday. I have a lot of stories to tell. *True* stories. Things that don't get into the newspapers. I'd get into trouble if I wrote them now. But my contract's up in seven months. I have a nice pile put away in a bank in Belgium. Close to one hundred and forty thousand dollars."

"Will you have to pay taxes on it?"

"No. Of course, I can't touch a penny till my contract's up. But after that I'm free and clear. I'll buy a little bar in Munich and a house near my mother so I can see my children, and I'll write my book. I'll have a nice life. Smooth sailing in shallow waters. The only thing I'd like to do before I quit is fight for the Israelis. As far as I'm concerned, Israel has the best army in the world. That's because they have something to fight for."

"No doubt about it," I said.

"You're looking at me like you think I'm a bullshit artist. You think I won't quit. Well, it's true that it's hard to quit. War is the only trade I know and I'm an expert. But after Israel, believe me, that's it."

I parted company with Welleck. A quarter of an hour before we were supposed to reboard I decided to spend the night in Reykjavik and take a

plane the following morning. I had been seduced by the ridiculous brochures stuffed in the pockets behind the seats in the airplane—color photographs of sinful night life in the capital city. Besides, the prospect of getting back into the plane with both Welleck and Mary put me on edge.

Welleck was disappointed. At bottom I think he understood that I wanted to get away from him. As we were saying good-bye, he asked a favor. He asked if I would send him the next Joan Baez album when it was released. He said he would reimburse me for the album and the postage.

"You'll get a bill all right, including travel expenses to the record shop."

At this he laughed. "I'll miss you up there," he said, pointing at the sky, and he laughed again. Then we shook hands and parted.

A new Joan Baez album was released that year and I sent one to him in care of a Saigon address he had given me. Six weeks later I received a letter from Saigon. It wasn't from Hans Welleck, though, but from his friend, Jensen. This is the letter:

Dear R. Anderson,

I am sorry to be someone who brings you sad news. Our friend Hans Welleck was killed by a hand grenade this week. I think it was thrown from behind. He lived in a coma twelve hours after he was hit and he died in the hospital three days ago. It was very kind that you sent the record. Many times he told me about a friend in America who promises to send a record. He would have been very happy. I know. He was my best friend. He was always telling me about Joan Baez.

I have a problem that maybe you can give advice. I have a monkey called Raffles that used to belong to Hans. Once he said that if he was killed I should send to his wife the monkey. But that was last year, and this year he divorced his wife, and I never ask again what I should do with the monkey. It didn't seem right that I should ask. So, now he has no wife. Also I don't know where to find the one who used to be his wife. I don't think she would want the monkey anyway. Also I cannot send it to his children. They would love this monkey, because it is very friendly, but they live with Hans's mother and she is afraid of animals.

Maybe you would like to have the monkey. I think Hans would like you to have it. I don't know your opinion of monkeys but this is a good one. It would be very complicated. There are so many rules about animals and airplanes. But I know some people on the inside, and I think I could fix it. I would keep the monkey myself, but I am shipping out in three months, and where I am going I cannot take monkeys.

Hoping to hear from you,
T. Jensen

ON BEING EASY IN THE RITUAL OF SEPARATION

Morning: from sleep to confusion.
Celebration of relevant anodynes.
Gymnastic pacing. Elimination. EAT.
Read the paper: politics: interesting:
personal intervention ineffective from
Marxist-Leninist point of view.
Go to work. Work. COME HOME.
Moment of clarity: Meet god.
Conversation as to the relation
between being and becoming.
Some relation. Whiskey. EASY.
Read. Sleep before morning. EAT.
MAKE MONEY. MAKE SONS. DIE.

Thanks for the moment before dreams.
Moment of clarity, relations,
work, conversation, god,
whiskey, sleep, thanks, EASY.

by Alan Dugan

Come and meet Zinfandel the Great.

Every year, we gently bring our Zinfandel grapes to the magic moment, when they become a superb California red table wine.

By then, we've pampered and fussed over them so, it almost hurts to crush them.

And every day through the year, they've been awakened by a cool, Pacific breeze that makes our Paicines mountain vineyards, near San Juan Bautista, such a salubrious setting for growing fine wines. It's the same breeze that made the Franciscan friars grow *their* wine here over a hundred years ago.

And it's why Zinfandel by Almadén is Zinfandel the Great.

So come. Come and get to know Zinfandel.

Come to Almadén.

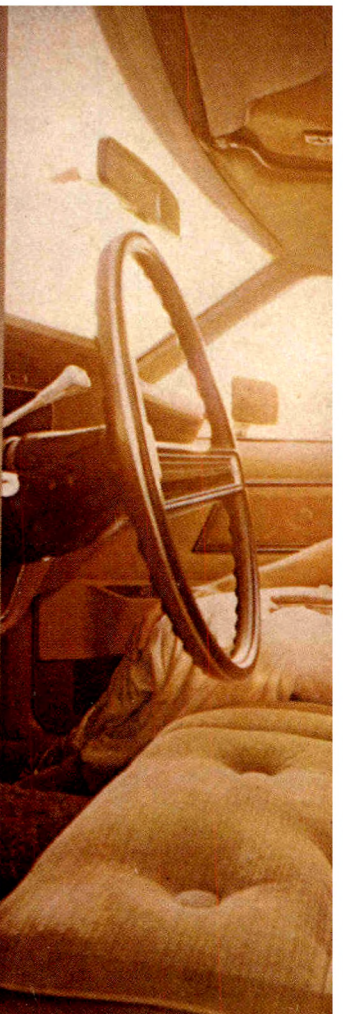
Almadén Wines

A family of fine wines since 1852.

This is your year.

Make a little Thunder of your own.

Thunderbird '74.
The one that tells you
you're finally in the car you belong in.
Brilliant styling. A whisper of sport.
And that celebrated Thunderbird ride.
From its distinctive front end to its deep luxury interior, Thunderbird '74 has just about everything you'll ever want.
Including air conditioning, the elegant opera windows, vinyl roof, tinted glass, steel-belted radial ply tires and a 460 V-8 engine. All *standard.* And you can add the optional Power-Operated Sunroof or the new Glass Moonroof.
Thunderbird. At your Ford Dealer's.
Unique in all the world.



Thunderbird 1974.

1974 Thunderbird shown with optional Exterior Decor Group, Moonroof, Deluxe Wheel Covers, Deluxe Bumper Group, Picardy Velour Cloth trim and Glamour paint.

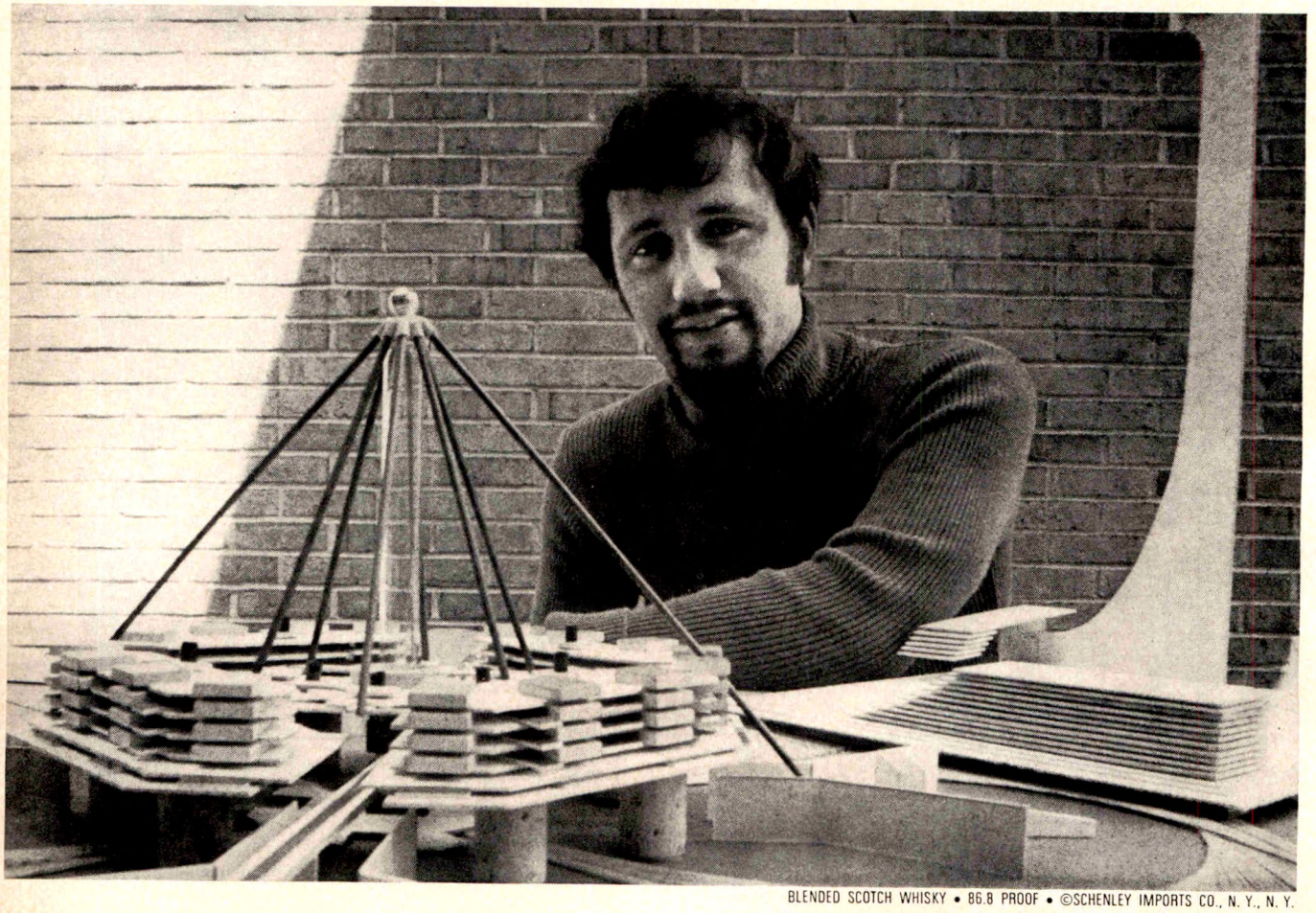
THUNDERBIRD

FORD DIVISION Ford

For a copy of "News from the Vineyards," write Almad

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

JOHN ALAN STOCK

HOME: Chesapeake, Virginia

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Architect/Urban Planner

HOBBIES: Animated cinematography, tennis, wine-making.

LAST BOOK READ: "Capitalism, the Unknown Ideal" by Ayn Rand

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Preliminary design for Underwater Housing Development Study for human occupancy.

QUOTE: "The urban planner in the 20th century must lead people from the world of the practical into the realm of dreams and then back again in a way that makes dreams possible."

PROFILE: An individualist. A creative thinker. Optimistic about the future of mankind, yet concerned enough to take a leadership role.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

THE FORCE THAT DRIVES THE FLOWER

by Annie Dillard

What is it about fecundity that so appalls? Is it that with nature's bounty goes a crushing waste that threatens our own cheap lives?

I wakened myself last night with my own shouting. It must have been that terrible yellow plant I saw pushing through the flood-damp soil near the log by Tinker Creek, the plant as fleshy and featureless as a slug, that erupted through the floor of my brain as I slept, and burgeoned into the dream of fecundity that woke me up.

I was watching two huge luna moths mate. Luna moths are those fragile ghost moths, fairy moths, whose five-inch wings are swallow-tailed, a pastel green bordered in silken lavender. From the hairy head of the male sprouted two enormous, furry antennae that trailed down past his ethereal wings. He was on top of the female, hunching repeatedly with a horrible animal vigor.

It was the perfect picture of utter spirituality and utter degradation. I was fascinated and could not turn away my eyes. By watching them I in effect permitted their mating to take place and so committed myself to accepting the consequences—all because I wanted to see what would happen. I wanted in on a secret.

And then the eggs hatched and the bed was full of fish. I was standing across the room in the doorway, staring at the bed. The eggs hatched before my eyes, on my bed, and a thousand chunky fish swarmed there in a viscid slime. The fish were firm and fat, black and white, with triangular bodies and bulging eyes. I watched in horror as they squirmed three feet deep, swimming and oozing about in the glistening, transparent slime. Fish in the bed!—and I awoke. My ears still rang with the foreign cry that had been my own voice.

Fool, I thought: child, you child, you ignorant, innocent fool. What did you expect to see—angels? For it was understood in the dream that the bed full of fish was my own fault, that if I had turned away from the mating moths the hatching of their eggs wouldn't have happened, or at least would have happened in secret, elsewhere. I brought it on myself, this slither, this swarm.

I don't know what it is about fecundity that so appalls. I suppose it is the teeming evidence that birth and growth, which we value, are ubiquitous and blind, that life itself is so astonishingly cheap, that nature is as careless as it is bountiful, and that with extravagance goes a crushing waste that will one day include our own cheap lives. Every glistening egg is a *memento mori.*

Now, in late June in the Blue Ridge, things are popping outside. Creatures extrude or vent eggs; larvae fatten, split their shells, and eat them; spores dissolve or explode; root hairs multiply, corn puffs on the stalk, grass yields seed, shoots erupt from the earth turgid and sheathed; wet muskrats, rabbits, and squirrels slide into the sunlight, mewling and blind; and everywhere watery cells divide and swell, swell and divide. I can like it and call it birth and regeneration, or I can play the devil's advocate and call it rank fecundity—and say that it's hell that's a-poppin'.

This is what I plan to do. Partly as a result of my terrible dream, I have been thinking that the landscape of the intricate world that I have cherished is inaccurate and lopsided. It's too optimistic. For the notion of the infinite variety of detail and the multiplicity of forms is a pleasing one; in complexity are the fringes of beauty, and in variety are generosity and exuberance. But all this leaves something vital out of the picture. It is not one monarch butterfly I see, but a thousand. I myself am not one, but legion. And we are all going to die.

In this repetition of individuals is a mindless stutter, an imbecilic fixedness that must be taken

into account. The driving force behind all this fecundity is a terrible pressure I also must consider, the pressure of birth and growth, the pressure that squeezes out the egg and bursts the pupa, that hungers and lusts and drives the creature relentlessly toward its own death. Fecundity, then, is what I have been thinking about, fecundity and the pressure of growth. Fecundity is an ugly word for an ugly subject. It is ugly, at least, in the eggy animal world. I don't think it is for plants.

I never met a man who was shaken by a field of identical blades of grass. An acre of poppies and a forest of spruce boggle no one's mind. Even ten square miles of wheat gladdens the hearts of most people, although it is really as unnatural and freakish as the Frankenstein monster; if man were to die, I read, wheat wouldn't survive him more than three years. No, in the plant world, and especially among the flowering plants, fecundity is not an assault on human values. Plants are not our competitors; they are our prey and our nesting materials. We are no more distressed at their proliferation than an owl is at a population explosion among field mice.

After the flood last year I found a big tulip tree limb that had been wind-thrown into Tinker Creek. The current dragged it up on some rocks on the bank, where receding waters stranded it. A month after the flood I discovered that it was growing new leaves. Both ends of the branch were completely exposed and dried. I was amazed. It was like the old fable about the corpse growing a beard; it was as if the woodpile in my garage were suddenly to burst greenly into leaf. The way plants persevere in the bitterest of circumstances is utterly heartening. I can barely keep from unconsciously ascribing a will to these plants, a do-or-die courage, and I have to remind myself that coded cells and mute water pressure have no idea how grandly they are flying in the teeth of it all.

In the lower Bronx, for example, enthusiasts found an ailanthus tree that was fifteen feet long growing from the corner of a garage roof. It was rooted in and living on "dust and roofing cinders." Even more spectacular is a desert plant, *Ibervillea sonorae*—a member of the gourd family—that Joseph Wood Krutch describes. If you see this plant in the desert, you see only a dried chunk of loose wood. It has neither roots nor stems; it's like an old gray knothole. But it is alive. Each year before the rainy season comes, it sends out a few roots and shoots. If the rain arrives, it grows flowers and fruits; these soon wither away, and it reverts to a state as quiet as driftwood.

Annie Dillard is a poet living in Virginia. Her book, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, from which this essay is adapted, will be published in April.

Well, the New York Botanical Garden put a dried *Ibervillea sonorae* on display in a glass case. "For seven years," says Joseph Wood Krutch, "without soil or water, simply lying in the case, it put forth a few anticipatory shoots and then, when no rainy season arrived, dried up again, hoping for better luck next year." That's what I call flying in the teeth of it all.

(It's hard to understand why no one at the New York Botanical Garden had the grace to splash a glass of water on the thing. Then they could say on their display case label, "This is a live plant." But by the eighth year what they had was a dead plant, which is precisely what it had looked like all along. The sight of it, reinforced by the label, "Dead *Ibervillea sonorae,*" would have been most melancholy to visitors. I suppose they just threw it away.)

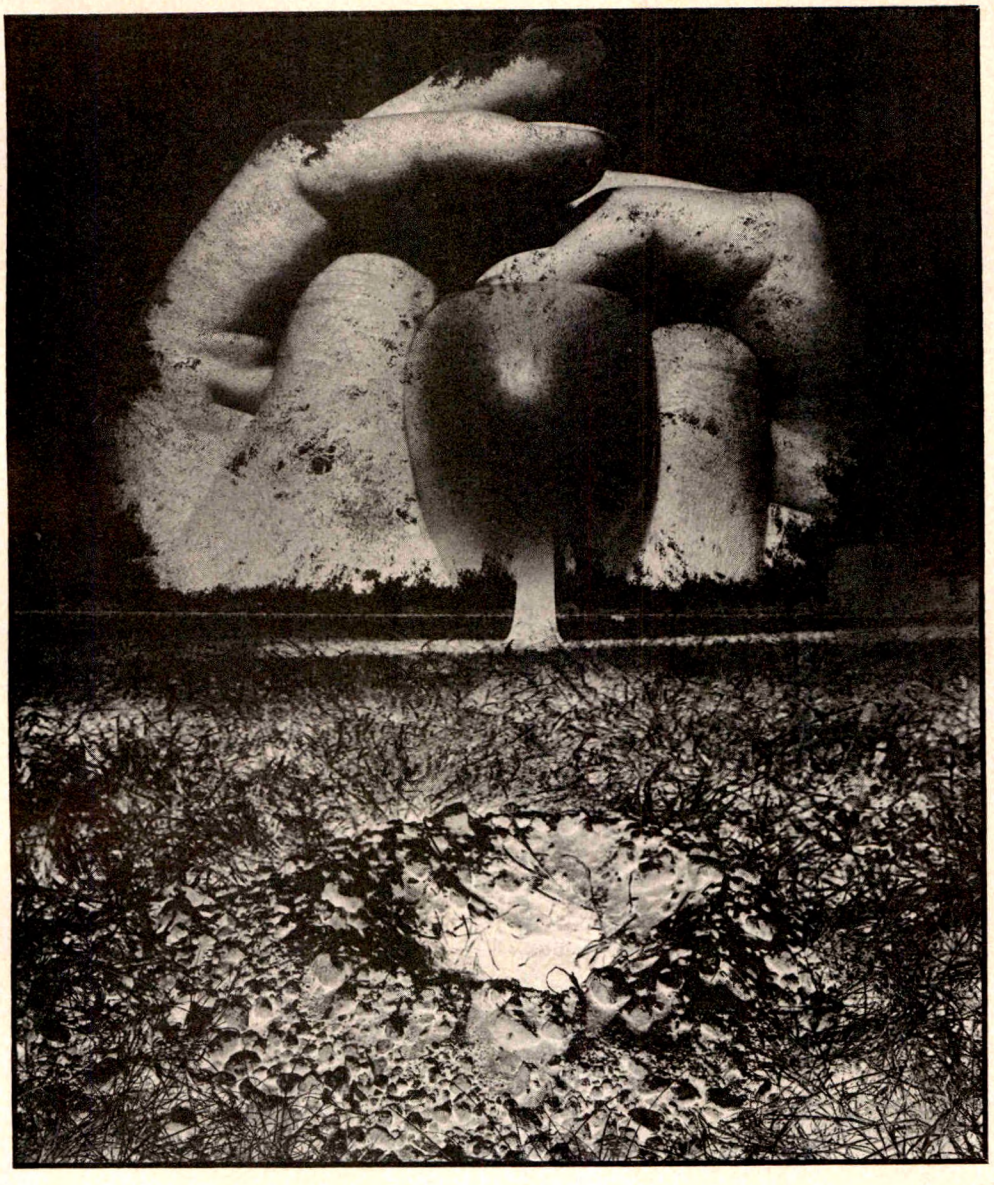
The growth pressure of plants can do an impressive variety of tricks. Bamboo can grow three feet in twenty-four hours, an accomplishment that is capitalized upon, legendarily, in that exquisite Asian torture in which a victim is strapped to a mesh bunk a mere foot above a bed of healthy bamboo plants whose woodlike tips have been sharpened. For the first eight hours he is fine, if jittery; then he starts turning into a colander, by degrees.

Down at the root end of things, blind growth reaches astonishing proportions. So far as I know, only one real experiment has ever been performed to determine the extent and rate of root growth, and when you read the figures, you see why. I have run into various accounts of this experiment, and the only thing they don't reveal is how many lab assistants were blinded for life.

The experimenters studied a single grass plant, winter rye. They let it grow in a greenhouse for four months; then they gingerly spirited away the soil—under microscopes, I imagine—and counted and measured all the roots and root hairs. In four months the plant had set forth 378 miles of roots—that's about three miles a day—in 14 million distinct roots. This is mighty impressive, but when they get down to the root hairs, I boggle completely. In those same four months the rye plant created 14 *billion* root hairs, and those little things placed end to end just about wouldn't quit. In a single *cubic inch* of soil, the length of the root hairs totaled *6000* miles.

Other plants use water power to heave the rock earth around as though they were merely shrugging off a silken cape. Rutherford Platt tells about a larch tree whose root had cleft a one-and-a-half-ton boulder and hoisted it a foot into the air. Everyone knows how a sycamore root will buckle a sidewalk, a mushroom will shatter a cement basement floor. But when the first real measurements of this awesome pressure were taken, nobody could believe the figures.

Rutherford Platt tells the story in *The Great*



American Forest, one of the most interesting books ever written:

> In 1875, a Massachusetts farmer, curious about the growing power of expanding apples, melons, and squashes, harnessed a squash to a weight-lifting device which had a dial like a grocer's scale to indicate the pressure exerted by the expanding fruit. As the days passed, he kept piling on counterbalancing weight; he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his vegetables quietly exerting a lifting force of 5 thousand pounds per square inch. When nobody believed him, he set up exhibits of harnessed squashes and invited the public to come and see. The *Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture,* 1875, reported: "Many thousands of men, women, and children of all classes of society visited it. *Mr. Penlow* watched it day and night, making hourly observations; *Professor Parker* was moved to write a poem about it; *Professor Seelye* declared that he positively stood in awe of it."

All this is very jolly. Unless perhaps I were strapped down above a stand of growing, sharpened bamboo, I am unlikely to feel the faintest queasiness either about the growth pressure of plants or their fecundity. Even when the plants get in the way of human "culture," I don't mind. When I read how many thousands of dollars a city like New York has to spend to keep underground water pipes free of ailanthus, ginko, and sycamore roots, I cannot help but give a little cheer. After all, water pipes are almost always an excellent source of water. In a town where resourcefulness and beating the system are highly prized, these primitive trees can fight city hall and win.

But in the animal world things are different, and human feelings are different. While we're in New York, consider the cockroaches under the bed and the rats in the early morning clustered on the porch stoop. Apartment houses are hives of swarming roaches. Or again: in one sense you could think of Manhattan's land as high-rent, high-rise real estate; in another sense you could see it as an enormous breeding ground for rats, acres and acres of rats. I suppose that the cockroaches don't do as

much actual damage as the roots do; nevertheless, the prospect does not please. Fecundity is anathema only in the animal. "Acres and acres of rats" has a suitably chilling ring to it that is decidedly lacking if I say instead "acres and acres of tulips."

The landscape of earth is dotted and smeared with masses of apparently identical individual animals, from the great Pleistocene herds that blanketed grasslands to the gluey gobs of bacteria that clog the lobes of lungs. The oceanic breeding grounds of pelagic birds are as teeming and cluttered as any human Calcutta. Lemmings blacken the earth and locusts the air. Grunion run thick in the ocean, corals pile on pile, and protozoans explode in a red tide stain. Ants take to the skies in swarms, mayflies hatch by the millions, and molting cicadas coat the trunks of trees. Have you seen the rivers run red and lumpy with salmon?

Consider the ordinary barnacle, the rock barnacle. Inside every one of those millions of hard white cones on the rocks—the kind that bruises your heel as you bruise its head—is of course a creature as alive as you or me. Its business in life is this: when a wave washes over it, it sticks out twelve feathery feeding appendages and filters the plankton for food. As it grows, it sheds its skin like a lobster, enlarges its shell, and reproduces itself without end. The larvae "hatch into the sea in milky clouds." The barnacles encrusting a single half-mile of shore can leak into the water a million million larvae. How many is that to a human mouthful? In sea water they grow, molt, change shape wildly, and eventually, after several months, settle on the rocks, turn into adults, and build shells. Inside the shells they have to shed their skins. Rachel Carson was always finding the old skins; she reported: "Almost every container of sea water I bring up from the shore is flecked with white, semitransparent objects. . . . Seen under the microscope, every detail of structure is perfectly represented. . . . In the little cellophane-like replicas I can count the joints of the appendages; even the bristles, growing at the bases of the joints, seem to have been slipped out of their casings." All in all, rock barnacles may live four years.

My point about rock barnacles is those million million larvae "in milky clouds" and those shed flecks of skin. Sea water seems suddenly to be but a broth of barnacle bits. Can I fancy that a million million human infants are more real?

I have seen the mantis' abdomen dribbling out eggs in wet bubbles like tapioca pudding glued to a thorn. I have seen a film of a termite queen as big as my face, dead white and featureless, glistening with slime, throbbing and pulsing out rivers of globular eggs. Termite workers, who looked like tiny dock workers unloading the *Queen Mary*, licked each egg to prevent mold as fast as it was extruded. The whole world is an incubator for incalculable numbers of eggs, each one coded minutely and ready to burst.

The egg of a parasite chalcid fly, a common small fly, multiplies unassisted, making ever more identical eggs. The female lays a single fertilized egg in the flaccid tissues of its live prey, and that egg divides and divides. As many as 2000 new parasitic flies will hatch to feed on the host's body with identical hunger. Similarly—only more so—Edwin Way Teale reports that a lone aphid, without a partner, breeding "unmolested" for one year, would produce so many living aphids that, although they are only a tenth of an inch long, together they would extend into space 2500 *light-years*. Even the average goldfish lays 5000 eggs, which it will eat as fast as it lays, if permitted. The sales manager of Ozark Fisheries in Missouri, which raises commercial goldfish for the likes of me, said, "We produce, measure, and sell our product by the ton." The intricacy of goldfish and aphids multiplied mindlessly into tons and light-years is more than extravagance; it is holocaust, parody, glut.

The pressure of growth among animals is a kind of terrible hunger. These billions must eat in order to fuel their surge to sexual maturity so that they may pump out more billions of eggs. And what are the fish on the bed going to eat, or hatched mantises in a Mason jar going to eat, but each other? There is a terrible innocence in the benumbed world of the lower animals, reducing life there to a universal chomp. Edwin Way Teale, in *The Strange Lives of Familiar Insects*—a book I couldn't live without—describes several occasions of meals mouthed under the pressure of a hunger that knew no bounds.

There is the dragonfly nymph, for instance, which stalks the bottom of the creek and the pond in search of live prey to snare with its hooked, unfolding lip. Dragonfly nymphs are insatiable and mighty. They clasp and devour whole minnows and fat tadpoles. "A dragonfly nymph," says Teale, "has even been seen climbing up out of the water on a plant to attack a helpless dragonfly emerging, soft and rumpled, from its nymphal skin." Is this where I draw the line?

It is between mothers and their offspring that these feedings have truly macabre overtones. Look at lacewings. Lacewings are those fragile green creatures with large, transparent wings. The larvae eat enormous numbers of aphids, the adults mate in a fluttering rush of instinct, lay eggs, and die by the millions in the first cold snap of fall. Sometimes, when a female lays her fertile eggs on a green leaf atop a slender stalked thread, she is hungry. She pauses in her laying, turns around, and eats her eggs one by one, then lays some more, and eats them, too.

DO YOU EAT THE RIGHT FOOD WITH THE WRONG WINE?

Everybody in the wine business seems to be avoiding giving specific advice about which wine to drink with which food.

Mainly because they want you to feel free to buy any of their wines and enjoy them with whatever you eat.

This is one way to look at it.

Looking at it this way sells more wine and there are no rules to follow.

But the trouble with leaving it all to chance is you may never experience some pretty fabulous taste combinations.

Some wines go better with some foods than others, and we at Inglenook Vineyards think you should know which is which.

We spend a lot of time and money in the making of our wines. And we want you to be able to enjoy them under the best possible conditions.

FISH?

Everybody knows white wine goes with fish, but not everybody knows why. White wine is acidic, and its acidity helps break down the oil in fish, which most people find disagreeable. Lemon is served with fish for the same reason.

Just remember that shell fish go best with the drier white wines, fish without shells taste best with a dry or semi-dry white wine.

The chart below explains which wine is which.

WHITE WINES

Dry	Semi-Dry	Semi-Sweet
Chablis	Johannisberg Riesling	Chenin Blanc
Grey Riesling	Semillon	Sauterne
Pinot Chardonnay	Sylvaner	
White Pinot	Traminer	
	Rhine	

FOWL?

With white meated fowl, such as chicken, turkey, and cornish hen, any white wine goes well. But with red meated fowl, such as goose, pheasant, duck and quail, any red or white wine can be drunk.

CHINESE FOOD?

If you want wine with your Flaming Filet of Yak instead of tea, order any dry or semi-dry white wine. Semi-sweet whites seem to clash with the spiciness of many Chinese dishes, particularly Mandarin, and red wines are inappropriate for the same reason.

CANDIED BAKED HAM?

This is one American dish neither red nor white wines seem to go with. The dry red wines compete with the natural dryness of the meat. And the dry white wines are overpowered by it. A Rosé solves the problem and is the perfect compromise.

STEAKS, ROASTS, CHOPS, PASTA?

Red wine is the right wine for meat, but not just any red wine. It should be a dry red. The sweeter reds, combined with the richness of meat tend to fill you up and make you wish you hadn't eaten at all. Here's our chart for red wines:

RED WINES

Dry	Semi-Dry	Sweet
Cabernet Sauvignon	Burgundy	Ruby Port
Charbono	Gamay Beaujolais	Tawny Port
Pinot Noir	Zinfandel	
Red Pinot		

CHEESE AND NUTS?

You can drink just about any red wine as you eat just about any cheese, and each does a little magic for the other. With nuts, there is really only one wine: Port. And with Port, there is really only one kind of nut: the walnut. Try them together, for one of the nicest experiences of your life.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Now that you know the right wine to drink with your food, it's still possible to drink the wrong wine. Because if the wine you drink isn't up to the food on your table, it won't make much difference if it's red when it's supposed to be white, or vice versa. A better argument for buying Inglenook could not be devised. Estate Bottled Inglenook is the filet mignon of wine, and unfortunately, it's almost as expensive.

But for the extra money you pay, you get a wine that has been properly vintaged, aged, and bottled on our estate, a European practice almost extinct here in the U.S.

Estate bottling gives us the control necessary to produce a wine fine enough to be served at state dinners in Washington, and at various other events in high places where money is no object.

Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine is a luxury, but then isn't any fine meal?

INGLENOOK

In Europe, there are many great wines.
In America, there is Inglenook.

This ad is one of a series. If you'd like copies of other ads, send your name and address to Inglenook Vineyards, Box 527, Dept. D, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Anything can happen, and anything does; what's it all about? Valerie Eliot, T. S. Eliot's widow, wrote in a letter to the London *Times:* "My husband, T. S. Eliot, loved to recount how late one evening he stopped a taxi. As he got in the driver said: 'You're T. S. Eliot.' When asked how he knew, he replied: 'Ah, I've got an eye for a celebrity. Only the other evening I picked up Bertrand Russell, and I said to him, "Well, Lord Russell, what's it all about," and, do you know, he couldn't tell me.' " Well, Lord God, asks the delicate, dying lacewing whose mandibles are wet with the juice secreted by her own ovipositor, what's it all about? ("And, do you know . . .")

Although mothers devouring their own offspring is patently the more senseless, somehow the reverse behavior is the more appalling. In the death of the parent in the jaws of its offspring I recognize a universal drama that chance occurrence has merely telescoped, so that I can see all the players at once. Gall gnats, for instance, are common small flies. Sometimes, according to Teale, a gall gnat larva, which does not resemble the adult in the least, and has certainly not mated, nevertheless produces within its body eggs, live eggs, which then hatch within its soft tissues. Sometimes the eggs hatch alive even within the quiescent body of the pupa. The same incredible thing occasionally occurs within the genus *Miastor,* again to both larvae and pupae. "These eggs hatch within their bodies and the ravenous larvae which emerge immediately begin devouring their parents." In this case, I know what it's all about, and I wish I didn't. The parents die, the next generation lives, *ad majorem gloriam,* and so it goes.

You are an ichneumon wasp. You mated and your eggs are fertile. If you can't see a caterpillar on which to lay your eggs, your young will starve. When the eggs hatch, the young will eat any body in which they find themselves, so if you don't kill them by emitting them broadcast over the landscape, they'll eat you alive. But if you let them drop over the fields you will probably be dead yourself, of old age, before they even hatch to starve, and the whole show will be over and done, and a wretched one it was. You feel them coming, and coming, and you struggle to rise. . . .

Not that the ichneumon wasp is making any conscious choice. If she were, her dilemma would be truly the stuff of tragedy; Aeschylus need have looked no further than the ichneumon. That is, it would be the stuff of real tragedy if only Aeschylus and I could convince you that the ichneumon is really and truly as alive as we are, and that what happens to it matters. Will you take it on faith?

Here is one last story. It shows that the pressures of growth "gang aft a-gley." The clothes moth, whose caterpillar eats wool, sometimes goes into a molting frenzy that Teale describes as "curious." "A curious paradox in molting is the action of a clothes-moth larva with insufficient food. It sometimes goes into a 'molting frenzy,' changing its skin repeatedly and getting smaller and smaller with each change." Smaller and smaller . . . can you imagine the frenzy? Where shall we send our sweaters? The diminution process could, in imagination, extend to infinity, as the creature frantically shrinks and shrinks and shrinks to the size of a molecule, then an electron, but never can shrink to absolute nothing and end its terrible hunger. I feel like Ezra: "And when I heard this thing, I rent my garment and my mantle, and plucked off the hair of my head and of my beard, and sat down astonied."

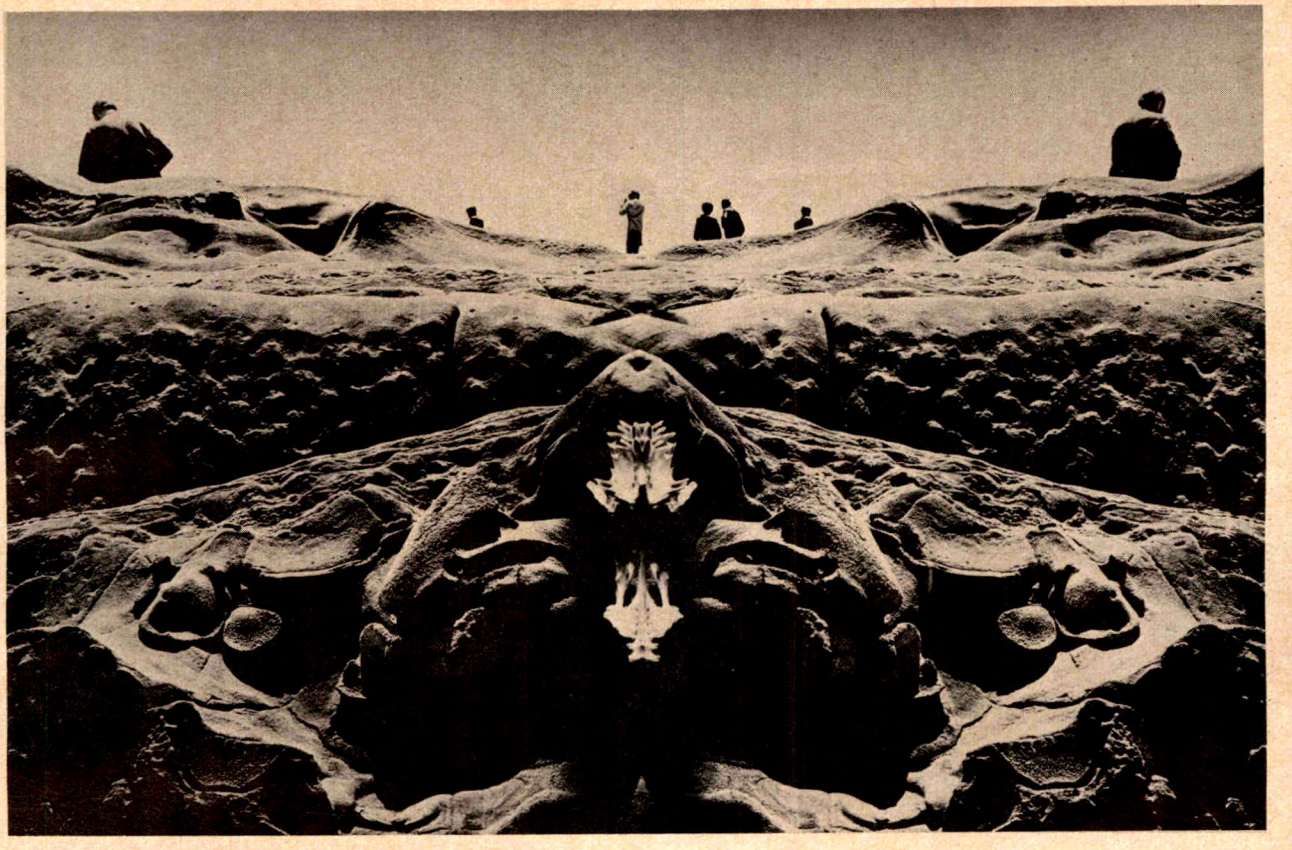
I am not kidding anyone if I pretend that these awesome pressures to eat and breed are wholly mystifying. The million million barnacle larvae in a half-mile of shore water, the rivers of termite eggs, and the light-years of aphids ensure the living presence, in a scarcely concerned world, of ever more rock barnacles, termites, and aphids.

It's chancy out there. Dog whelks eat rock barnacles, worms invade their shells, shore ice razes them from the rocks and grinds them to a powder. Can you lay aphid eggs faster than chickadees can eat them? Can you find a caterpillar, can you beat the killing frost?

As far as lower animals go, if you lead a simple life you probably face a boring death. Some animals, however, lead such complicated lives that not only do the chances for any one animal's death at any minute multiply greatly but so also do the *varieties* of the deaths it might die. The ordained paths of some animals are so rocky they are preposterous. The horsehair worm in the duck pond, for instance, wriggling so serenely near the surface, is the survivor of an impossible series of squeaky escapes. I did a bit of research into the life cycles of these worms, which are shaped exactly like hairs from a horse's tail, and learned that although scientists are not exactly sure what happens to any one species of them, they think it might go something like this:

You start with long strands of eggs wrapped around vegetation in the duck pond. The eggs hatch, the larvae emerge, and each seeks an aquatic host, say a dragonfly nymph. The larva bores into the nymph's body, where it feeds and grows and somehow escapes. Then if it doesn't get eaten, it swims over to the shore where it encysts on submersed plants. This is all fairly improbable, but not impossibly so.

Now the coincidences begin. First, presumably, the water level of the duck pond has to drop. This



exposes the vegetation so that the land host organism can get at it without drowning. Horsehair worms have various land hosts, such as crickets, beetles, and grasshoppers. Let's say ours can only make it if a grasshopper comes along. Fine. But the grasshopper had best hurry, for there is only so much fat stored in the encysted worm, and it might starve. Well, here comes just the right species of grasshopper, and it is obligingly feeding on shore vegetation. Now I have not observed any extensive grazing of grasshoppers on any grassy shores, but obviously it must occur. Bingo, then, the grasshopper just happens to eat the encysted worm.

The cyst bursts. The worm emerges in all its hideous length, up to thirty-six inches, inside the body of the grasshopper, on which it feeds. I presume that the worm must eat enough of its host to stay alive, but not so much that the grasshopper will keel over dead far from water. Entomologists have found tiger beetles dead and dying on the water whose insides were almost perfectly empty except for the white, coiled bodies of horsehair worms. At any rate, now the worm is almost an adult, ready to reproduce. But first it's got to get out of this grasshopper.

Biologists don't know what happens next. If at the critical stage the grasshopper is hopping in a sunny meadow away from a duck pond or ditch, which is entirely likely, then the story is over. But say it happens to be feeding near the duck pond. The worm perhaps bores its way out of the grasshopper's body, or perhaps is excreted. At any rate, there it is on the grass, drying out. Now some biologists have to go so far as to invoke a "heavy rain," falling from heaven at this fortuitous moment, in order to get the horsehair worm back into the water where it can mate and lay more seemingly doomed eggs. You'd be thin, too.

Other creatures have it just about as easy. A blood fluke starts out as an egg in human feces. If it happens to fall into fresh water, it will live only if it happens to encounter a certain species of snail. It changes in the snail, swims out, and now needs to find a human being in the water in order to bore through his skin. It travels around in the man's blood, settles down in the blood vessels of his intestine, and turns into a sexually mature blood fluke, either male or female. Now it has to find another fluke, of the opposite sex, which also just happens to have traveled the same circuitous route and landed in the same unfortunate man's intestinal blood vessels. Other flukes lead similarly improbable lives, some passing through as many as four hosts.

But it is for gooseneck barnacles that I reserve the largest measure of awe. Recently I saw photographs taken by members of the *Ra* expedition. One showed a glob of tar as big as a softball, jetsam from a larger craft, which Heyerdahl and his crew spotted in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The tar had been in the sea for a long time; it was overgrown with gooseneck barnacles. The gooseneck barnacles were entirely incidental, but for me they were the most interesting thing about the whole expedition. How many gooseneck barnacle

larvae must be dying out there in the middle of vast oceans for every one that finds a glob of tar to fasten to? You've seen gooseneck barnacles washed up on the beach; they grow on old ship's timber, driftwood, strips of rubber—anything that's been afloat in the sea long enough. They do not resemble rock barnacles in the least, although the two are closely related. They have pinkish shells extending in a flattened oval from a flexible bit of "gooseneck" tissue that secures them to the substratum.

I have always had a fancy for these creatures, but I'd always assumed that they lived near shores, where chance floating holdfasts are more likely to occur. What are they doing—what are the larvae doing—out there in the middle of the ocean? They drift and perish, or, by some freak accident in a world where anything can happen, they latch and flourish. If I dangled my hand from the deck of the *Ra* into the sea, could a gooseneck barnacle fasten there? If I gathered a cup of ocean water, would I be holding a score of dying and dead barnacle larvae? Should I throw them a chip? What kind of a world is this, anyway? Why not make fewer barnacle larvae and give them a decent chance? Are we dealing in life, or in death?

I have to look at the landscape of the blue-green world again. Just think: in all the clean, beautiful reaches of the solar system, our planet alone is a blot; our planet alone has death. I have to acknowledge that the sea is a cup of death and the land is a stained altar stone. We the living are survivors huddled on flotsam, living on jetsam. We are escapees. We wake in terror, eat in hunger, sleep with a mouthful of blood.

The faster death goes, the faster evolution goes. If an aphid lays a million eggs, several might survive. Now, my right hand, in all its human cunning, could not make one aphid in a thousand years. But these aphid eggs—which run less than a dime a dozen, which run absolutely free—can make aphids as effortlessly as the sea makes waves. Wonderful things, wasted. It's a wretched system.

Any three-year-old can see how unsatisfactory and clumsy is this whole business of reproducing and dying by the billions. We have not yet encountered any god who is as merciful as a man who flicks a beetle over on its feet. There is not a people in the world that behaves as badly as praying mantises. But wait, you say, there is no right and wrong in nature; right and wrong is a human concept. Precisely: we are moral creatures, then, in an amoral world. The universe that suckled us is a monster that does not care if we live or die—does not care if it itself grinds to a halt. It is fixed and blind, a robot programmed to kill. We are free and seeing; we can only try to outwit it at every turn to save our skins.

This view requires that a monstrous world running on chance and death, careening blindly from nowhere to nowhere, somehow produced wonderful us. I came from the world, I crawled out of a sea of amino acids, and now I must whirl around and shake my fist at that sea and cry Shame! If I value anything at all, then I must blindfold my eyes when I near the randomly shaped Swiss Alps. We must as a culture disassemble our telescopes and settle down to backslapping. We little blobs of soft tissue crawling around on this one planet's skin are right, and the whole universe is wrong.

Or consider the alternative.

Julian of Norwich, the great English anchorite and theologian, cited, in the manner of the prophets, these words from God: "See, I am God: see, I am in all things: see, I never lift my hands off my works, nor ever shall, without end. . . . How should anything be amiss?" But now not even the simplest and best of us sees things the way Julian did. It seems to us that plenty is amiss. So much is amiss that I must consider the second fork in the road, that creation itself is blamelessly, benevolently askew by its very free nature, and that it is only human feeling that is freakishly amiss. The frog I saw being sucked by a giant water bug had, presumably, a rush of pure feeling for about a second, before its brain turned to broth. I, however, have been sapped by various strong feelings about the incident almost every day for several years.

Do the barnacle larvae care? Does the lacewing who eats her eggs care? If they do not care, then why am I making all this fuss? If I am a freak, then why don't I hush?

Our excessive emotions are so patently painful and harmful to us as a species that I can hardly believe that they evolved. Other creatures manage to have effective matings and even stable societies without great emotions, and they have a bonus in that they need not ever mourn. (But some higher animals have emotions that we think are similar to ours: dogs, elephants, otters, and the sea mammals mourn their dead. Why do that to an otter? What creator could be so cruel, not to kill otters, but to let them care?) It would seem that emotions are the curse, not death—emotions that appear to have devolved upon a few freaks as a special curse from Malevolence.

All right then. It is our emotions that are amiss. We are freaks, the world is fine, and let us all go have lobotomies to restore us to a natural state. We can leave the library then, go back to the creek lobotomized, and live on its banks as untroubled as any muskrat or reed. You first.

Of the two ridiculous alternatives, I rather favor the second. Although it is true that we are moral creatures in an amoral world, the world's amorality does not make it a monster. Rather, I am the freak. Perhaps I don't need a lobotomy, but I

could use some calming down, and Tinker Creek is just the place for it. I must go down to the creek again. It is where I belong, although as I become closer to it, my fellows appear more and more freakish, and my home in the library more and more limited. Imperceptibly at first, and now consciously, I shy away from the arts, from the human emotional stew. I read what the men with telescopes and microscopes have to say about the landscape, I read about the polar ice, and I drive myself deeper and deeper into exile from my own kind. But, since I cannot avoid the library altogether—the human culture that taught me to speak in its tongue—I bring human values to the creek, and so save myself from being brutalized.

What I have been after all along is not an explanation but a picture. This is the way the world is, altar and cup, lit by the fire from a star that has only begun to die. My rage and shock at the pain and death of individuals of my kind is the old, old mystery, as old as man, but forever fresh, and completely unanswerable. My reservations about the fecundity and waste of life among other creatures are, however, mere squeamishness. After all, I'm the one having the nightmares. It is true that many of the creatures live and die abominably, but I am not called upon to pass judgment. Nor am I called upon to live in that same way, and those creatures who are are mercifully unconscious.

The picture of fecundity and its excesses and of the pressures of growth and its accidents is of course no different from the picture I have long cherished of the world as an intricate texture of a bizarre variety of forms. Only now the shadows are deeper. Extravagance takes on a sinister, wastrel air, and exuberance blithers. When I added the dimension of time to the landscape of the world, I saw how freedom grew the beauties and horrors from the same live branch. This landscape is the same as that one, with a few more details added, and a different emphasis. Instead of one goldfish swimming in its intricate bowl, I see tons and tons of goldfish laying and eating billions and billions of eggs. The point of all the eggs is of course to make goldfish one by one—nature loves the *idea* of the individual, if not the individual himself—and the point of a goldfish is pizazz. This is familiar ground. I merely failed to acknowledge that it is death that is spinning the globe.

It is harder to take, but surely it's been thought about. I cannot really get very exercised over the hideous appearance and habits of some deep-sea jellies and fishes, and I exercise easy. But about the topic of my own death I am decidedly touchy. Nevertheless, the two phenomena are two branches of the same creek, the creek that waters the world. Its source is freedom, and its network of branches is infinite. The graceful mockingbird that falls drinks there and sips in the same drop a beauty that waters its eyes and a death that fledges and flies. The petals of tulips are flaps of the same doomed water that swells and hatches in the ichneumon's gut.

That something is everywhere and always amiss is part of the very stuff of creation. It is as though each clay form had baked into it, fired into it, a blue streak of nonbeing, a shaded emptiness like a bubble that not only shapes its very structure but that also causes it to list and ultimately explode. We could have planned things more mercifully, perhaps, but our plan would never get off the drawing board until we agreed to the very compromising terms that are the only ones that being offers.

The world has signed a pact with the devil; it had to. It is a covenant to which every thing, even every hydrogen atom, is bound. The terms are clear: if you want to live, you have to die; you cannot have mountains and creeks without space, and space is a beauty married to a blind man. The blind man is Freedom, or Time, and he does not go anywhere without his great dog Death. The world came into being with the signing of the contract. A scientist calls it the Second Law of Thermodynamics. A poet says, "The force that through the green fuse drives the flower/ Drives my green age." This is what we know. The rest is gravy. □

THE STRENGTH OF ILLUSIONS

Emergencies arrive: a toad
on fire near the barn,

the water pump stopping
in the night,

rain on the bed,
rain on the typewriter,

the possibilities are endless:
a black wolf, marooned

in his own gentleness,
believes he is white

in white moonlight.

by Tom McKeown

Six Great Sherries. One Great Name. Duff Gordon.

If you're a Sherry drinker, you know that the Duff Gordon name means great Sherry. It has meant that since 1768.

Today, the Duff Gordon name lives on in six great Sherries ranging from very sweet to very dry. Santa Maria Cream. No. 28. Nina. El Cid. Club Dry Amontillado. And Pinta.

So no matter what your taste may be in Sherry there's a Duff Gordon Sherry that will suit your taste.

Duff Gordon. Six great Sherries. One great name.

Duff Gordon Sherries

Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.C.

"THE NEXT WAR"

How the military men see the future

by Drew Middleton

"Oh, boy, oh, joy, where do we go from here?
Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier."

The confident, exuberant spirit of the refrain sung by the doughboys of 1918 would be almost incomprehensible to the U.S. military men of 1973. For they are trying to identify their mission in a world of drastically altered strategic patterns, at the same time as they grope for a new identity in a changing America.

The chief petty officer, watching a destroyer's wake in the blue Mediterranean, ponders two black seamen's unwillingness to accept deck assignments. The colonel at Fort Carson, coaxing a raw battalion of infantry through a field exercise, wonders whether his men should be prepared to fight the Russians in Europe or guerrillas in a South American jungle. An Air Force general, on the verge of retirement, who led his squadron into the deadly air above Regensburg, curses as he reads of a pilot refusing a Cambodian mission because of moral scruples.

To the military, even more than to the average American, the world is a confused place where old standards are irrelevant, and long-established strategies are increasingly questioned. What is their mission in an era of détente with the Soviet Union? Not that many believe détente is here to stay; erudite young admirals, who know their Marx as well as their Mahan, argue that, to the Russians, détente is only a breathing space in the long duel with the capitalist enemy. More simplistic officers say that no authoritarian power builds an enormous military machine without intending to use it.

Containment, the politico-military world strategy that was the basis for American policy from the late forties to the late sixties, is dead. The expansion of the Soviet fleet and, equally important, of Soviet air transport has relegated it to the history books. A multipolar world has replaced the uncomplicated certainties of two superpowers glowering across Germany. The military must adjust to the emergence of three other great power centers: China, Western Europe, and Japan.

Many American intelligence specialists believe that, for the Soviets, détente with the United States is a means of buying time for a settlement of accounts with China. In their analysis the possibility of a Sino-American war has receded. Soviet military thought, however, holds that China and the United States and Japan inevitably will clash over economic domination of Southeast Asia, from Vietnam to Burma.

Bright young officers in the staff colleges argue that the United States today is a "have-not" country in terms of raw materials—a condition that imposes new responsibilities, and inhibitions, on strategic planners. The nation's vital interests have multiplied. Stability in the Persian Gulf may be as essential to national survival now as were English airfields and ports a generation ago.

The days when the military had only to ask and Congress would give are done. Senator William

Proxmire's detailed criticisms of the Navy's $14.8 billion F-14 fighter symbolize mounting congressional opposition to military expenditure. Embarrassing and accurate charges of service waste come from the House of Representatives. The press analyzes every defense budget, questioning the suitability of costly new weapons systems to the piping times of peace.

Dollars are dwindling in a period of financial strain for the services. Volunteer forces, competing for manpower in the labor market, consume an increasingly high percentage of the defense budget. Simultaneously, vast sums are sought for projects to modernize the Navy and the Air Force, such as the Trident ballistic missile submarine, at a cost of $1.3 billion each, and the B-1 bomber, now in the research and development stage.

The services' problems have multiplied, their options narrowed at a time when their hold on public esteem and confidence is weaker than at any point since before World War I. They blame the Vietnam experience. The Army is widely abused for reasons ranging from My Lai to military failure. The operations of the Air Force and Naval Air are attacked as both barbaric and ineffective.

Power in the Pentagon has shifted from the Secretaries of the Army, Navy, and Air Force, who are now for the most part administrators and ceremonial figures, to the Secretary of Defense, the President, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In the Cambodian bombing, according to a senior officer, the Department of the Air Force was cut out of the communications dealing with those operations.

The public picture of the professional military man, standing aloof from political intrigue and chicanery, upholding West Point's motto of "Duty, Honor, Country," has grown tarnished. Congressional investigation of the clandestine bombing of Cambodia and Laos must lead many to believe that there is an alarming number of officers who will lie arrogantly to protect themselves, their superiors, and what they consider to be the interests of the service.

Nothing so expressed the military's present state as much as the anguished words of a young colonel of artillery:

"We've got to stop saying 'can do' automatically when the civilian policy makers ask us to take on a mission. We've got to be a whole hell of a lot more cautious about new commitments. We have to rethink strategy on the basis of what we can and can't do. And we have to decide what sort of a war we're most likely to fight."

This is a more realistic attitude than the "we can lick the world" attitude of pre-Vietnam days. And the colonel identified the services' major concern: what will be the nature of the next war?

Drew Middleton, a longtime New York *Times* foreign correspondent, is now military editor for that paper.

A high proportion of military thinkers and planners assumes there will certainly *be* another war. They differ, however, about what kind of war it will be. Senior officers who fought in World War II or Korea and whose professional training has concentrated largely on "the big war" believe there will be a war with the Soviet Union. Younger officers, colonels and majors, commanders and captains, believe the future holds only limited wars, more Vietnams. They maintain that Russia's Vietnam dividends—a President ousted, a nation divided, an economy weakened—were so great that the Soviets will foment other limited conflicts.

A minority believes there will be no war, big or small. Their rationale is that the proliferation of economic ties among competing nations and ideological systems is approaching a point at which the traditional causes of war, such as national rivalries and economic competition, are becoming extinct. This group believes that armies, navies, and air forces will be reduced to the role of police, useful in projecting power but unlikely to use it.

Some military thinkers who do believe in the inevitability of war see the global situation of the post-containment era creating new causes for conflict. One of the most lucid of this group is Colonel Robert J. Leider of the National War College, who recently wrote:

> How and on what terms will nations compete for the earth's diminishing resources?
>
> How will nations respond to the inevitable disequilibrium which must occur when one power retains access to cheap sources of a vital commodity, like oil, while rivals and competitors are forced to reach for expensive substitutes?
>
> Can responsible nations stand idly by while others plunder and upset delicate environmental balances for short-term economic gains, but with far-reaching, long-lasting, and border-jumping consequences?
>
> Finally, there is the most complex question: What are the political and social consequences of economic inequality in a world of exhaustible resources?

So, these servicemen reason, there will be war for one cause or another. But what kind of war? This is the starting point of a debate that involves strategy, doctrine, and weapons.

For a quarter of a century the armed forces were trained and equipped primarily for war with the Soviet Union in Europe; mentally and emotionally, a generation of general and flag officers has prepared for that war. The armored division commander weighs his men and weapons against the Russians. The Navy sees the rapidly expanding Soviet fleet, and calls for more ships. To many, Korea and Vietnam were sideshows distracting the services from preparation for a European conflict.

Younger officers, however, increasingly challenge this concept of the nature of the next war. They

argue that in conditions of nuclear parity, which means a certain second-strike capability for both America and Russia, there will be no nuclear war because both Washington and Moscow understand that neither society would survive it in recognizable form. Instead, they argue, world conditions favor limited wars on a scale ranging from guerrilla actions to conventional conflicts such as Korea.

Some could be "client wars," with a power supported by the Soviet Union—India or Iraq, for example—fighting Iran, largely armed by the United States. Or Israel, America's ally in the Middle East, might again be attacked by Arab powers under Russian tutelage.

Wars of "national liberation" that might ultimately compel American intervention are another possibility. Two such wars, supported by the Chinese, are being waged in Thailand and Burma. Neither state is of vital importance to the United States. But strategic imperatives change rapidly. Fifty years ago Iran, Saudi Arabia, and Kuwait were simply places on a map. Now their oil makes them important to us.

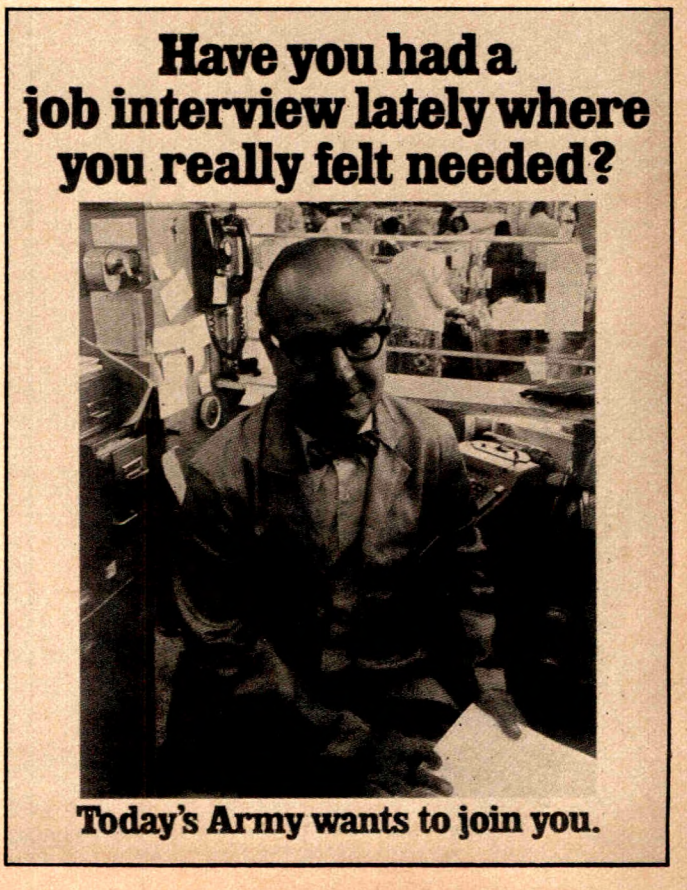
"There are hundreds of guerrillas in the hills of Venezuela," a young naval captain says. "Suppose, just suppose the Russians decide to provide them with more than oral support and send arms and instructors from Cuba. There's oil in Venezuela. We need it. What do we do?"

The extent and vigor of the debate over the nature of the next war has been stimulated by the fumblings and frustrations of Vietnam. A new, skeptical military line of thought questions strategies and doctrines long accepted as immutable, and as age and retirement thin the ranks of the Europe-firsters, the younger men, who believe in the likelihood of limited war, seem to be gaining.

Theoretically, and only theoretically, American strategy has been set by the Nixon Doctrine, which, like most strategies, is a compromise between political expediency and military reality. Its three key elements are:

> The United States will keep all its treaty commitments.
>
> We shall provide a shield if a nuclear power threatens the freedom of a nation allied with us or of a nation whose survival we consider vital to our security.
>
> In cases involving other types of aggression we shall furnish military and economic assistance when requested and as appropriate. But we shall look to the nation directly threatened to assume the primary responsibility of providing the manpower for its defense.

All treaty commitments? In present circumstances, it is reasonable to believe the North Atlantic Treaty would be honored. But, after Vietnam, would we fly to the defense of a member of the



Southeast Asia Treaty Organization—Thailand, for example?

A "shield" is to be provided for allies or states whose survival is "vital" to American security and that shield's provision implies nuclear confrontation. How far would we go to defend the Philippines under those circumstances? Is Israel's survival vital to the United States if military intervention on her behalf costs us access to Middle East oil?

These are the questions the military raise about the Nixon Doctrine, which many regard as unreliable because it is a panacea for things as they were in 1970, not things as they may be in 1975. American interests have contracted in the Far East but they have expanded under new economic pressures in the Middle East.

Could conventional wars be deterred or won by air and naval power alone? Young staff officers argue that, as Vietnam showed, limited wars are won or lost by infantry. Client states may supply manpower but, as we learned in Vietnam, it takes years of training and millions of dollars of equipment to make such a state militarily effective.

Uncertainty over the nature of any future war has bred uncertainty over weapons and the priorities to be assigned to weapons systems. In theory, American forces are equipped to fight any kind of war. In fact, the requirements of battle in the hills of Vietnam proved far different from those necessary for war in Europe.

Should all divisions be armed and equipped to fight with a full complement of tanks and heavy artillery? Or, as some young colonels suggest, would it not be wiser to equip some units for warfare in underdeveloped countries? Does the Air Force need the costly B-1 bomber to replace the B-52, if the future holds limited wars in which the Air Force's chief role will be to support the Army in actions against guerrillas? Are billion-dollar carriers more important than escort vessels to safeguard the sea lanes over which oil passes to the United States?

The military's problems have prompted reexamination of sacrosanct commitments and deployments. About one-third of an Army of thirteen and one-third divisions is stationed in Europe prepared for a war against the Soviet Union that appears increasingly unlikely. In the view of many officers, the Army's present strength is not enough to maintain present force levels in Europe and fight the limited wars they expect.

But withdrawal of sizable forces from Europe could invite perils the United States has sought to avert since 1950. General Andrew J. Goodpaster, the commander of NATO's forces, fears that serious reductions in American strength would leave the Alliance without a major nuclear power around which NATO's conventional forces and the nuclear forces of Britain and France could coalesce. In that situation, he argues, might not the Soviet Union be tempted to exert political pressure, backed by a military machine far more powerful than Hitler's in 1939, upon NATO states, Norway and Denmark in the north, Greece and Turkey in the southeast, whose withdrawal from the Alliance would be of the greatest strategic value to the Russians?

America's NATO strategy is being examined in the light of the services' new situation. That strategy includes not only the defense of Western Europe by American and other forces there, but the reinforcement and replenishment of those forces by large convoys crossing the Atlantic. Leaving aside the question of whether there would be anyone to reinforce and replenish after a week of fighting, is this a realistic operation in view of the continuing expansion of the Soviet surface fleet with its guided missiles and the modernization of submarine forces that are already superior in numbers?

The Navy's brass answers, "Of course we can do it." If war were to come, there would be a "surge" of destroyers and carriers and convoys across the Atlantic. Some ships would be lost but the goods would be delivered. Junior officers, however, have misgivings about the operation. They question the number and quality of the escort forces, wonder about the vulnerability of carriers, forecast that the "surge" could result in unacceptable losses.

In the Middle East, another area of prime strategic importance, admiration for Israel's military achievements is balanced by recognition that the stakes have risen. By the end of the decade America will be importing a minimum of eight million barrels of oil a day from the Persian Gulf.

Our fundamental commitment to Israel is part of postwar history. A recent politico-military rationale for it has been that Israel's defeat by Arab powers supported by the Soviet Union would be followed by the fall of the remaining pro-American Arab governments, such as Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, to left-wing insurgents.

This argument sufficed before the Defense Department realized the strategic consequences of the so-called energy crisis. Now there is greater emphasis on strengthening forces in the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean and, since military and political strategy cannot be separated, almost equal emphasis on the improvement of relations with Arab states.

The services, acutely aware that Vietnam lowered their prestige, are worried too about their military performance there. They blame politicians for indecision, and for ignorance in making judgments that the military feels should have been left to them. But most general officers concede that the services' performance fell far below the expected standard. Conventional tactics in an unconventional war, poor security, the dis-

persion of manpower and of logistical support, confusion over priorities, repetitive tactics, indecision on the offensive; all these are ticked off by critics in the services as evidence of a poor performance.

Some consolation is drawn from the successes attained, largely by the Air Force and Naval Air, in Vietnam in 1972. Then General Giap led his forces out of the friendly jungles and tried conventional warfare with large formations of infantry supported, usually inefficiently, by tanks. He did so, according to intelligence reports, over the protests of his Soviet advisers. The North Vietnamese forces suffered serious losses. The services, however, cannot expect other generals in other limited wars to repeat Giap's blunder.

In the wake of Vietnam, General Goodpaster sees good and bad results. Vietnam veterans now stationed in Europe are battle-ready and command-experienced. But they have much to relearn in tactics, chiefly because Vietnam was more static than any war with the Soviets in Europe would be. The Army fought in Vietnam, he pointed out, unconcerned about hostile air strikes and comfortably certain that air support was always there.

General William W. Momyer, who commanded the Seventh Air Force in Vietnam, believes the Air Force learned much about coping with enemy electronic emissions and thus about avoiding surface-to-air missiles. Pilots adapted to precise flight patterns, maneuvering at very high speeds without wingmen losing position. Another significant advantage for the Air Force was the opportunity to use new weapons, such as the laser-guided "smart bomb," guided by television, under battle conditions in the closing phases of the war.

Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr., Chief of Naval Operations, considers the experience in riverine warfare in the Mekong River delta of great value for limited wars and believes that the Navy must maintain a riverine force. The Navy also experimented with and perfected new methods of halting coastal supply of the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces, methods which could be used in other limited conflicts.

General William C. Westmoreland returned with a firm belief in the helicopter as a weapons system. Fitted with the TOW missile and the new Vulcan gun, he thinks the helicopter can answer Soviet numerical superiority in tanks. But no one can be sure of the helicopter's fate in a skyful of MIG's.

Vietnam shocked all the services into greater flexibility. "Officers and noncoms are more innovative. They're not so inclined to go by 'the book' [established tactical doctrine] if their experience in Vietnam tells 'em 'the book' is wrong," says Major General Gordon J. Duquemin, commanding the First Infantry Division (Mechanized) at Fort Riley. "They know they have to train for any sort of war with what they have and most, from the Vietnam veteran to the new volunteer, show plenty of adaptability."

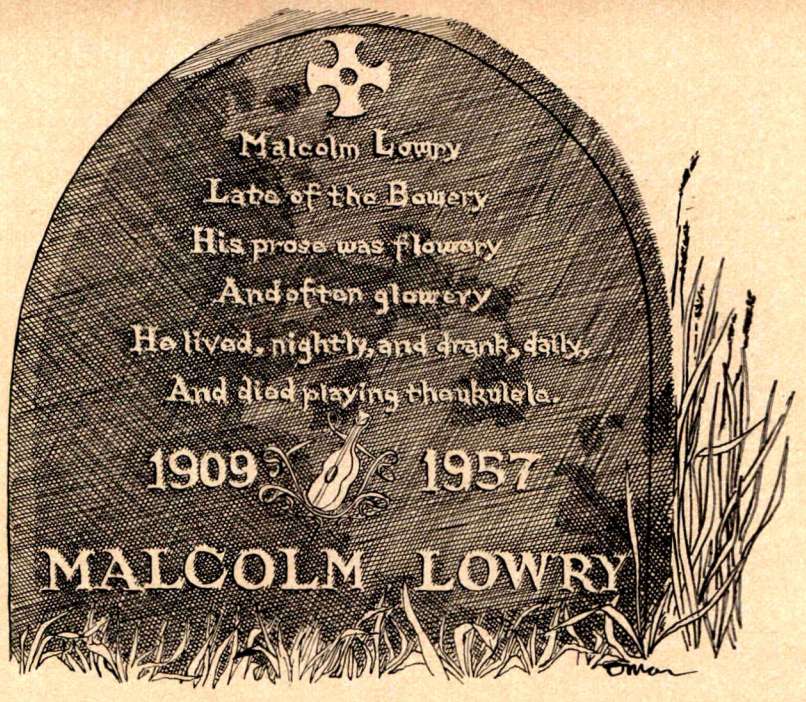
Morale is slowly improving. Officers and noncoms are remaining longer with their units, ending the turbulence in command which was a major cause of indiscipline and slackness in the Vietnam forces. The race problem, while still acute in the Navy, appears less urgent in the Army and Air Force than it was eighteen months ago. Like the drug problem, the race issue mirrors the country that supports the services. When the country masters race and drugs, the services will.

These are real problems. In the long run, however, what is important to the future security of the United States is the nature of any future war—and a strategy that will fulfill commitments with fewer resources. □

UNCLE

How could he come
humpbacked
in his crisp undershirt
on the front porch in black Detroit
bringing in the milk,
the newspaper, the bills
long past noon? His truck howls
all night to Benton Harbor, Saginaw,
Dog of the Prairie.
In the high work camps
the men break toward dawn.
He sleeps under a mountain.
Uncle, I call you again Uncle,
I come too late
with a bottle of milk
and a chipped cup of Schnapps
to loosen your fever, undo
your arms and legs
so you can rise
above Belle Isle and the Straits,
your clear eye
rid of our rooms forever,
the glass of fat, the blue flame.

by Philip Levine



RUINED GENIUS

by Douglas Day

After *Under the Volcano.*

The village of Ripe is in East Sussex, about five miles due east of the town of Lewes, just north of the South Downs. Ripe is an antique sort of place. Two of its cottages are listed in the Domesday Book, its church is early thirteenth century, and it seems to be populated mostly by elderly ladies and middle-aged urban weekenders from London. There is the one church, one pub, no cinema. Ripe is quiet, "quaint," and lovely in a faintly seedy way. It is hard to believe that raffish, rackety Brighton is only a half hour's drive to the southwest.

In spite of its air of having gone almost unnoticed by the last five centuries, Ripe has one rather considerable claim to contemporary fame. Just at the edge of the consecrated ground in the churchyard is a small gravestone, usually almost hidden by unmown grass, that commemorates the village's most famous resident:

MALCOLM LOWRY
1909-1957

For the first five or so years after this man's death, until there began appearing in Ripe a steady stream of earnest academic researchers, journalists, broadcasters in antennae-waggling BBC vans, and literary entrepreneurs in general, probably only a dozen inhabitants of the village remembered Malcolm Lowry even vaguely as the nice writing chap who had died so suddenly a while back. Their memories might have been jogged if Lowry's widow had had engraved on his headstone the epitaph he himself had composed:

> Malcolm Lowry
> Late of the Bowery
> His prose was flowery
> And often glowery
> He lived, nightly, and drank, daily,
> And died playing the ukulele.

But Lowry's connections with the Bowery were fleeting, at best; he drank very little (publicly, at least) while in Ripe; and—sadly—he did not die playing the ukulele, or taropatch, as for some obscure reason he insisted on calling it, which he had carried about with him for so many years. The part about the flowery-glowery prose is apt enough, given Lowry's penchant for self-deprecation; but the townspeople of Ripe would not have known that.

What they *would* have known was what was written up in the Brighton *Argus* a week after Lowry's death:

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SHE BROKE GIN BOTTLE

FOUND HUSBAND DEAD

One evening last week Mrs. Margerie Lowry, of White Cottage, Ripe, tried to stop her 47-year-old writer husband . . . from starting on the gin.

She smashed the bottle on the floor. And he hit her.

Afraid, Mrs. Lowry fled next door, and did not go back to the cottage until nine o'clock the next morning.

When she did she found her husband dead.

This was the story told at the Eastbourne Inquest, when the Coroner, Dr. A. C. Sommerville, recorded a verdict of death by misadventure.

INCURABLE

Mrs. Lowry said her husband had been treated in a hospital for alcoholism, but was discharged last year as incurable.

"When he hit me," she said, "he was under the influence and in a bad temper."

P.C. [Police Constable] William Ford said he found Mr. Lowry on the floor beside his bed.

Near him was a smashed gin bottle and a smashed orange-squash bottle.

A bottle of 20 sodium amytal sleeping tablets belonging to his wife was missing.

This was found later, empty.

"In the house," said P. C. Ford, "I found a number of bottles prescribed for Mrs. Lowry."

Medical evidence showed that Mr. Lowry died from acute barbituric poisoning associated with a state of chronic alcoholism.

As epitaph, the newspaper report is more nearly accurate than Lowry's poetic version; but it still misses the important points. Nowhere does it mention, for instance, that this sad suicide was one of the century's greatest novelists, a man of such awesome talent that the word "genius" must be used to describe him.

How did the author of *Under the Volcano* come to be in Ripe, and what, precisely, was the manner of his death? Like everything else about Lowry, the answers are complicated.

To begin with, one must go back almost three years, to September, 1954. Lowry and Margerie were just about to sail on the Italian freighter S. S. *Giacomo* from New York to Genoa, with their lives, as they felt, in tatters. In August, they had flown east from Vancouver, by way of Los Angeles, after having surrended finally to the threats of eviction from their squatters' home on Burrard Inlet, near Dollarton—the only place where Lowry ever felt at ease, able to work, able to exercise some control over his drinking. (Lowry later told his London psychiatrist that they had left Canada not only because they were about to be evicted but also because Margerie was bored there, and wanted to live where being the wife of a prominent writer might count for something. However much truth there might be in this, Lowry's letters from this time mention only the eviction threats, financial problems, and his depression at having been, he believed, deserted at a crucial time by his editor in New York, Albert Erskine—whose superiors at Random House had recently terminated Lowry's contract.)

The task of caring for Lowry in Manhattan was shared between Margerie and David Markson, a young New York novelist who had in 1952 written his Columbia master's thesis on *Volcano* and had afterward become a close friend of Lowry's, and who now offered his small apartment on West 113th Street to his visitors during their two-week stay in the city. From the first, Lowry was difficult:

> The man could not shave himself. In lieu of a belt, he knotted a rope or a discarded necktie around his waist. Mornings, he needed two or three ounces of gin in his orange juice if he was to steady his hand to eat the breakfast that would very likely prove his only meal of the day. Thereafter a diminishing yellow tint in the glass might belie the fact that now he was drinking the gin neat, which he did for as many hours as it took him to. Ultimately he would collapse—sometimes sensible enough of his condition to lurch toward a bed, though more often he would crash down into a chair, and once it was across my phonograph. Then he would hack and sputter through the night like some great defective machine breaking apart.[1]

One afternoon in New York both Margerie and Markson had to go out, leaving Lowry alone in the apartment. Markson had hidden his supply of gin in back of some books on a shelf, but he had underestimated Lowry's thirst and ingenuity. When he returned, about three hours later, he was met by a smirking, mischievous-faced Lowry: "I have a funny story to tell you, about something that happened when you were out." The funny story, it developed, was that Lowry had, during his time alone, found a newly purchased seven-ounce bottle of Markson's shaving lotion and drunk it all. With little harm done, apparently, since by five that evening he was (at least outwardly) quite fit and happy, freshly shaven and dressed by Margerie, and off to an apartment in the East Thirties, where

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Douglas Day, professor of English at the University of Virginia, is the author of *Swifter than Reason,* a study of Robert Graves. This article is drawn from his new book, *Malcolm Lowry,* just published.

[1] David Markson, "Malcolm Lowry: A Reminiscence," *Nation,* February 7, 1966.

a party was to be given for him, and where it had been arranged for him to see again Conrad Aiken, his old friend, tutor, and father-surrogate. According to Markson, other Lowry friends also present were the writers James Agee and James Stern, his former editors Frank Taylor and Albert Erskine, and two or three wives. The evening was hot and sticky, a typical late-summer Manhattan evening, but Lowry scarcely seemed to notice the discomfort—or anything else. After a few minutes' embarrassed literary conversation with the sixty-five-year-old Aiken, who had come all the way down from his Cape Cod home to see his protégé, Lowry

> drifted into a kind of rapt silence . . . sweating profusely, gazing at nothing; perhaps an hour passed in which he spoke to no one at all, nor did he move from his chair. Then, suddenly, cupping his hands to his mouth, he began to make sounds that can only be called "beeps"—though one who knew could infer jazz, and more specifically tunes associated with Bix Beiderbecke: "Singin' the Blues"; "I'm Comin', Virginia"; "In a Mist." For thirty minutes at least, even more absolutely lost to the rest of us now, the man rendered the Dixieland he had loved as a youth.

This "private recital," as Markson calls it, or "alcohol-induced regression," as a psychiatrist would describe it, was ended only when Aiken, who was both hurt and distressed by Lowry's obviously poor condition, and by his apparently capricious neglect of his old mentor, came up to Lowry and laughingly exclaimed, "Good night, disgrace!" Then, says Markson,

> Lowry insisted upon seeing [Aiken] home—this with no idea where Aiken was headed, and, chances were, with no money in his possession either, since Margerie normally handled all cash. In the street, in jest but in sadness, Aiken had to wrestle him off as a taxi drew up. Breaking Lowry's hold, the older man tumbled to the floor as the vehicle took him away.

As Aiken's cab drove off, Lowry suddenly turned sober and despondent. "He is an old man," he muttered to no one in particular, "and now I will never see him again." And he did not; but not because Aiken was an old man.

Delivered eventually to the Hoboken pier from which the *Giacomo* was to sail, the Lowrys were initially enthusiastic. But later, Lowry, as he so often did as soon as his friends were out of sight, began sliding into a deep depression. The sailing was delayed for eight hours, by the end of which time Lowry was lying almost comatose in his bunk.

Even the sea was not enough to improve his black mood. One evening shortly after their departure he behaved so badly at dinner that the captain told him either to shut up or be taken to the brig.

After a couple of days in Genoa, they went on to Milan, where Lowry wanted to meet Eric Linder, his European agent, and Giorgio Monicelli, who was translating *Volcano* for the Italian publisher Feltrinelli. With Monicelli he tried valiantly to sober up and be helpful; which he was, until—after a long morning's work one day—he keeled over in his chair and began vomiting "great gouts of black blood" (Lowry's description). He was rushed to a local hospital, and spent a week in bed listening wide-eyed and repentant to his doctors' ominous prophecies; and then "bounced out," as Margerie put it, "fit as a fiddle." From Milan he sent a card to Dave Markson. "Bang!" it said.

Lowry seems to have had it in the back of his mind to find some sort of Mediterranean replacement for his lost Canadian *paradiso*, because he insisted that they fly next to Sicily and look for a seaside town where he could begin writing again. This they did, landing at the airport in Catania, then going on to Syracuse, which they liked—so much so that one night soon after their arrival there, Lowry crept out of their hotel room to look over the town. Some hours later Margerie got an angry call from the police. They had picked up a berserk Englishman; would she please come get him? Margerie trotted down to the jail, accepted responsibility for a very shamefaced Lowry, and popped a handful of Vitamin B pills in his mouth.

Next, on to Taormina, to the Villa Eden, a little *pensione* perched on a cliff high above the sea, with a splendid view of nearby Etna spouting fire and smoke. At first, Lowry was enthusiastic: here was a new volcano to add to his collection (next to storms at sea, Lowry liked volcanoes best), the Mediterranean was below them, and their room was Number Seven in a particularly auspiciously named villa. All the right portents; so the typewriters were unpacked, and Lowry began writing; but not *October Ferry to Gabriola*, alas, only letters. To Markson, in early November, he sent a card:

> Taormina
> Day of the Dead
> Villa Eden
> Via San Pancrazio 52
> Room no. 7
>
> Dear old Dave:
>
> (the numerology will not escape you) Am situated . . . here at last, immediately above the cemetery to which a procession of people are taking chrysanthemums Christian anthems if not quite like that old Typhoeus, adjacent. Margie is getting better by leaps and bounds. We bathe daily in the ancient city of Naxos. I swim to and fro, contemplate a short story called Tremor in Taormina, and we both miss you much.

But this breeziness was assumed, not real. The pain of having lost their Canadian Eden was too great for Lowry to encompass or disguise. To Giorgio and Daniela Monicelli in Milan he wrote:

> I have tried ten times to write this letter and have not yet succeeded. I believe I am not going to succeed this time either too well but at least perhaps I can finish this sentence before my consciousness fails me again: which will be a sort of beginning, if not an end. . . . All has so far been anything but heavenly with us, largely due to my own ghastly incapacity to look my own grief in the face which, not liking not to be looked at, becomes all the greater each time I fail; fail because I am still half unconvinced that it is not a Medusa that has to be grappled with from behind, else I turn to stone.

A few days after this, Lowry was reporting his grief more specifically, again to the Monicellis:

> My eyes are failing—can scarcely see under electric light at all—hence this scrawl. By daylight I can see fairly well, intermittently. Which is something. I try to write, but the writing is mostly bad, so I tear it up.

In December, Lowry and Margerie moved to the Villa Margherita nearby; and things looked better, momentarily. On December 20, Margerie wrote to Albert Erskine that the typewriter had again been set up, the manuscripts unpacked, and Malcolm swimming happily in the sea below. Lowry himself apologized in a letter to the Monicellis for his earlier maudlin effusions; announced that he was gaining weight—"becoming my abnormal deranged fat self again," as he put it—and cheerfully complained about the terrain, the weather, and their servants, "a male Neanderthal orangutang [sic] in a flapping overcoat with a forehead like the infant Mozart and a female gorilla with a heart of gold and a mind that thinks of nothing else, unless it be food, most of which is inedible."

Partly to escape this pair, and partly to live closer to the sea, the Lowrys moved, early in 1955, down to Mazzaro, the beach below Taormina. That this was an improvement in their standard of living is doubtful: Lowry could indeed swim more conveniently now, but their *pensione,* the Villa Mazzullo, was only a few yards from both a railway and the highway that ran around the coast of Sicily; and their new maid had many small children, all of whom hung about every day, "shouting in Malc's ears," as Margerie described it.

At the end of May, a visitor arrived at the Villa Mazzullo, via the train from Palermo. This was Dorothy Templeton, who had been, with her husband-to-be, Harvey Burt, the Lowrys' next-door neighbor on the beach at Dollarton. She was with the Lowrys for two months of that summer, and her letters to her husband in Canada are both revealing and depressing. Though Lowry at first seemed relatively normal, she reported, this was a deceptive impression. Actually, Lowry was sodden, numbed, and often out of touch with reality. Once he announced to Dorothy and Margerie that he had just seen a peasant girl eating a bird alive. He had originally been drinking gin and water more or less constantly throughout the day, but by early June Margerie had succeeded in imposing a bizarre sort of regimen on him. According to Dorothy Templeton, Margerie gave Lowry a cognac and two Nembutal capsules at bedtime, which usually kept him unconscious until about 12:30 the following afternoon; at which time he awakened, to be given a stiff drink and a "daytime sedative," and some sort of meal, which he rarely was able to eat. Under the best of conditions, knives and forks—like shoes and socks, or cigarette packs—were too difficult to handle; and Dorothy recalled one especially painful meal at which she sat opposite Lowry and, over the course of two hours, watched him try to fumble a few pieces of cheese and bread into his mouth.

Margerie, Dorothy Templeton wrote Harvey Burt, was almost completely out of patience with Lowry at this time. She tried often—and vainly—to lure Lowry to a barbershop in Taormina; and once, when he balked after having got as far as the Corso, she lost her temper and punched him in the nose. (Margerie denies this. In a recent letter to me she observes, convincingly, that she was too

afraid of Lowry's rages ever to have dared strike him.) According to Dorothy's later account, Lowry spent many hours confiding to her that Margerie despised him, that she stayed with him only because she wanted his money, that she had agreed to a separation if he would only promise to pay her a hundred dollars each month; that she had nagged him until he established a joint bank account, then nagged until he made out a will signing everything over to her. Small wonder that Dorothy should have written Burt, "I am witnessing such a tragedy—two souls disintegrating." Margerie disputes this, and one suspects that Lowry, if he did in fact make such accusations, was at least in part trying for sympathy from Dorothy. And, as far as the joint account is concerned, the countering assertion is that Margerie had had to manage their bank account since 1946, when Lowry became physically unable to put his signature to a check.

Sicily was, in short, a disaster. Margerie somehow managed to convince Lowry that they had to leave for a place where they could find not only quiet but a good psychiatrist as well.

Before they left Italy for good, Lowry and Margerie took a boat trip around the Aeolian Islands. As might be expected, Stromboli appealed most to Lowry, and they spent a week at a little villa on the shore of that island, where he was fascinated by the black sand, the half-destroyed villages, and above all by the volcano itself, erupting every twenty minutes. Then on to Palermo for a few days before their flight to London in late June.

The next two months appear to have been spent chiefly in drifting about from one London hotel to another. Lowry continued in bad shape. He shook constantly and was often unable to move his fingers at all, requiring Margerie to light and hold his cigarettes for him. He was momentarily buoyed up by a present sent him by Harvey Burt, who was still in Canada: a detailed little model of the Lowrys' shack in Dollarton, complete with tiny, rickety pier over the painted blue water on the bottom of the cardboard box in which the present had come. The real pier had collapsed by this time, in the spring storms; but Lowry did not know this, and Margerie insisted that no one tell him. It had meant so much to him, she felt, that learning of its destruction would drive him even further into his depression. And she was right, as it turned out.

Of this period there is only one clear reminiscence, by Lowry's old friend from Cambridge and Paris days, the painter Julian Trevelyan. One night in late July, Trevelyan remembers, the Lowrys, James Stern, the Irish writer, and John Davenport, the critic-reviewer, another old Cambridge pal, all came to dinner at his studio on Durham Wharf. As soon as they arrived, Davenport called Trevelyan aside and warned him to put away the spirits and serve only wine. They all went to a nearby pub, the Black Lion, for a couple of glasses of wine, then returned to the studio for dinner. Lowry would not eat, and was so tense that he made everyone else edgy. Then, as Mary Trevelyan was getting coffee, Lowry saw a bottle of cooking sherry in the cupboard. "Hello, there," he said, "do you mind if I take a swig?" He drank the whole bottle in an instant and was immediately reeling drunk.

Davenport was quite anxious to get Lowry away, and, with Margerie's help, had got him almost to the door when Lowry noticed the wooden beams across the studio's ceiling. "See those? I'm going to sleep on one of them," he announced. He was ill, and quite drunk, but even at his worst Lowry was stronger than most men, especially when he felt stubborn, as he did now, and it took the efforts of everyone there to get him away from Trevelyan's. The guests finally caught the last underground train back to London. As they waited for it at Hammersmith Station, Lowry lay down on the station platform and let them roll him through the train's doors when it arrived.

By the third week in August, Margerie was convinced that she needed her gall bladder out, and wrote to David Markson that she would be at Brook General Hospital and Lowry would be staying on Flood Street with John Davenport, the only friend willing to take him in during Margerie's stay in hospital.

Before all this could take place, however, Lowry called an old Cambridge friend, Dr. George Northcroft, now a neurosurgeon. Lowry dined one evening with Northcroft, who was immediately impressed by the gravity of his friend's condition. According to Dorothy Templeton, Northcroft asked her if Lowry might be persuaded to join Alcoholics Anonymous. But Dorothy felt, probably correctly, that Lowry had not enough willpower left. By September 12, Northcroft had arranged for Lowry to be admitted to Brook General Hospital in Woolwich, where he was a consultant. Margerie went into the same hospital a week later to have her gall bladder out (or, at least, to rest), and Malcolm was to undergo a series of tests in the neurological wing.

According to Margerie, Northcroft suggested to her at this time that Lowry might require surgery (Margerie recalls describing his proposal as "a small brain operation to relieve the tensions and anxiety"). The form of surgery known as lobotomy, or leucotomy, was frequently performed in America between roughly 1940 and 1955; and a modified form of the operation continued to be performed in England even beyond that time (indeed, one well-known psychiatrist in Great Britain still advocates it). But even in its heyday, the lobotomy has always been regarded as a treatment of last re-

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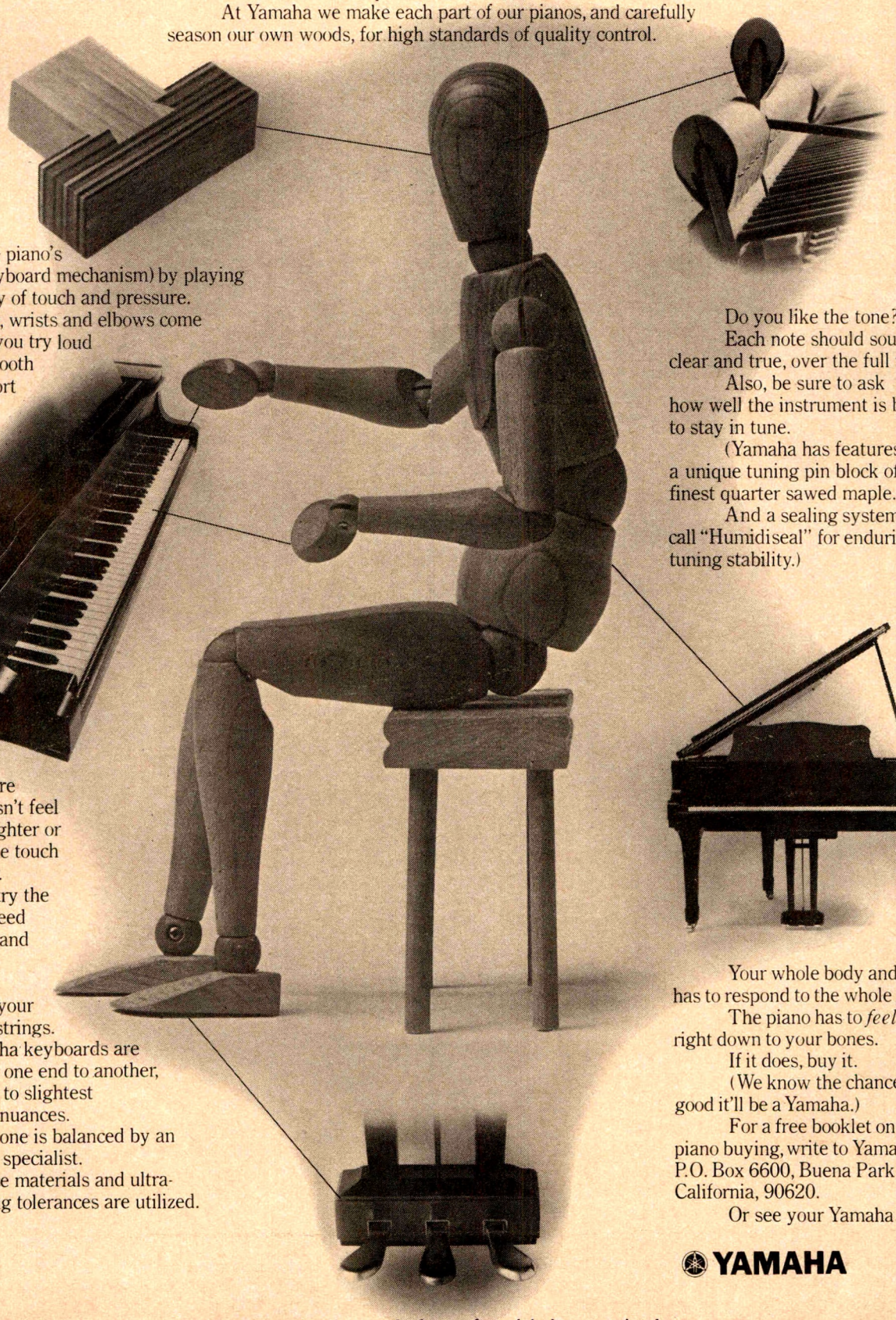

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sort, to be undertaken only after other medical and psychiatric methods have failed. Lobotomy, after all, makes irreversible cuts in the brain, producing in the patient a state that has been described as "surgical childhood." He becomes content and placid, to be sure, but inert and deprived of the full octaves of deeper emotion. A lobotomy would have been the end of Lowry's creative work just as surely as his death was.

Although Margerie appears to have reacted strongly against Northcroft's suggestion, she did mention to Lowry the possibility of surgery. His response was surprisingly meek. If such a procedure might make him less of a burden to her, then he would agree to it.

Margerie was at this time certainly not very hopeful about Lowry's condition, as she revealed in a letter to Markson dated September 17:

> They say he's only a "secondary alcoholic" which I could have told them and the trouble is actually his mind—which of course I've known for years. . . . But he's written nothing for over a year, can't even write letters, as you see, and was losing all contact with reality.

This assessment was not, strictly speaking, entirely accurate. Lowry was certainly in poor mental and emotional condition, and physically debilitated by acute alcoholism. It was probably true enough that when drunk he lost "all contact with reality"; and there is no evidence that he had done so much as one day's work on his fiction since leaving Dollarton.

In general, Lowry's condition at this time could best be described as depressed, resigned, acquiescent. He was full of guilt for what he had done, or believed he had done, to Margerie's health. Lowry was only forty-six, and it is true that in photographs taken of him during this time he looked much older than that. He had been living on his psychic capital for many years, and he was finding it increasingly difficult to hold himself together.

Margerie was allowed to see her husband for only thirty minutes each day, but each visit to his ward made her a little more optimistic about his chances for recovery. Apparently, she was being encouraged in this by Northcroft, who told her in mid-October that if Lowry "were not yet out of the woods there was at least a light at the end of the tunnel." Margerie wrote to Markson, on October 16, that "his genius is intact, memory still phenomenal, and his wit and sense of humor are now in great form."

The whole scene at Brook blew up ten days later, quite suddenly, when Margerie discovered one day that in all their time there Lowry had never seen a psychiatrist and had received no treatment of any kind. Northcroft recalls that Lowry, having drunk nothing at all in his weeks in hospital, went out on October 26 with one of his visitors to a pub, and in a few hours undid the work of weeks. He was discharged from Brook two days later.

Again according to Margerie, Northcroft suggested that what Lowry needed now was a long rest in the country—away from Margerie. "You two need a rest from each other," he said to her. It was at this point that Margerie, infuriated, gathered Lowry up and took him away from Brook. Northcroft's assessment was probably not a bad one: Malcolm and Margerie Lowry needed each other badly, but their need was not always a completely healthy one.

Back into London went the Lowrys, this time to the Frobisher Hotel on Cromwell Road. There seemed nowhere to go, nothing to do. Lowry, of course, began drinking again, as heavily as ever; and Margerie as usual was desperate. Fortunately for them both, Lowry did have several good friends in London, not all of whom were fellow alcoholics. Two of Lowry's old Cambridge cronies, the Case brothers, Ralph and Robert, were on hand, and the Lowrys saw them often during the month following the departure from Brook.

The Cases, both doctors, recognized the seriousness of Lowry's condition at once; and Ralph noticed that the drinking was steadily worsening. "The least I could do," says Ralph, "was to make some kind of gesture." This was to put the Lowrys in touch with Sir Paul Mallinson, a psychiatrist of real prominence, with offices at 50 Wimpole Street, the old address of Elizabeth Barrett, as Lowry noted with delight. An initial appointment was made with Sir Paul, and one afternoon during the first week in November, Lowry appeared at the Wimpole Street address—frightened, sweating, grinning, and unsteady. It was immediately obvious to Sir Paul that treatment of Lowry would necessitate hospitalization. Since he was a consultant at Atkinson Morley's, a neuropsychiatric hospital in Wimbledon, this was rather easy to arrange. But Atkinson Morley's had 150 beds, of which only forty-six were for psychiatric patients, and as a matter of policy not more than a few of these could be alcoholics. So Lowry would have to wait almost three weeks for admission. "Good; I can enjoy myself before coming in," he told Sir Paul.

On the evening of November 28, 1955, Lowry, Margerie, and John Davenport arrived at Atkinson Morley's. The two men had spent most of the afternoon in a pub, and Lowry, at least, was quite drunk. An orderly came to check him in, and to lead him to his ward. Lowry followed the orderly obediently down the corridor, while Margerie and Davenport watched from the admissions room. Then, as he was about to turn a corner, Lowry stopped, turned around, danced a little jig, waved, and winked at his wife and his friend—then skipped around the corner after the orderly. It was difficult, Sir Paul Mallinson later recalled, to persuade the new patient to go to bed that evening.

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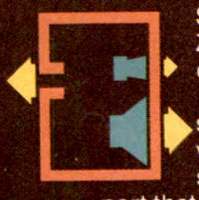

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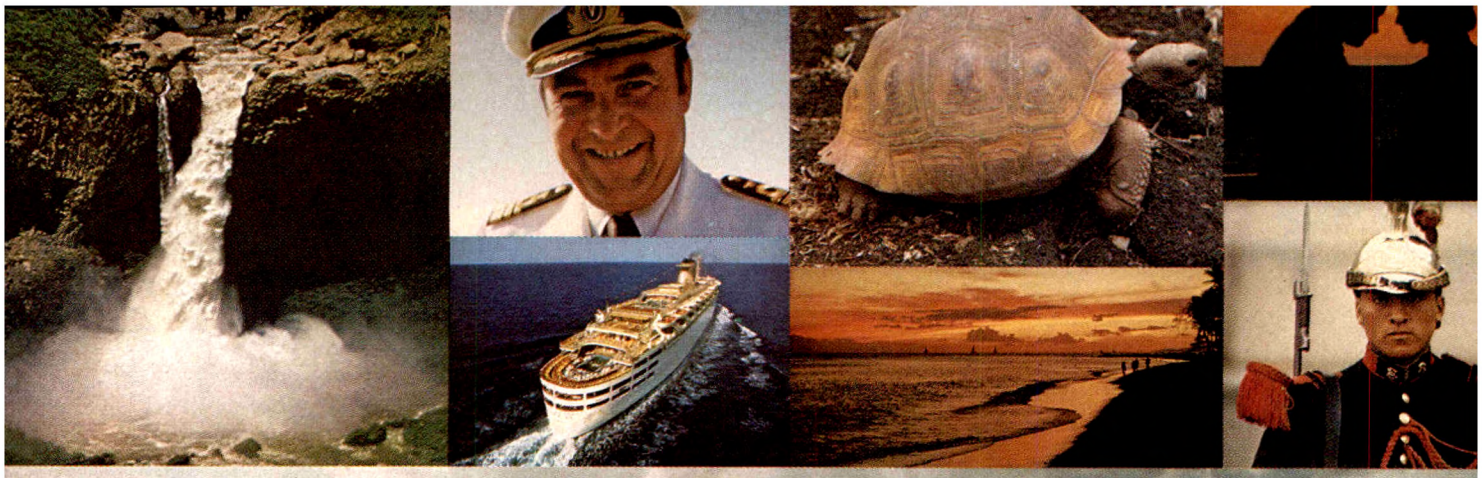

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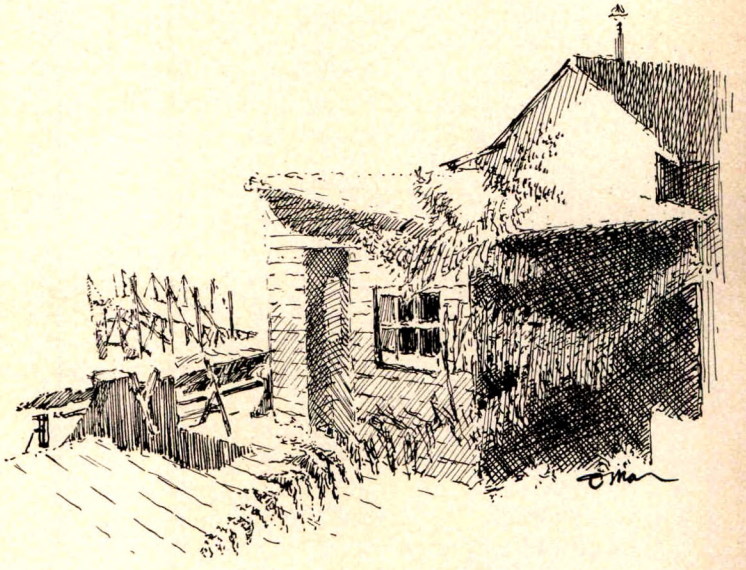
SITMAR CRUISES

Atkinson Morley's was Lowry's home until his release on February 7, 1956. Margerie took a bed-sitting-room in Earl's Court, near the underground that could take her to Wimbledon; but she was not allowed to see Lowry for three weeks. Initially, his treatment consisted of direct interviews conducted by either Sir Paul or Dr. Michael Raymond, then senior registrar and first assistant at Atkinson Morley's. Lowry was uncooperative at first, and so depressed that he could scarcely bring himself to say "Good morning" to the psychiatrists when they came to his bedside. When questioned, he remained silent, his face to the wall. Sir Paul sensed immediately that Lowry was "not at all keen on being cured."

Lowry was reluctant for several reasons. First, he was skeptical about the whole profession of psychiatry. Second, seeing a psychiatrist was what Margerie wanted him to do; and that this was *her* idea, and not his, made him balky. Third, there was the old bugaboo about analysis as the destroyer of genius; if his neuroses were exorcised, or at least brought under control, would not his creative ability go as well? And finally, there was a very real sense in which Lowry wished to continue being an alcoholic. For him, intellectually at least, alcoholism was not necessarily only a weakness, or disease: it could also be a source of spiritual strength, even of mystical insights—a positive force, one of which any man might be proud. Or, put more simply, he *liked* to drink: standing drunk at a bar was a joyous experience for him, and he did not want to be deprived of his pleasure, especially since it was by now very nearly the only pleasure left to him. If he cooperated with the psychiatrists, he might very well lose all that. Hence his silence.

Under sodium Pentothal, however, Lowry became quite talkative, even garrulous, though it took all of Sir Paul's store of the drug, and then some, to produce any appreciable effect. Some of the things he told the psychiatrists were manifestly untrue ("My father was an alcoholic"), but most of his admissions were neither true nor false, being for the most part that strange mixture of the grotesque and the pathetic that psychiatrists invariably dig up out of the foul rag-and-bone shops of our psyches. Sexual insecurity, as one might expect, was basic. He had been, he claimed, ridiculed in school because his penis was too small. He had started drinking in his teens chiefly because alcohol could serve as a sexual substitute, necessary because of a lack of confidence. He had tried his luck with prostitutes, and had been a miserable failure.

It is distressing to imagine this brilliant, fundamentally benign and innocent man demeaning himself so ("I'm given to self-aggrandizement and self-deprecation"; "I'm always vulnerable, anxious to appear stronger than I am"); but such admissions, justified or not, help us understand the man better than any number of external details do; so we must use them, even at the cost of feeling like voyeurs. Whether or not the accusations he made against himself and others are true, Lowry *believed* them to be true, subconsciously at any rate, and if he described himself as a plagiarist who deserved because of this crime to remain obscure, then the essential consideration is not for us whether or not Malcolm Lowry was in truth a plagiarist (he was



not), but why he should have thought that he was and what effect this had on his life. It helps us to understand, for instance, something more about why Lowry should have gone into such agonies over the wide and favorable reception that *Under the Volcano* had received. He was, among other things, literally terrified that some reviewer might check his first novel *Ultramarine* out of a library and discover that it contained material stolen from Conrad Aiken and Nordahl Grieg (which it did not) and expose Lowry as a fraud. Most importantly, it helps us to understand the formidable intensity that one senses in such poems as "After Publication of *Under the Volcano*":

> Success is like some horrible disaster
> Worse than your house burning, the sounds of ruination
> As the roof tree falls following each other faster
> While you stand, the helpless witness of your damnation.
> Fame like a drunkard consumes the house of the soul
> Exposing that you have worked for only this—
> Ah, that I had never suffered this treacherous kiss
> And had been left in darkness forever to founder and fail.

According to Margerie, in a letter to Markson dated December 17, she was allowed to see Lowry the day after a seven-hour session under sodium

Pentothal,[2] and he was so shaken by his experience that she was frightened. It was because of his extreme reaction to this procedure, she said, that his physicians decided on "a series of electric shock treatments to try and bring him up before they probed his poor brain any further." According to Sir Paul, however, it was Lowry's pathological depression after withdrawal from alcohol that necessitated the shock treatments, of which a total of seven were given.

The results of the first two of these were, so far as Margerie was concerned, mixed: on the one hand, Lowry seemed alert, cheerful, and able to dress himself for the first time in months; and on the other, he seemed fuzzy, disoriented, and panicky about the amnesia he was experiencing (no one, apparently, having told him that this was a common and temporary effect of electric shock therapy).

So long as alcoholism remained Lowry's most conspicuous aberration, his doctors would have been unable to do much in the way of defining any others. Psychiatrists see alcoholism as a mask: it distorts and hides the mental disorders that have caused it. It was therefore necessary to take heroic measures to free Lowry, at least temporarily, from his craving for alcohol. Accordingly, he was now subjected to a procedure that sounds barbaric in the extreme to laymen: apomorphine aversion treatment. Lowry was to be totally isolated, placed in a tiny cell illuminated only by a small red bulb ("It adds to the mounting horror," a cheerful orderly told Lowry) for ten days, during which time he would be given injections of apomorphine and allowed to drink as much alcohol as he wished. The apomorphine was to induce nausea and vomiting which, in theory, Lowry was then to associate with the experience of drinking alcohol, creating in him a conditioned aversion to drinking. Very little food was to be given him, and very little water; the emphasis was to be on alcohol, whenever he wanted it. "I got so thirsty I drank my own piss," Lowry afterwards said to Margerie.

Most victims of this savage rite collapsed after five days; few lasted out the whole ten. After ten days with very little food, water, or sleep, Lowry was going strong, and in better spirits than he had been in for months. He was pulled out, given forty-eight hours' rest, saline solution, glucose, tomato juice, and a little food. Then back into the cell for another treatment.

Lowry, nonpareil self-punisher, lasted twenty-one days. On Christmas Eve, only a couple of days after completing the treatment, he and another alcoholic burst out of Atkinson Morley's and, as Margerie said, "simply raised hell." Police all over London were alerted. Forty-eight hours after his escape, Lowry returned to Atkinson Morley's on his own, roaring and very pleased with himself. So much for apomorphine aversion treatment.

But, in spite of the rather splendid uncooperativeness of their patient, the staff at Atkinson Morley's were coming to some tentative diagnoses. A physical examination had revealed that Lowry had suffered some damage to his brain and his peripheral nervous system, some injury to his liver, and an extensive impairment of reflexes.

Mentally, the picture was not so clear. Insofar as it was possible to label Lowry's illness, one might have called him a cyclothymic, or small-scale, manic-depressive. By this is meant that his highs were not so high, nor his lows so low, as with classic, psychotic manic-depressives. The depressions that impelled this cycle were endogenous, that is, originating from within, rather than the result of external causes. Precisely what there was in Lowry's psyche that prompted these depressions was never clear. Dr. Raymond, the chief assistant, told Margerie that Lowry possessed a "free-floating anxiety neurosis," which means, one supposes, that Lowry was able to be afraid of almost anything. Fear of life, fear of sex, fear of failure, fear of authority—fear of literally dozens of things; guilt, self-loathing; possible latent homosexuality; love of death, desire for oblivion: all of these things undoubtedly played a part in destroying Malcolm Lowry.

Sir Paul was, however, quite sure about one aspect of the case: the only reason Lowry knew for becoming sober was to be able to write. Julian Trevelyan had been prophetically correct many years before when he told Lowry that he did not need a psychiatrist, he needed to sit down and get to work on his book. Of course, there is another side to this coin, not necessarily incompatible with the first: Lowry was frightened of writing, or frightened of failing at writing; and drunkenness offered a very good excuse for not writing, and so not failing. More than once during his interviews with Sir Paul and Dr. Raymond, Lowry said that he could not imagine life without alcohol, and believed he would end as a suicide. Years later Sir Paul noted, with regard to Lowry's drinking: "His life was so lopsided. If his writing was not going well, his life was not worth living." Lowry drank in order to avoid writing, sobered up in order to write, then drank in order to avoid writing—and so on.

To any psychiatrist, a severe alcoholic is always a potential suicide, alcoholism itself being rather obviously a kind of self-destruction. Apparently, no one ever told the psychiatrists at Atkinson Morley's

[2] Seven hours is a most improbable length for an interview with a patient under sodium Pentothal sedation. Such sessions rarely last more than two hours at the longest, although the total effects of the drug may extend much longer and certainly could last over seven hours. It seems likely that Lowry, when he next saw Margerie after this interview, mentioned to her that he had felt under the influence of the drug for seven hours or so, and she misunderstood him to mean that the actual interview had been of such marathon length.

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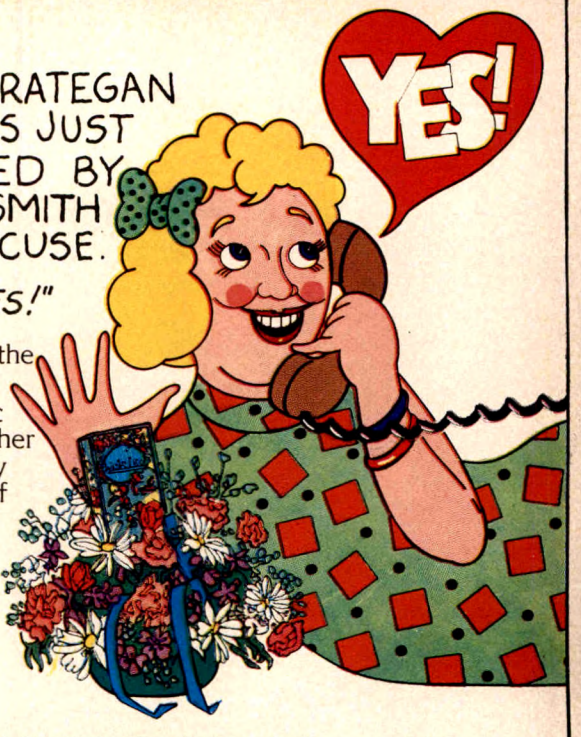

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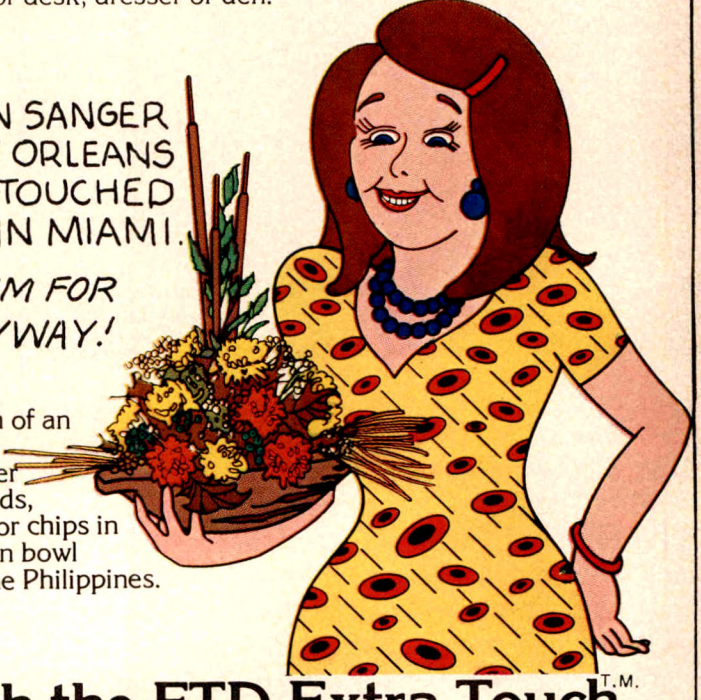

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We make things that bring people closer.

that Lowry had in fact attempted to kill himself at least three times before they ever saw him, or, for that matter, that he had tried at least twice to do Margerie in. In other words, Lowry was probably a good deal closer to being a classic sort of manic-depressive than they imagined. Nor did they know that for years he had been swallowing barbiturates at a rate that would have been dangerous for even the hardiest of men. It seemed to them by February, 1956, that Lowry might safely be released.

They turned him over to Margerie with many admonitions. He would in all likelihood require psychiatric care for the rest of his life. He would almost certainly have other deep depressions and aggressive periods, even violent ones. But if she could find a quiet, secluded place for him, no more than a day's journey from London, then he might just make it, and he might even be able to write again. No more traveling, no more cities, no more bad companions; no excitement, no change, ever again.

But Margerie was so buoyed up by Lowry's apparent improvement that all these restrictions bothered her not at all. To Markson, on January 14, she wrote: "I have not seen him in ten yrs. so collected, *so aware*, and though bewildered (Christ! who wouldn't be with what he's had) sometimes (but he is *always* bewildered by life, poor blessed damned old monster), so clear-headed and *definite.*" And, in another letter, twelve days later: "Now he is the old Malc, the best, the good Malc, the Malc who wrote the *Volcano.* He is *mad* to get to work again, is trying to write even in the hospital. . . . Malc is not just all right, he is *Malc.*"

During Lowry's remaining days at Atkinson Morley's, Margerie roamed over the south coast of England looking for a place, and by the end of January she wrote Markson:

> I have found a dream house. A beautiful 300-yr.-old cottage of whitewashed brick in a tiny town called Ripe, in Sussex. . . . It has living room, dining room (which shall be Malc's workroom), huge country kitchen, dairy, on first floor! 2 bedrooms, bath, on second floor, attic bedroom and storeroom on 3rd floor. Front rooms look across meadow, with sheep and thatch-roofed farm, brook, and up to the Great South Downs. We have a walled garden with flowers, and a kitchen garden, where I can grow lettuce, herbs, etc. I have a char to come in and do the cleaning for a few shillings. 2 of the houses in our town are in the Domesday Book but you won't find the town on any map, it's too small.

However reserved one might be over Margerie's ebullience, there is no denying that she had indeed found them a lovely spot. If there were ever to be enacted an idyll starring Malcolm and Margerie Lowry, which was more or less what the always Hollywood-oriented Margerie had in mind, this Ripe was the perfect place for it.

Their landlady, Mrs. Edwina Mason, was also their next-door neighbor. Margerie had told her that her husband could not be released from hospital unless there were some secluded and quiet place for him to go to, and the kindhearted (and brave) Mrs. Mason took them in immediately.

Mrs. Mason concurs with Margerie that, for most of their stay in Ripe, conditions for the Lowrys were indeed close to idyllic. Margerie gardened, cooked, and spent many of her mornings typing what Lowry had written the previous night (it was his custom to begin writing at eight or nine in the evening, and work until two or three in the morning). They sunbathed often, in the garden behind the cottage, and went on frequent walks in the woods and fields around Ripe.

The "work in progress" progressed steadily. *October Ferry to Gabriola,* which like most of Lowry's other novels had begun as a short story, was soon half as long again as *Under the Volcano,* and showed no signs of completing itself. There were three short stories, begun earlier, "Through the Panama," "Elephant and Colosseum," and "The Forest Path to the Spring," which were later included in the posthumous collection, *Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place.* There were many—perhaps forty—poems. And, finally, there was "Halt! I Protest!" which began as Lowry's indignant comments on a newspaper report of some domestic scrape a young English writer had got into, and which expanded itself into a long and surprisingly astute treatise on the evils of McCarthyism and the responsibilities of freedom. In March, 1956, Margerie reported to Dr. Raymond (whom they saw in London twice a month) that Lowry was working hard, which was surely no exaggeration. In April, she told Raymond that Lowry was thinking of having a drink or two; but the danger apparently subsided, for in May she told Raymond that "his mind is clearer than I've ever known it. He is thinking of other people more."

Some of these other people were visitors. Ralph Case came down several times, and reported afterwards that Lowry had indeed seemed a new man. He was writing again at last; he was drinking only Cydrax, a sort of nonalcoholic cider; and he and Margerie were getting along quite well together. There was much less bickering than he had noticed earlier in London.

As usual, Lowry kept on writing letters at a great rate, and almost all from this period are characteristic of Lowry at his most mature and thoughtful. To old James Craige, his Manx boatbuilder friend in Dollarton, he sent birthday greetings and some copied-out poems by John Clare. He wrote to his agents in New York of his happiness that José Quintero was thinking of directing a film version of *Volcano.* (Nothing came of Quintero's notion, of course: he was merely the first of many directors—including Luis Buñuel—

seriously to consider making a film of this most cinematic of novels.)

But all this was the calm before a very sudden storm. On May 22, Dorothy Templeton, in London, got a telephone call from a nearly hysterical Margerie. Would she please come down to Ripe and help her do something about Malcolm? The Lowrys had been in London themselves earlier that day, so that Malcolm could see Dr. Raymond. After this appointment the Lowrys were having one of their rare good days in the city, visiting the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey, and walking along the Thames, admiring the houses that were set on the river's edge. These, inevitably, reminded Lowry of his beloved shack on Burrard Inlet, and he grew despondent. Then they passed a pub, and Lowry brightened. "Think I'll have a drink," he said. By the time Margerie had got him back to Ripe, he was in no mood to stop drinking, so he walked to The Lamb, Ripe's only pub, and bought a bottle of gin. While Margerie swore so at the owner of The Lamb, Mrs. Evans, that she vowed never to admit either of the Lowrys again, Lowry sat calmly and silently, draining the bottle, remorselessly erasing in one day all the progress he had made since February.

There was nothing of pleasure in this night's drinking, nor in the drinking which followed it over the next two days. Margerie (alone, since Dorothy Templeton had not been able to come to Ripe) called Dr. David Troupe, a general practitioner in the nearby town of Alfriston. Troupe arrived, took one look at the wild-eyed and incoherent Lowry, and called for the Health Department ambulance. Under heavy sedation Lowry went quietly enough to the hospital in Brighton, where he was put to bed in the receiving ward. But within a matter of days he was manic again, and Troupe realized that he would have to be taken back to Atkinson Morley's.

Only one thing more remained to complete the shattering of Lowry's fragile stability. Harvey Burt now arrived in England, and came down with Dorothy to visit the patient. Margerie once again warned Burt to say nothing to Lowry about the collapse of his pier the preceding spring in Dollarton and reminded him of what tremendous symbolic and sentimental significance the pier had for Lowry. But Burt insisted on doing so. Lowry, he reasoned, was after all forty-seven, and might have been presumed mature enough to bear up under the shock. So he told him, in spite of Margerie's pleas, and in spite of something Lowry himself, in his eerily clairvoyant fashion, had written to Burt in Canada that spring: "To me, too, childish though it may seem, there is the pier, which we built, which I cannot imagine myself living without, even if it isn't there or myself am dead" *(Selected Letters,* p. 378).

Lowry took the bad news calmly enough at first, and was even able to write about it to Burt a few days later, in one of his most touching letters:

> I am writing without my glasses so the contents of this note may be a little awry. Also I am very tired: I cannot believe our poor pier has been swept away: that pier, that gave so much happiness to many and us, *was us* in a sense; we risked our lives building it, especially on the further reaches you never saw, where there was a 35-foot perpendicular drop on to the granite and barnacles if you made a mistake: nobody could understand how it survived so long, not even engineers, and it was nicknamed "The Crazy Wonder" on the beach. Ramshackle from certain angles though it was, and the handrails puerile (but oh the washing hung out on the line there, like great white stationary birds beating their wings against the gale). Margie and I built it together with practically no tools and I am broken hearted it has gone. [*Selected Letters.* p. 388.]

The old pier, was, in short, vitally symbolic to Lowry: it was his manhood, his sanity, his marriage, his work. It was clumsily built, precarious, flimsy, even ludicrous—but there was much of love in it, and no harm. That the pier should have collapsed must have seemed to Lowry, obsessed as he always was by omens and portents, a clear and ominous signal to him from the Beyond; his own spring storm was on its way. On June 30, 1956, after five months of freedom and work and steady improvement, Lowry was readmitted to Atkinson Morley's.

While they were waiting for Lowry to be well enough to resume his interviews with them, Sir Paul Mallinson and Dr. Raymond spoke several times to Margerie, who was anxious to tell them how afraid she was of her husband's violence. When she told them also that Lowry had for some time been wetting his bed when drunk, they took this very seriously, as evidence of his reversion to the infantile. Margerie, according to Sir Paul, also informed the psychiatrists that she and Lowry had had no sexual relations for two years, and that she had "a horror of Malcolm's touching her." Lowry, on his part, had told Margerie that he had lost all desire for her, though he "had never been so fond of her," according to Margerie. When drunk, Lowry had called her "a money-grubbing bitch, wanting to get all my money." (Margerie demurs; her recollection is that she told Sir Paul—and others—that after Lowry got out of the hospital and was sober, their sex life was better than it ever had been. In a letter to me of March 7, 1973, she writes: "It was only when he was drinking heavily and passing out every night in Sicily that he was, quite naturally, impotent or at least sound asleep. He certainly never lost all desire for me nor I for him.")

After all this, it must have come as no surprise to anyone that when Lowry did begin his talks with the psychiatrists, his chief theme was resent-

ment of Margerie. He hated her for being afraid of him. For being overprotective. For causing him to be impotent. For causing his almost total lack of libido. For his own dependence on her: "She's always wanted a child, and I guess that's what I've become. She flies into hysterical fits and rages if thwarted but I can't do without her." And he hated her for *her* drinking: she had, he said, been drinking heavily, getting drunk every night. "This must be worse than Alcoholics Anonymous. It must be Alcoholics Synonymous." Finally, he accused Margerie of tearing up his manuscripts, then sticking them back together again to suit her own taste. This was clearly Lowry's overwrought way of expressing his intense dislike of the way in which he had always relied so heavily on Margerie as editor, even co-author. He had allowed her to take over large areas of authorial responsibility from him; and now he hated her for having done so (much as Geoffrey Firmin of *Under the Volcano* despised his wife for having cuckolded him, even though he had himself all but tossed her into other men's beds).

Once again, it was decided that the apomorphine aversion treatment was indicated. Lowry courageously agreed, and went back into the windowless cell. After only a couple of days, however, his blood pressure began decreasing so rapidly that the treatment had to be stopped. Lowry was furious: "This won't work with me, make it *worse* if you can," he cried. "I'll do it for a month if you can make it work! *Why,* find out *why,* so I can stop!"

But Atkinson Morley's had done all it could for Lowry. According to Margerie, after this last treatment the head of the hospital called her in and told her that so far as he was concerned Lowry was a hopeless case, that he was done for, and that they would not accept him at Atkinson Morley's again: aside from his intractability, he was disturbing the other patients. Sir Paul disagreed with this bleak prognosis, and said he would continue to see Lowry in his London offices. Dr. Raymond concurred. On August 11, Lowry was discharged once again, and returned to Ripe with Margerie.

This time there were not even the outward appearances of an idyll. A month later it was Margerie's turn: the strain had finally caused her to break down completely. She could neither eat nor sleep, and sat all day in their living room, shaking and crying. Somehow she was able to pull herself together enough to make several train trips up to London to undergo physical examinations, while Lowry waited anxiously for her in Ripe; and when it was established that there were no organic causes for her illness, she was admitted to St. Luke's Woodside Hospital in London and put under extremely heavy sedation—the idea being to keep her asleep for several days so as to give her nervous system a chance to recuperate. When she woke up, after what Lowry called her "Rip van Winkle snooze," she went into a severe withdrawal reaction, with convulsions. At the end of this treatment she weighed seventy pounds. Lowry, full of remorse for, as he felt, having caused her breakdown, brought her back to Ripe on November 16 and, on his very best behavior, nursed her back to health.

Once she was back at the White Cottage, Margerie's strength slowly returned, and her anxiety over Lowry's condition abated somewhat as she saw him happily writing again. On December 11, Lowry wrote to Markson that "we are having a grand life now and I am working like absolute sin on *Gabriola* with which I have completely fallen in love but I am managing to eat it a little more than it eats me so far. Back to work now, boys and girls" *(Selected Letters,* pp. 393-394).

To everyone who saw him, Lowry seemed in fine fettle; and one is sure that Margerie had by now long since forgotten what a doctor in the American Hospital in Paris had told her in 1948, after one of Lowry's most violent seizures: "Leave him. Get out from under right now. He's going to kill either you or himself if you don't." To Margerie, at this time, what was most noticeable about her husband was a newly assumed air of maturity, even of solemnity; he seemed suddenly to have tired of frivolity and variety, to be almost without curiosity. Often she would find him sitting outside,

bemused and silent, "his gaze turned inward." One evening he broke a long silence to announce to her that he was through with jazz: it belonged to his adolescence, not to his maturity.

In March of 1957, Lowry signed a contract with Knopf for the Vintage paperback edition of *Under the Volcano,* and he and Margerie began thinking of an extended holiday. Lowry had always wanted to visit the Lake District, and had never been able to do so. He suggested to Margerie that they go on a walking tour there, and she responded eagerly. According to their friend Lord Peter Churchill, Lowry and Margerie had by this time begun to bicker a great deal, and "the walking tour was a kind of attempt at a sort of honeymoon reunion" (from a letter to Conrad Knickerbocker dated May 22, 1964). Margerie insists that Churchill is wrong about the bickering; that, in fact, she and Lowry were now closer than ever before. In any case, just before they left for the north Margerie reported to Dr. Raymond that everything was fine, and that Lowry was having no trouble controlling his drinking. This was the last news of their patient that his psychiatrists had.

Lowry and Margerie went first to the Farne Islands, on the border between England and Scotland, where there was a famous bird sanctuary. They stayed in a monastery on the mainland, and went in boats to the islands, where there were eider ducks so tame one could smooth their feathers as they nested on the ground, and where they could watch roseate and Arctic terns in their mating dances.

Then down to the Lake District, where they took a room in a hotel on the lake near Grasmere. During the two weeks they were there, Lowry often swam in the icy water of the lake—the first time he had been swimming since the bad days in Sicily, two years earlier. Several times they rowed out to a small island in the middle of the lake, and picnicked there. They visited Wordsworth's house. Almost every morning they would pack sandwiches and a flask of tea into a knapsack, then hike off into the hills for hours. Margerie took several snapshots of Lowry during this time, and if one looks closely at them one sees more than a middle-aged bearded man, pipe clenched in teeth as he sits atop a hill, "all chest, though in that aging athlete's way of going to fat so that chest and stomach had become one, stumplike," as David Markson once described his friend. One sees a man who seems full of a sense of deep and ironic resignation, a man rendered gentle by fatigue. It is surely not only hindsight that makes one recognize that the awesomely wise face in these photographs was that of a man who felt himself to be burned out, used up, ready to die. When one begins to wonder why so many people were willing to tolerate a man as impossible as Malcolm Lowry for so many years, a look at the pictures is illuminating. There had been Lowry the trickster, Lowry the buffoon, Lowry the charming disgrace, Lowry the ruined genius—and now there was Lowry the old wise man. One remembers how proud Lowry was on overhearing a man in a bar say about him, "The very sight of that old bastard makes me happy for five days. No bloody fooling"; and then one realizes that there was nothing in the look of Malcolm Lowry in the spring of 1957 that should have made anyone happy. One would have approached him quietly. Or left him alone with his thoughts.

Lowry by now had learned of the sudden death of Joan Black, Lord Peter Churchill's wife, and one of his closest friends. She had died on May 7 of hepatitis after having been ill only six days, and his grief over her death was more than enough to destroy once more Lowry's delicate balance. He and Margerie returned to Ripe on June 21, and he began dropping into another depression. He did manage to call Churchill (who wrote in his autobiography that, after his wife's death, Lowry's "was the one voice left that I wanted to hear") and to write him a final, comforting letter.

Possibly to cheer him up, Margerie suggested to Lowry shortly after tea on the evening of June 26 that they walk to The Yew Tree in Chalvington. The weather was good, the sun still warm, and Lowry was willing. By this time, he was on very good terms with the owners of the pub, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baker, and had spent many quiet evenings with them.

But this night, with Margerie, there was something wrong. The two sat huddled together at a table in the public bar, and Margerie was obviously upset about something. Lowry whispered to the Bakers that she was crying because of their lost home in Canada, and that he was trying to comfort her. But Margerie was inconsolable; and the longer she wept, the more shaken Lowry became. Finally, he bought a bottle of gin from the Bakers—to cheer Margerie up, he said. She began complaining about his buying it, and he hustled her out of The Yew Tree. The last the Bakers saw of them, Margerie was stalking off down the road back to Ripe, and Lowry was rolling along some yards behind her, the bottle tucked under his arm. What follows is, in essence, Margerie's version of the story. There are other versions; some, indeed, by Margerie herself.

There was to be a Stravinsky concert on the BBC that evening at 7:30, and they had planned to listen to it on the radio in their bedroom. As soon as they reached the White Cottage, Lowry went upstairs to turn on the radio, while Margerie stayed downstairs in the kitchen preparing a cold supper. After perhaps twenty minutes she walked upstairs, carrying their supper on a tray—to find Lowry

huddled wild-eyed in a corner of the bedroom, the half-empty gin bottle clutched to his chest.

Without saying anything, she turned on the radio, softly, since she knew Mrs. Mason was next door listening to a Bach program. The evening was a warm one, and all the windows were open. Then Lowry, without loosening his grasp on the bottle, lurched across the room and turned the volume up full, drowning out Bach with Stravinsky. Margerie begged him to turn it down. He refused. For perhaps thirty minutes they sat there—eating the supper was impossible—while Lowry drank and the radio played *Le Sacre du Printemps*—one last outrageous Lowryan coincidence. Had he been sober enough to notice it, he would have been pleased.

Finally Margerie lost her temper and tried to snatch what was left of the gin from her husband. He struck at her, but she got the bottle away from him and smashed it against the wall next to the fire grate. Lowry, enraged, picked up the shattered neck of the bottle and came at her. He chased her down the narrow stairs, shrieking, "with a fiendish look on his face." It was ten o'clock.

She ran next door to Mrs. Mason's, where she could wait until Lowry calmed down. She knew he could get nothing more to drink that evening—since they would not serve him in The Lamb, and since The Yew Tree would have been closed by the time he could have got back to Chalvington—and she hoped he would settle down and eat his supper, still untouched in the bedroom.

Margerie explained to Mrs. Mason that she and Lowry had had a row, and asked if she might stay there for a while. Mrs. Mason fixed tea, and they talked about gardening until midnight, when Margerie stepped outside to see if Lowry had gone to bed, she having heard nothing from the White Cottage since fleeing it. The light in the bedroom was still on, so Margerie went back into Mrs. Mason's. An hour later the light was still on, and Margerie decided to accept Mrs. Mason's invitation to sleep there. She took a sodium Amytal tablet and slept soundly until nine in the morning.

Then she rose and said to Mrs. Mason: "Well, I suppose I must go out and get poor old Malcolm a cup of tea."

At the foot of the stairs in their cottage she called to Lowry, and got no answer. She climbed slowly up to the bedroom, and found him motionless on the floor, his almost untouched supper scattered about the room—as if he had suddenly collapsed while holding the plate in his hands. Beside him were the remains of the gin bottle and a fragmented orange-squash bottle. Some time later, Margerie recalled that her bottle of sleeping pills—sodium Amytal, of three-grain strength—was missing from the bedside table.

Without hesitating, Margerie ran back to Mrs. Mason's. "Oh, Winnie," she cried, "he's gone. He's dead." And so he was. □

AT USK

On a cold day, in the churchyard, between the gate and
the west door's unlocked arch,

lay the flat stone. It was
anonymous. It might have
gained by chance its grace

of simple effigy, round
eyeless head, rough torso,
a hint of sleeping child

in its stillness; a brown
stone of Monmouthshire
shaped and polished by rain.

A child was kneeling there,
absorbed, concentrating,
measuring with happy care

on the cold of breast
and throat her offering
of snowdrop and crocus.

She matched the flowers,
placed them on the stone child
with her red fingers,

and then ran off to some
warm house in the town.
Now on the stone a film

of winter sap sticks the
limp stalks, but it is
the child at home that I

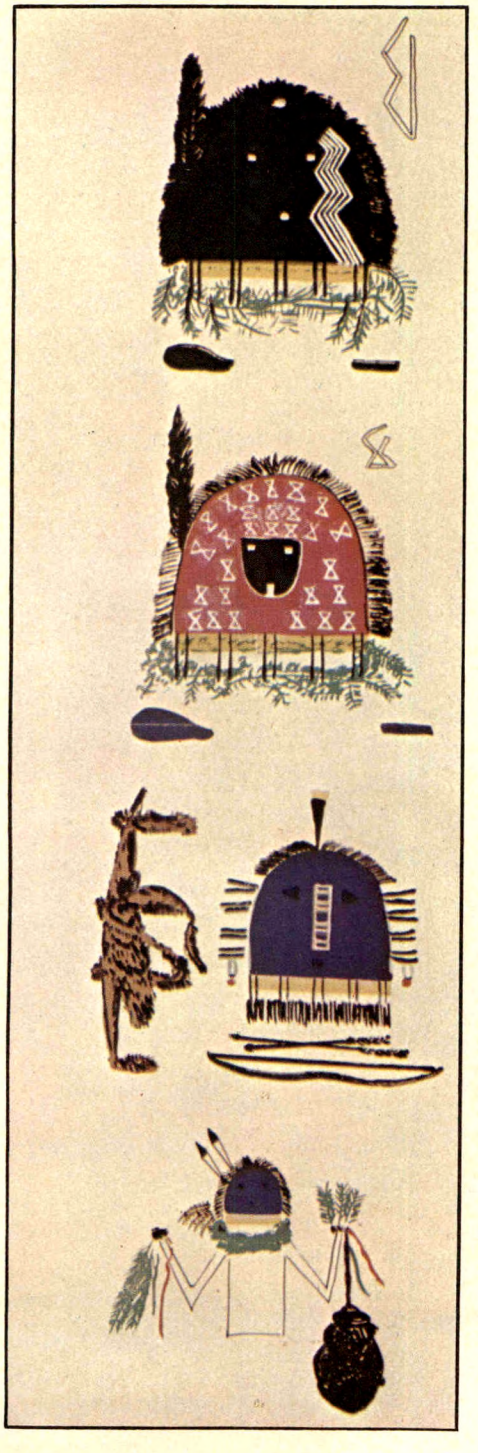
think of as I walk quickly
through God's still acre.
Her gifts delight me, and I

am leaving Usk, driving
to the motorway, clearly
right to praise the living.

by Leslie Norris

SMOKE

A story by William Eastlake



"Man is becoming and women are obsolete," Coyotes Love Me said.

"What evidence do you have?" Mary-Forge said.

"Male apes have bonding groups that exclude females."

"Men are not apes."

"White men?"

"I knew a woman once," Bull Who Looks Up said, "who—"

"I'm not following this," Medicine Man said. "Where were we?"

"In school," Mary-Forge said.

And so they were—the Little Red School House. A beehive-shaped hogan built by the Indians of pinion logs to compete with the factory-built Torrion State School that ignored Indians—the Torrion State School where they talked down to Indians up to Indians around the Indians but never with the Indians. Mary-Forge, a nearby rancher, was the teacher in the new little red hogan. Mary-Forge could not punch cattle twenty-four hours a day, so she decided to help the Indians—corrupt the Indians.

"It's true, you know," Medicine Man said, "freedom is a dangerous thing."

"Yes," Coyotes Love Me said, "I believe it was Marx who said—"

"Who was Marx?"

"A red white guy."

"Explain that."

"I refuse to explain anything to a bunch of Indians."

"Why?"

"Indians," Coyotes Love Me said, "are obsolete."

They all thought about that. All of the Indians lounging on the sheepskin-strewn floor of the igloo-shaped hogan called the Little Red School House with their dogs and babies and eaglets dwelt on being obsolete.

"Whatever that means," Lucy Lucy said. "I guess it means the white people are want to shit on us."

"I want to pursue that," Mary-Forge said. "Women and children are obsolete?"

"Indians."

"Indians are obsolete? I want to pursue that," Mary-Forge said. Mary-Forge who wanted to pursue everything had orange hair. Instead of freckles she had a small jagged scar high on her right cheekbone. Mary-Forge who taught and wanted to pursue everything and particularly the Indians had a good want-to-touch body and very orange hair. Her orange hair stood up in natural frizzle so she looked in a constant state of shock. A continuous surprise and excited amaze, a beholding wonderment as though each Indian were a new and original discovery alongside which she planted her orange flag.

"Orange hair without freckles," Coyotes Love

Me said, "is an unusual genetic phenomenon, an anomaly."

"Whatever that means," Lucy Lucy said. "I guess it means the white people are want to—"

The huge and very tall smokestack that supplied power to California and a black spread of gloom to Indian Country was, as Lucy Lucy succinctly and not so tactfully and not so sweetly observed, going full steam today. The Four Corners power plant was—is—so named because it is located where the states of Arizona, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico—every state but California—touch each other. California placed the smoke plant as far from California as the transmission lines would stretch. Ideally, the Californians wanted the smoke plant in Denmark, but then there were the Danes. That was a problem. In Indian Country there was nothing but Indians. There was no problem.

"Blow it up," Mary-Forge said.

"The California legislature has taken the problem, the Indian complaint, under advisement. The governor has formed a committee—"

"Whatever that means," Lucy Lucy said. "I just guess it means the white people will continue to—"

"Yes."

"We will blow it up," Mary-Forge said.

Ah, but how? It is all well and good and a big emotional charge to go out and blow things up, to think about blowing up, dwell on blowing up, even plan on blowing up, but how do you do it? Actually do it? You begin by beginning. You ride over to the great smoke plant on horses. No smoke horses. Who invented the horse? You survey the scene, you case the joint, you talk to the plant's public relations man. To find out how the smoke thing works? Where is its weakest link? Its exposed place? Its black Achilles' heel?

"If you were going to blow this place up, how would you go about it?" More Turquoise asked the public relations man.

"I don't know."

"What's a public relations man for?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do."

"Make up your mind."

"I am supposed to sell the plant."

"How much are you asking?"

"I sell it in a figurative sense."

"How much?"

"Actually in terms of getting along with the Indians."

"Did you ever see an Indian?" Bull Who Looks Up said.

"Yes."

"Touch one?"

"Not in terms of touching an Indian, no."

"Want to?"

"I want to touch them in a figurative sense. Are you Indians?"

"Yes."

"The girl there with the orange hair, is she an Indian?"

"In terms of a figurative sense, yes she is," Bull Who Looks Up said.

"I never saw an Indian before with orange hair."

"Tomorrow we're going to charge fifty cents to see her. You're the last one to see her free."

"I would like you to show us," Mary-Forge said, "how this electrical generating plant works."

"It's not an electrical generating plant, it's a smoke generating plant," the public relations man said. "Oh, I suppose it generates some electricity, but mostly it generates smoke."

"And you do a damn good job," Mary-Forge said.

"Thank you," the public relations man said.

"Where do you sell the smoke?"

"That's not my end of the business."

"What is your end of the business?"

"Public relations," the public relations man said.

"And you do a damn good job," Mary-Forge said.

"Thank you. I try to be honest."

The public relations man's plastic office in the Four Corners Power Building overlooked a plastic lawn beneath a plastic sky—that is, there was a plastic patio outside the plastic window that recreated Indian Country as it was before white men came.

The public relations man wore a blue plastic hat above a red plastic tie. Between was a wide, you'll-never-know-dear-how-much-I-love-you-so-please-don't-take-my-sunshine-away, cherubic face.

"What are you doing here?" the public relations man said.

"We just thought we'd come and have a look-see."

"No, you came to blow the place up. Why can't you be honest?" the public relations man said. "I never met a man yet who didn't want to blow this place up. I've thought about it myself." And the public relations man looked out over the blue plastic sky from beneath his blue plastic cowboy hat.

"Even the company that built it," he said, "would like to blow it up, but no one has figured out a way to do it."

"Dynamite."

"No, it's insured. The insurance company would rebuild it."

"Blow up the insurance company."

"No, they're insured too."

"Drop the insurance."

"There's a law against that."

"Cut the power line."

William Eastlake is a story writer and author of several novels, notably *Castle Keep* and *Bamboo Bed.*

"There's not much power that goes over the power line."

"Where does the power go?"

"Smoke," the public relations man said.

"I never met an honest white man before," Coyotes Love Me said.

"I want to warn you Indians," the public relations man said, "that honesty is the last weapon of a desperate man."

"Are the whites that desperate? That they will even use honesty?"

"Yes."

"Then this means war."

"Yes, it does," the public relations man said.

"Wasn't honesty outlawed by the Geneva Convention or the Red Cross or something?"

"No. They forgot about honesty."

"Jesus, you are desperate," Bull Who Looks Up said. "Poison gas we could put up with, but an honest white man—what do you do? There's no book on that."

"We've got you by the balls," the public relations man said.

"It's not fair."

"War is never fair," the white man said.

"But there is decency? Some kind of humanity?"

"No, no, no, no. Not anymore," the white man said. "Try blowing up the President."

"Not the President of the United States, we couldn't do that."

"I'll say you couldn't. He doesn't exist. We invented him," the public relations man said. "You don't think we'd trust a man in the White House, do you?"

"Are you crazy, sir?"

"No, no," he said, looking out at the no sky the no sun beneath the heavenly firmament of smoke. "No. But the people, the people that allow smoke, are they—?"

"You're making a speech," Mary-Forge said. "Come on, show us the plant. We'll get something out of this."

Everyone rose.

"You're crying," Mary-Forge said to the public relations man.

"Am I?"

"It must be the smoke?"

"No, the office is air-conditioned. We bring the air in from Canada."

"Then you're crying."

"I guess so," the public relations man said.

"Buck up," Mary-Forge said, "someone has to generate electricity."

"Why?" the public relations man said.

The public relations man showed Mary-Forge and the Indians all through the smoke plant. He particularly showed them where the smoke was purified before it went out the smokestack.

"Then where does the smoke out there come from?"

"Smoke? They've formed a committee to solve that problem," the public relations man said.

"Buck up," Mary-Forge said, "someone has to make progress."

"Why?" the public relations man said.

"Because," When Someone Dies He Is Remembered said, "the country must go forward."

"Must it?"

"Yes," More Turquoise said, "what would a white woman do without an electric shaver to shave her legs?"

"Do white women use an electric shaver to shave their legs?" Rabbit Stockings said.

"If they feel like it."

"Then without electricity white women would have to use an axe to shave their legs, then by mistake they might shave off their balls."

"Mistake?"

"Yes."

"Do white women have balls?"

"If they feel like it."

"I have noticed," the public relations man said, examining a steel bottle of Canadian air, "I have noticed that you Indians get along very nicely without air. I mean without electricity."

"Yes," More Turquoise said, "but have you noticed we are a very primitive people? A very primitive people indeed."

"Would anyone," the public relations man said, "like a shot of Canadian air?"

They went into the room now where the coal was turned into dust before it was spat into the furnace.

"We scrape this coal," the public relations man said, "off the top of Indian Country, the Fruitland and the Mesa Verde formations. The company figures there's enough coal overlaying Navaho Country to last the Southern California people a hundred years."

"What will they do when the hundred years end?"

"We don't know."

"They could always grind up us Navahos that are left into dust," Bull Who Looks Up said, "and squirt us into the furnace."

"Oddly enough," the public relations man said, "California Electric and Gas had the Rand Corporation do a study on that. They found there would be a public outcry."

"Why public outcry?" Coyotes Love Me said. "Why all of a sudden?"

"People are funny."

"That funny?"

"This is all in a hundred years."

"People won't become that funny in a hundred years."

"People could get on to Indians in a hundred years."

"They're on to Indians already," Bull Who Looks Up said, "that's the problem."

"Can I say something?" Mary-Forge said.

"Speak, oh orange-headed white teacher of the red man, oh speak," Nice Hands said.

"We came here to blow this place up, and you sit around talking like a bunch of Indians."

"We can always blow it up in the morning," Bull Who Looks Up said. "Let's have a shot of Canadian air."

They were all still in the vast cathedral-high room that made jet plane sounds when the coal was being crunched up to be made into smoke. In the next room were the electric generators that hardly made any noise at all. They only made a gentle hum and huddled in a corner as though apologizing for being there. The public relations man opened the door and they could all see the generators sleeping in a row. One big one which called itself Made in Japan made an abrupt Oriental snoring noise as though having a bad dream. The other generators just slept quietly, occasionally talking in their sleep with small click noises as their breaker points snapped on, but they refused to start up until the Japanese generator stopped snoring. The Made by Volkswagen generator was going great guns, but it was small and high-strung. It even ran when it was turned off.

"It's a persistent son of a bitch," the public relations man mused. "We had a German once who understood it. He used to beat it every night. But we've got them licked now," he added abstractedly, as though talking about a different world.

"Who?"

"The people who cut the transmission lines."

"Who?"

"They call themselves the Committee to Save What's Left. They see all that smoke, they have spotters in the mountains. They see all that smoke and cut the transmission lines. That's fooling them. There's nothing in the lines. Just this smoke here."

"Just smoke."

"We expect to have all the generators on stream in a couple of years."

"That soon?"

"Yes."

"Even the Made in America ones?"

"Maybe."

"You could always get the German back."

"Yes."

The public relations man was talking absently, as though thinking about something else. Now he said definitely, "You know, we're not a bunch of clowns here. There are always start-up problems in a big plant like this. Soon we will get the bugs out and we can get cracking."

"What are the bugs?"

"People like yourself who try to shut us down. We feel you out, try to get to know your tricks. We figure it's best not to start up and then get blown up."

"That's bad public relations."

"Yes."

"Meanwhile, what do people in California do for electricity?"

"They make do. You Indians haven't had electricity for two thousand years."

"Did we have electricity before that?"

"You must have had something," the public relations man said.

"Why can't we," Mary-Forge said—the teacher in the teacher said—"why can't we stick to a conversation that makes sense?"

"You mean like the woman who cut her balls off with the electric razor?"

"No," Mary-Forge said.

"Smoke?"

"Yes," Mary-Forge said, "if this plant only makes smoke, what does California do for electricity?"

"Japan."

"You mean California brings their electricity from Japan?"

"Maybe."

"You mean the Japanese make better electricity than we do?"

"Cheaper," the public relations man said.

Outside, and moving away beneath the canopy of smoke and on their myriad colored horses and within an air, an ambience, an almost sentience and smell that was at once tactile and palpable of defeat, the Indians went back and through their scraped and ravaged land without sound.

Lucy Lucy drove her piebald alongside Mary-Forge's bay beneath the black cloud, beneath the darkness of dark—unremitting and dark—the darkness of dark.

"This today mean the white people going to keep to shit on us?"

"Yes," Mary-Forge said, "yes." And the Indians remembered and Mary-Forge dreamed of how it was before the white man came. □

LIFE & LETTERS

I'M NOBODY—WHO ARE YOU?

by Richard Todd

Beware of all enterprises that require new words. Such terms as "Transactional Analysis" (or "the nonstroking mother" or "the contaminated Adult") cause an inward chill. But that's a poor reason not to look into the ideas of Dr. Thomas A. Harris, author of I'M OK—YOU'RE OK: A Practical Guide to Transactional Analysis (Harper & Row, $5.95), a book that has spent months on the best-seller list, and of which there are, remarkably, more than a million hard-cover copies in print.

Harris, as most readers may already know, is a California psychiatrist with a purportedly pragmatic system for treating neurotics, and for helping less troubled people toward self-realization. If you and Harris were sitting here and you were behaving, let us say, churlishly, Harris might say, "That seems to be your Child speaking. Why don't you stay in your Adult?" If the conversation took a turn for the better, you and Harris might end up looking rather deeply at one another and saying, "I'm OK—You're OK."

As this exchange suggests, Transactional Analysis depends on some highly charged redefinition of some ordinary language. It is Harris' idea that we all harbor three separate personalities to which he gives commonplace names: the Child, who is a collection of those impressions and emotions we experienced in childhood, predominantly feelings of inferiority; the Parent, who represents the unexamined views, prejudices, and habits of our parents or their surrogates; the Adult, the autonomous creature of reason who is able to mediate among the various claims of the Child and the Parent, to test their fixed ideas against the situation, to be flexible, to change. It is the Adult—Harris, by the way, uses these capital letters throughout his book—who is capable of achieving the hoped-for condition in Harris' world, the state he calls "I'm OK—You're OK," which signifies self-esteem and trust.

Harris maintains that most of us, most of the time, live in the condition, "I'm Not OK—You're OK," the self-doubting posture of the Child, which leads to varieties of mean or defensive behavior. In particular, Harris says, it leads to the playing of games. We spend all too much of our time dealing with one another superficially, one-uping. If this sounds familiar, it is not only because this sense of everyday life has pervaded our consciousness but also because Harris is a follower of a writer who did a great deal to promote these terms, the pop psychiatrist Eric Berne, author of *Games People Play.*

You could, of course, trace influences on Harris somewhat further back. His three personalities bear some obvious resemblance, as is acknowledged, to the Id, Superego, and Ego. Much else in "transactional analysis" consists of commonplaces of psychiatric thought (not to mention common sense). A crucial ingredient is the concept of the self-destructive but perversely gratifying repetitiveness of neuroti behavior. Harris, though, has mostl patronizing words for Freud, an for conventional psychiatric treat ment. The virtue of the many re definitions, the homely terminology is, he asserts, that the psychiatris becomes demystified; his efforts ar made accessible to the patient. Fur thermore, transactional analysi promises earlier results by no dwelling on the past.

How well it succeeds, as agains the myriad other therapies witl which it has something in common is not easy to judge on the evidenc of this book. Harris is ungenerou with detailed case histories (thoug he recounts the pleasure of seein patients begin to get well in the firs session); he is vague on the limits o the method; and he is less than sat isfying on how change occurs, per haps because the crucial event, th decision to be OK, is essentially an ac of faith. As it's explained, a great dea seems to depend on accepting th proper nomenclature.

We probably should, with lay man-like deference, withhold judg ment about the psychotherapeuti benefits of transactional analysis but it's fair to assess Harris as an everyday guru. He doesn't inspir confidence. For one thing, I thinl I'd feel uncomfortable at his break fast table: " . . . My seven-year-ol daughter, Heidi . . . one morning a breakfast said, 'Daddy, when I hav an OK Daddy and an OK Mama how come *I'm* not OK?' " An there is a certain unsettling mission

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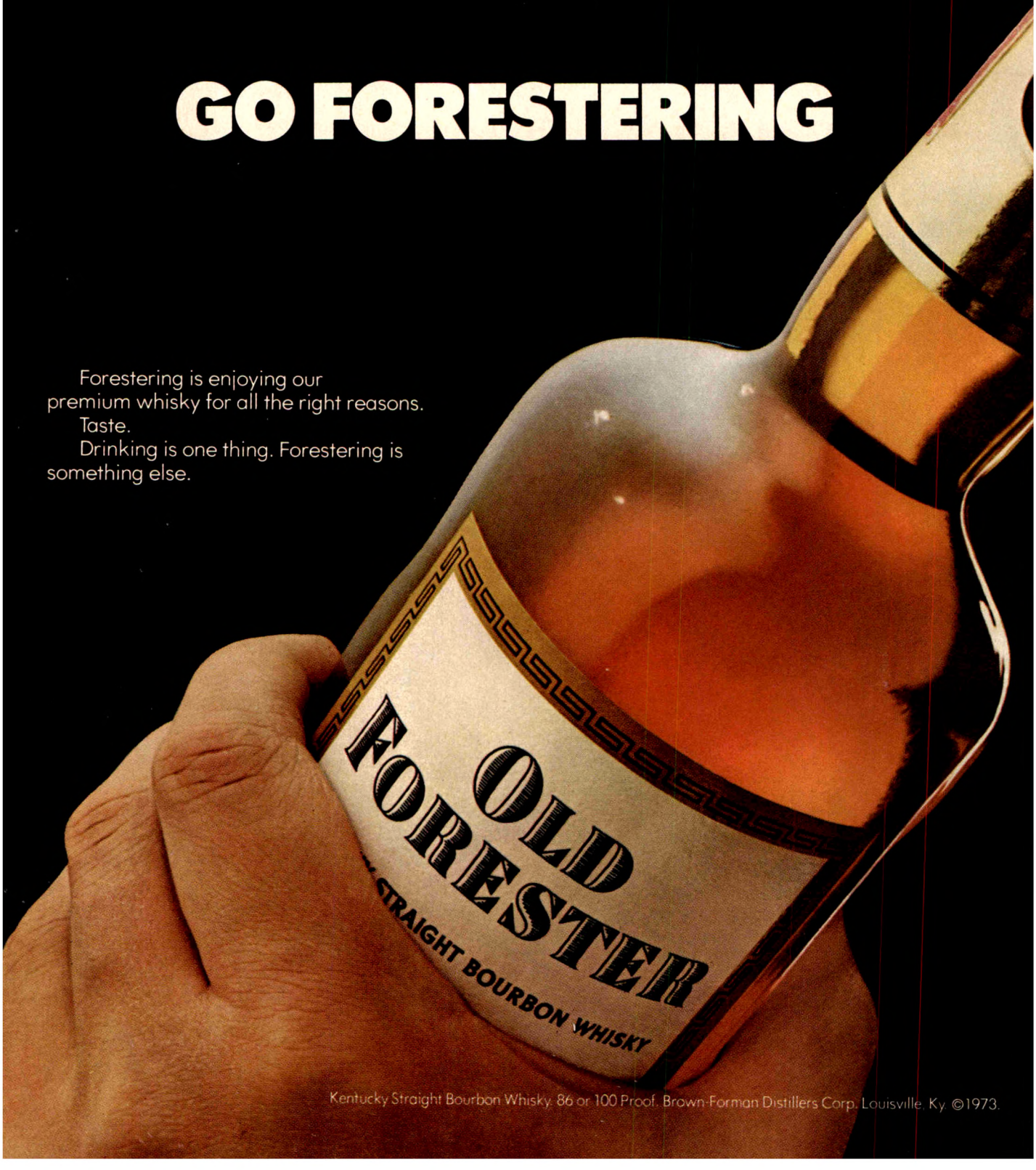

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ary impulse in this man. Like a marketing manager who can explain the world in terms of selling, Harris can subsume all under I'm OK—You're OK. Christ's lessons were ". . . a central historical example of I'M OK—YOU'RE OK." Hubris, barely trammeled most of the way, sets itself free toward the end of the book. If transactional analysis works for individuals, for groups, why not for nations? It is easily translatable, after all.

> Now that we have a concept for understanding human behavior that all persons can comprehend, one which can be put into simple words and translated into any language, we may be arriving at a point where we can discard our archaic fears, based on tragedies of the past, and begin talking with one another in the only way agreement on anything will be possible: Adult to Adult.

There is something almost touching about this naïveté.

Some of Harris' sentences would delight the late Bruce Barton, and it may be that what we have in this book is simply another old-time self-help manual: How to Become a More Effective Salesman, How to Win Friends and Influence People, How to Shed Ugly Pounds, How to Be OK. Surely the one theme crucial to such books is present here: *you can change your life.* You can liberate that Adult, escape the hectoring voices of your Child or your Parent, the voices of your past.

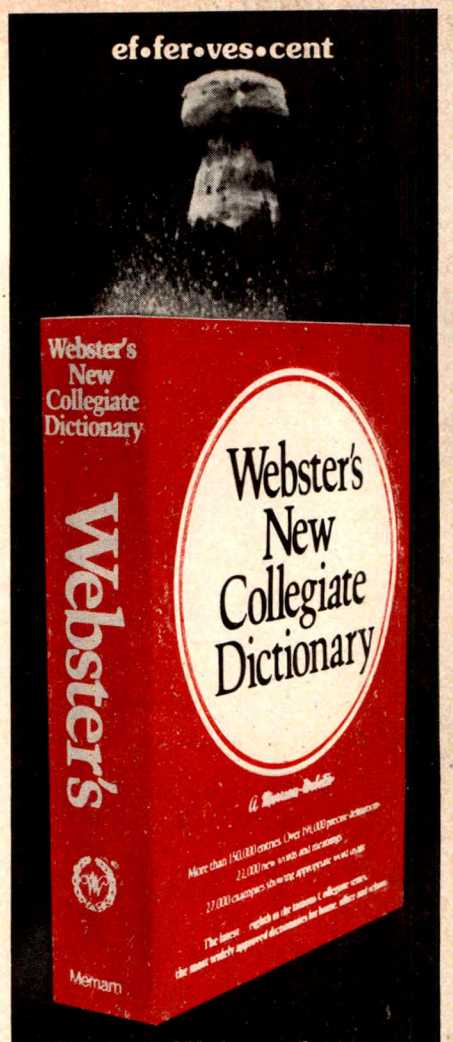
But there is another theme just beneath the surface, which says, in effect: you don't have to change much at all. No small part of the appeal of *I'm OK—You're OK* derives, I suspect, from a certain stroking (as they say) that the book performs on the reader, a quiet invitation to self-love that goes like this: *You're too tough on yourself . . . relax . . . You've always thought you weren't OK, haven't you . . . but you see, you are.*

You might have thought that in the ecology of our emotions self-love was not an endangered species. But the idea that it is seems to be enjoying a vogue. *I'm OK—You're OK* is slipping off the best-seller charts now, but it appears to have a replacement in a little book—fifty-six bulked-out pages—called How to Be Your Own Best Friend by Mildred Newman and Bernard Berkowitz (Random House, $4.95). The authors are husband and wife, and both are psychoanalysts. Their book on the surface has little in common with Harris'. It makes lesser claims for itself (at least in terms of global politics), offers no system, and is refreshingly free from special terminology. The Berkowitzes had the services of a graceful ghost, Jean Owen, who writes modestly and literately.

But the essential lesson of *How to Be Your Own Best Friend* is one we've heard before. The reader is addressed as a guilt-stricken, self-contemptuous, tragically self-limiting fellow, who needs only to cast an eye on his native virtue in order to begin living a fulfilled life. A beguiling paradox here is that the authors implicitly congratulate the reader on the sins they seek to cure. *We must rid you of this appalling notion of your worthlessness. (But how appealing of you to have suffered it.)*

How to Be Your Own Best Friend is written in the form of a dialogue between a willing student ("You're convincing me; it sounds better and better") who asks life-questions, and a teacherly voice who answers them. The role of the student is not only to elicit knowledge but to disarm the reader's doubts. The Berkowitzes are more aware than is Harris that they participate in a long and not-so-noble tradition of American inspirational literature. The student at one point protests mildly, "That sounds like positive thinking, perhaps with a bit of Coué thrown in." The teacher reasonably responds that positive thinking has some truth to it, but that it depends too much on imposing solutions from without, not giving one's inner self credit for the capacity to grow. The student asks if the teacher's emphasis on gratification isn't a sanction for self-indulgence. The voice says:

> Doing what makes you feel good about yourself is really the opposite of self-indulgence. It doesn't mean gratifying an isolated part of you; it means satisfying your whole self, and this includes the feelings and ties and responsibilities you have to others, too. . . . The Bible says, "Love thy neighbor *as* thyself," not "better than," or "instead of" thyself. If we cannot love ourselves, where will we draw our love for anyone else?



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November Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books

When this magazine published GAVIN LAMBERT's two articles on the making of the movie of *Gone With the Wind,* we received more mail than we had in many years for any single article or series of articles. We are now happy to announce publication of the book from which those articles were taken, **GWTW: THE MAKING OF GONE WITH THE WIND,** which gives us a chance to digress a bit and talk about the happy marriage between *The Atlantic* and the Atlantic Monthly Press.

When you publish a first-class national magazine—as we think we do—you find that a high proportion of the best writing in the United States crosses the Editor's desk. Naturally, regardless of the quality of the material, there is only so much room in each issue, so not every good manuscript is published in *The Atlantic.* But we at the Press nevertheless take note, and quite often a book under the Atlantic–Little, Brown imprint will result from a magazine submission. In some happy cases—Lambert's *GWTW* is one—we can publish excerpts in *The Atlantic* before publication of the book. It is these occasions that make us feel happiest as a publisher, because we are doing what we do best: bringing good writing to the greatest number of people in both magazine and book form.

GWTW: THE MAKING OF GONE WITH THE WIND

by Gavin Lambert

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LITTLE, BROWN

Well, sure. And, no. This advice is laden with partial wisdom. It makes sense only in a context. We can all imagine the situation and the person for whom it would be just the thing to say. And no one would deny that love proceeds more easily from a heart at peace with itself. But how to achieve that? Don't most of us need to do more *out there,* with other people, need to escape, for say fifteen or twenty seconds a day, our cell of self-concern in order to come back to find an improved self? Isn't that the fairly humble psychological point of the biblical injunction?

A Delphic vagueness prevails in *How to Be Your Own Best Friend,* and I guess it is essential to the book's effect. There is an anecdote, though—perhaps apocryphal; it doesn't matter—that sticks in the mind. The teacherly voice describes an encounter with a man in mourning. "You look as if you had lost your best friend," says the voice. (The next remark is firmly in mind.) The man assents. "Don't you know who your best friend is?" the voice inquires. A modest little tale, but it's infected, it seems to me, with a kind of meanness of spirit. The assumption is that you can grieve for no one else. Often true enough; but a nasty assumption.

The effect of *How to Be Your Own Best Friend* and of *I'm OK—You're OK* is to trivialize all that they touch. In their assurances that we create our future, they denature the conflict between our need to change and to create a life whose narrative makes some sense. And they advance a notion of the self that is small and hermetic.

It is possible to read along in both these books, aware of the inadequacies but tranquilized by the cheerful half-truths, and to forget what it is that is wholly absent from these pages. What's missing is only some adequate acknowledgment of the life that confronts us each morning. The constraints of class, custom, and institutional hierarchy are scarcely alluded to. There is little sense of the endlessly fluid circumstance that makes up a day, the thousand situations in which we assert and defer, define or make a fool of ourselves, perceive or misperceive others. Gesture, tone, rit-

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ual, manners are treated dismissively.

The ultimate, dubious promise of these books seems to be an escape from all that mundaneness. The transcendence that is offered may itself be mundane—conceive of going through a week with that refrain, "I'm OK—You're OK," in your head—but it holds out hope of relief from the sticky intricacies of the moment. It's a desire that we all have felt, and one with which our culture is oversupplied.

There is a book, though, appearing this fall, treating matters of selfhood, that doesn't shrink from the encounter with ordinary, niggling events. I have in mind THE PRESENTATION OF SELF IN EVERYDAY LIFE, by Erving Goffman, which was first published in paper in 1959, and is being reissued now in hard-cover (Overlook, $10.00).

Since *The Presentation of Self* first appeared, Goffman has written seven books *(Asylums, Encounters, Interaction Ritual, Behavior in Public Places, Stigma, Relations in Public,* and *Strategic Interaction),* all sociological studies that concentrate on the visible social relations, on exterior life. They have earned him a considerable following. A characteristic way of praising Goffman is to compare him to a novelist, for the fineness of his perceptions. This is a mistake. Sociologists are not novelists, as Goffman is wise enough to know. He makes no effort to render his ideas dramatically. He is often hard to read, dry (sometimes dryly witty), open to charges of obviousness. But there is this to be said for him: he appears always to be right. I mean not only that he speaks the truth but that he has an implicit awareness of the limits of his argument. And he has a respect for the density of life in its smallest units that a novelist or any other writer needs.

Goffman has written about such topics as keeping and losing face, embarrassment, the intricacies of presenting and interpreting "normal appearances." He describes the relationships of con men to connees, and the gravity of emotion that accompanies such acts as going out of one's way to avoid greeting an acquaintance. He knows that social concerns can inhabit the most extreme situation. From his book,

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1 large clove garlic
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1 bay leaf
¾-1 cup dry white wine
1 can (about 2 pounds) plum tomatoes, sieved

Flatten slices of beef as thinly as possible.

Mix ground meats, cheese, butter, breadcrumbs soaked in milk and squeezed dry, parsley and egg. Taste mixture and season with salt and pepper.

Place a slice of prosciutto on each piece of beef, spread with stuffing. Roll slices tightly and tie with string.

Heat oil, butter together in large skillet. Add garlic, onion, carrots and bay leaf, saute few minutes. Add beef rolls and brown well on all sides.

Stir in wine and cook over moderate heat until most of the liquid has evaporated.

Add tomatoes and bring to a boil.

Reduce heat to low and simmer for an hour, or until the beef is fork tender.

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Relations in Public: "A person with carcinoma of the bladder can, if he wants, die with more social grace and propriety, more apparent inner social normalcy, than a man with a harelip can order a piece of apple pie."

In *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life,* Goffman advances a governing idea, that we can learn something about the idea of selfhood simply by observing what happens (to quote the book's unobtrusive first phrase) "when an individual enters the presence of others"—what he looks for, what he attempts to display. Goffman suggests that a commonplace metaphor can serve to describe much of what we call social life: the stage.

Goffman is blessed with a singular patience, which the elaboration of this metaphor demands. He covers a great deal of seemingly unpromising ground, delineating the ways in which we arrange impressions that we seek to convey, create masks, ally ourselves with other performers with whom we share secrets "backstage." All of this is rather common knowledge in the abstract (though it is enlivened by Goffman's hungry love of social detail; he has searched sociological literature for examples of faux pas, vanity, and deceit). But however unsurprising Goffman's work may seem at a single moment, it demonstrates an idea that is by no means trivial.

He is reminding the reader that much of what we refer to as "self" is not tangible and permanent but evanescent. What is more, it is not purely the creation of an individual: all social situations are "collusive"—they depend on a shared agreement of their definition by audience and performer. Goffman remarks toward the close of the book:

> A correctly staged and performed scene leads the audience to impute a self to a performed character, but this imputation—this self—is a *product* of a scene that comes off, and is not a *cause* of it. The self, then, as a performed character, is not an organic thing that has a specific location, whose fundamental fate is to be born, to mature, and to die; it is a dramatic effect arising diffusely from a scene that is presented, and the characteristic issue, the crucial concern, is whether it will be credited or discredited.

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It is important to note what Goffman is not saying: he is not denying the existence of individual difference, of character or neurosis, of the distinct continuity a life maintains. He is insisting, however, that much of what we take for character or personality or self is chimerical, and that a great deal of our life consists of the creation of these fleeting selves.

How to respond to this idea? If you are Dr. Thomas A. Harris, I expect you say: how true, and what a pity. Games. But the "games people play"—the index to *I'm OK—You're OK* lists tidily about two dozen of them—are an impossibly reductive way of viewing what is the substance of much of our life. To listen to those who subscribe to this notion, you would think that we are children in a ring who need only step back, grow up, become ourselves. But try it, and you discover that you have joined another ring, and that this playground stretches beyond the horizon.

THE NOBLE AND THE ABSURD

by William Abrahams

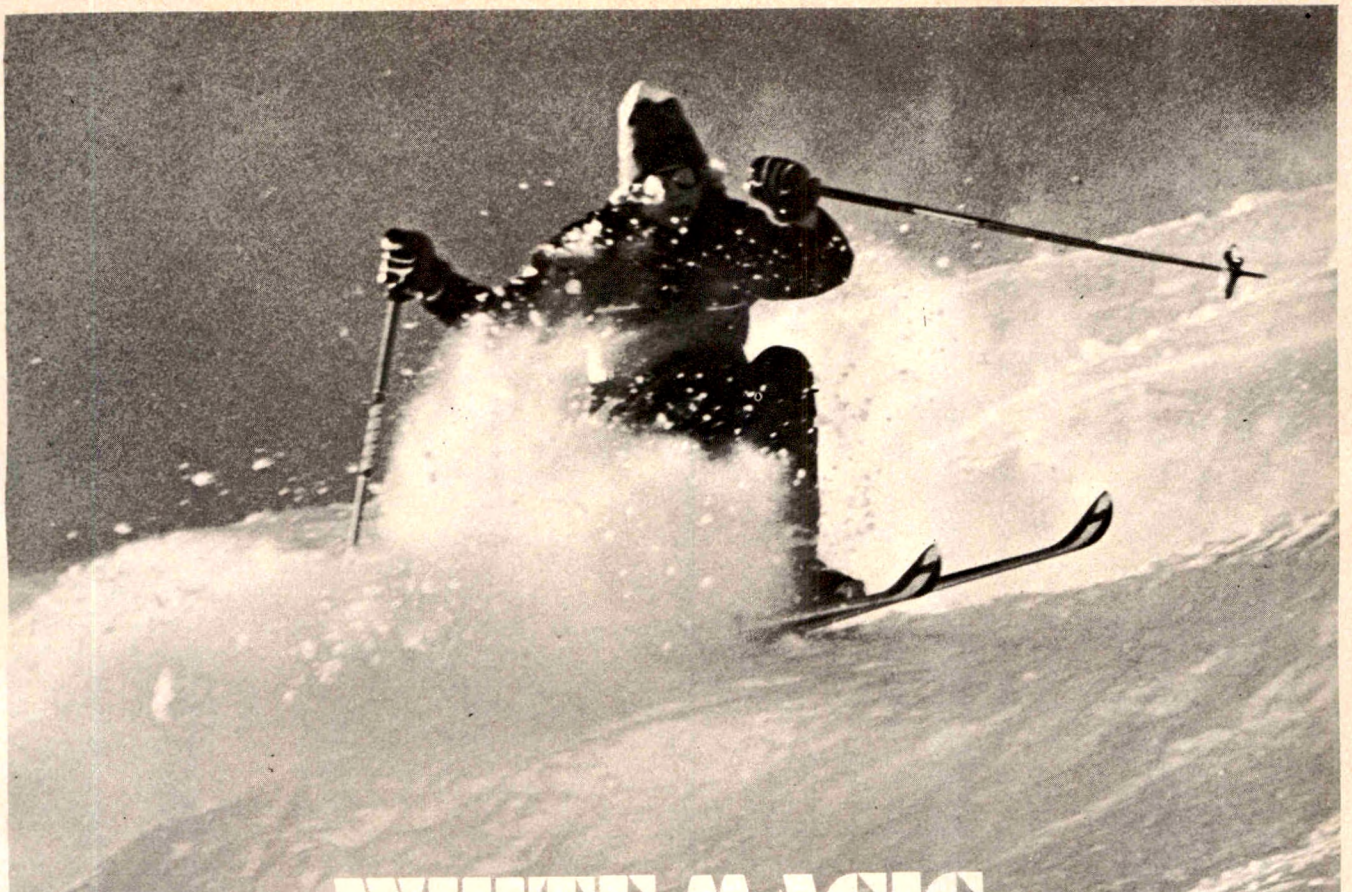
THE HONORARY CONSUL
by Graham Greene
Simon and Schuster, $7.95

Next October Graham Greene will be seventy, old enough, should he wish, to play the unlikely role of Dean of English Novelists—Anthony Powell, his only rival, is a year younger—and to accept those other honors that lie in wait for a writer of his acknowledged eminence. One can imagine—just—the summons to Buckingham Palace (Sir Graham? Lord Greene? or the simple grandeur of the Order of Merit, as with E. M. Forster and Henry James?).

But, whatever glories lie in the future, this year Graham Greene is only a young sixty-nine (to judge from his prose), and not yet ready to be hoisted up on a pedestal. In *The Honorary Consul* one discovers none of the symptoms of respectable laureled age: pomposity, dither, and self-approbation. Unless I have miscounted, among the forty-seven books that comprise his work thus far, it is his nineteenth novel, and it is one of his best, as vivid, alive, and unmistakably, uniquely his own as the novels he was writing when he was half his present age—*Brighton Rock, The Confidential Agent,* and *The Power and the Glory.*

Until a few years ago, it was Mr. Greene's practice to assign his novels to categories: there were the "Entertainments" (presumably too entertaining to be serious), such as *The Ministry of Fear* and *Our Man in Havana,* and there were the "Novels" (presumably too serious to be entertaining), such as *The Heart of the Matter* and *The End of the Affair.* Now, very sensibly, he has decided to abolish the distinction, and the sometime Entertainments are henceforth to be listed among his works simply as novels—which is what his admirers have always thought them to be anyway. Categories, whether in art or life, are approximations at best; the firm line of definition, meant to separate one thing from another, begins to blur virtually as it is being drawn; and the quotation from Hardy—"All things merge in one another, good into evil, generosity into justice, religion into politics . . ."—which serves as a wonderfully appropriate epigraph to *The Honorary Consul* is not inappropriate to this reconsideration by the author of what his books are. In all of them, whatever their differences in form and tone and intention, and no matter that Greene is a well-known Catholic writer, a highly personal view of life is being expressed, of the incongruities and contradictions that are an inescapable part of human existence, a view which came to the author at an extraordinarily early age.

Not for him the Wordsworthian reassurance that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." He knew, from the very beginning it seems, that the idyllic and the macabre could be contained simultaneously within the space of one's pram, and from there onward through all the living spaces



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one occupies up to and including one's coffin. In a characteristic passage in his autobiography *A Sort of Life,* he writes:

> The first thing I remember is sitting in a pram at the top of a hill with a dead dog lying at my feet. . . . The dog, as I know now, was a pug owned by my elder sister. It had been run over—by a horse carriage?—and killed and the nurse thought it convenient to bring the cadaver home this way.

Now consider another characteristic passage, this one from *The Honorary Consul.* Dr. Eduardo Plarr, the central character in the novel, is entering a fashionable tearoom in Buenos Aires to have tea with his elderly mother—not necessarily an idyllic occasion, but one certainly within the genteel, as opposed to the macabre, tradition:

> He saw her at the far end of the crowded tearoom, sitting in unrelieved black before a plate of sweet cakes. She said, "You are ten minutes late, Eduardo." From his early childhood they had always spoken Spanish together. Only with his father had he spoken English and his father was a man of few words.
>
> "I am sorry, mother. You should have begun." When he bent to kiss her cheek he could smell the hot chocolate in her cup like a sweet breath from a tomb.

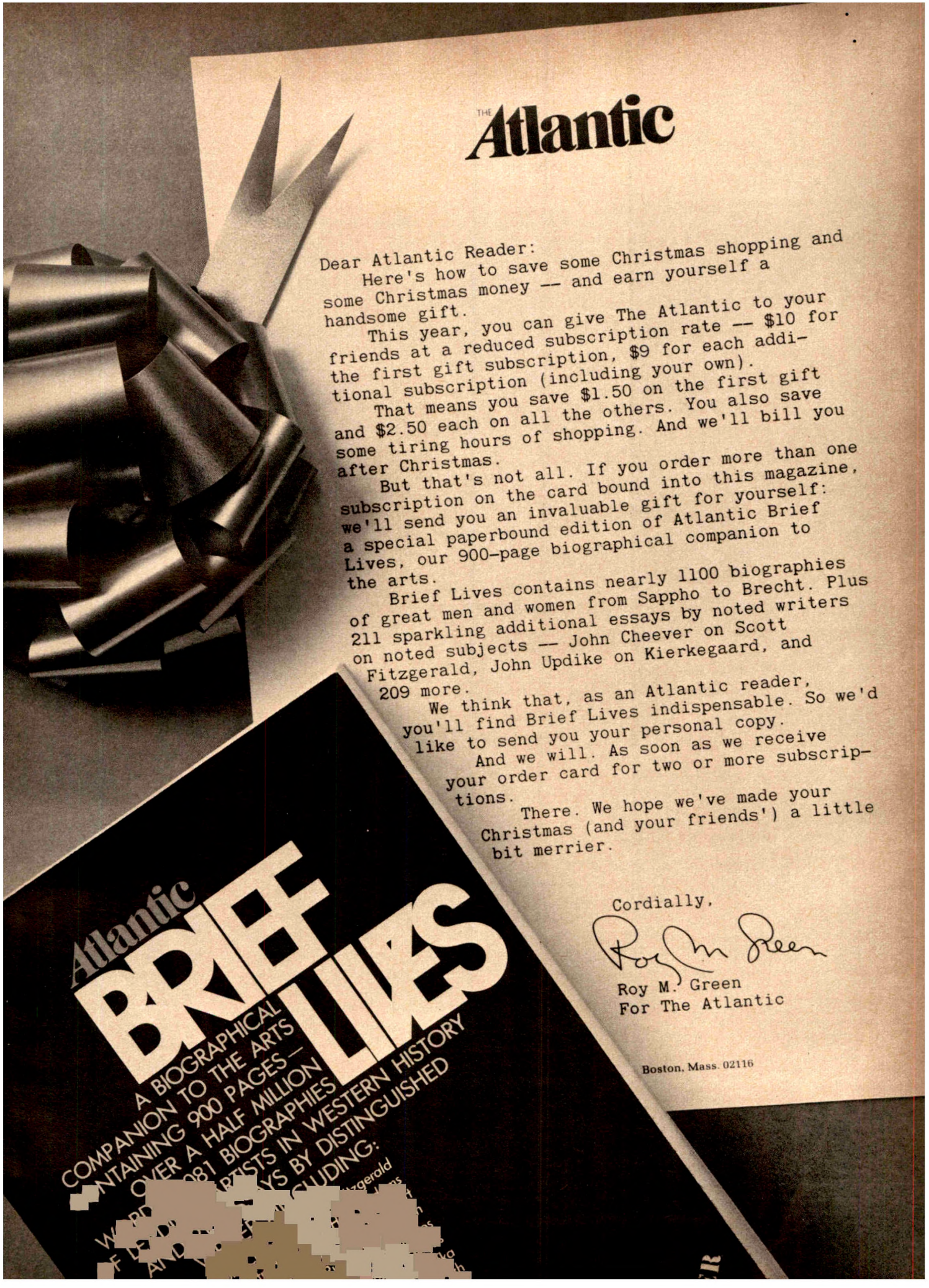
Only to a novelist whose first memory was of a dead dog in his pram would that incongruous, unexpected, concluding simile come so effortlessly—for surely it is not the usual thing to associate the smell of hot chocolate with "a sweet breath from the tomb." Yet within the context of the novel, where Mrs. Plarr is effectively one of the living dead, and given what we know of Plarr himself, its aptness is never in question: such a thought might well have crossed his mind at such a moment.

Dr. Plarr lives in a provincial city in Argentina, far from the teashop in Buenos Aires where his mother gobbles up éclairs all the afternoons of her life, just over the border from Paraguay, where his father has been a political prisoner for many years. Among his patients is Jorge Julio Saavreda (one of Greene's happiest inventions), a Latin-American novelist of preternatural solemnity, dedicated in life and art to machismo—no danger of Saavreda writing a mere entertainment.

> There was a heavy music in his style, the drum-beats of destiny were never very far away, but Doctor Plarr sometimes had a longing to exclaim to his melancholy patient, "Life isn't like that. Life isn't noble or dignified. Even Latin-American life. Nothing is ineluctable [a favorite word of Saavreda's]. Life has surprises. Life is absurd."

That life is absurd is given comic, ironic, sympathetic, touching, and finally even noble expression (as it were, in spite of itself) in *The Honorary Consul,* which is constructed around the story of a botched political kidnapping. Mr. Greene, with a fine disregard for what's in fashion in fiction, continues as in the past to pay a good deal of attention to plot in the novel, and his deployment of it here is a remarkable demonstration of how much plot still has to give to the novelist who is willing to approach it seriously. In the circumstances, it would be unfair to prospective readers to elaborate upon it and so diminish the pleasure that awaits them (as for myself, I had the good fortune to read *The Honorary Consul* with no notion whatever of what was coming: I can say that in the management of suspense and surprise to the last page, as in all other aspects of his craft, Mr. Greene is never less than masterly). Still, I think there is no harm in revealing that the wrong man is kidnapped, not the American Ambassador who might have been held successfully for ransom (the release of a batch of political prisoners), but poor Charlie Fortnum, the Honorary Consul, who is, in the words of the British Ambassador, "pitiably small beer."

The relationship between Plarr and Fortnum, and the relationship of the two to the ex-priest and the ex-poet who are the revolutionaries turned kidnappers—the doctor, who has been a schoolboy friend of theirs in Paraguay, is called in by them now to treat their victim—these relationships are at the heart of the novel, giving it a depth, subtlety, and power to move, quite different from the pleasurable anxiety induced by its plot. Unlikely and contrasting protagonists, Plarr and Fortnum have little in common—until they are brought together in the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hideaway in the *barrio*—beyond their being two-thirds of the British colony in the port city, and their sharing (unknowingly on Fortnum's part) the same woman: Fortnum's wife, Clara, whom Fortnum loves and whom Plarr makes love to.

If at first the Honorary Consul is made to seem merely contemptible, little more than a lachrymose, self-pitying drunk, as the action progresses and he continues to be held by his kidnappers, awaiting an answer to their ultimatum, he gradually begins to change. Or, more likely, we are made to see him (as happens with Plarr) in a new light, no longer a figure of low sentimental comedy easily shrugged off, but a man recognizably human, pitiable (and understandable) in his weakness, and admirable in his certainties. And Plarr, with his cynicism and studious detachment, his world-weariness, self-contempt, and icy sexual prowess that make him, in his fashion, a figure of high bleak comedy, also begins to change.

At one point in the action (which I shall not describe), he reflects, "For heaven's sake let this comedy end in comedy. None of us are suited to tragedy." But this sort of self-disparagement, so characteristic of the strategy by which he defends himself against involvement, is not adequate to the situation in which he finds himself. He is forced, first, to recognize the inadequacy of his defenses—"That stupid banal word love. It's never meant anything to me. Like the word God. I know how to fuck—I don't know how to love"—then, to involve himself, deprecating all the while what he does, in life, in death.

Very subtly, the premises with which the novel begins have been modified and finally reversed. Yes, life is absurd; but it is more than that; it is also, or can be at certain moments, however embarrassing the word, noble; and to behave nobly is the possibility open to the least of us, whether a priest who has broken his vows, a doctor incapable of giving himself to another, or a sentimental, used-up honorary consul.

MOVIES

TRUFFAUT'S CINEMA NOTEBOOK

by Joseph Kanon

"Some films are slices of life," Alfred Hitchcock told François Truffaut during their famous series of interviews in 1962. "Mine are slices of cake." It's a thought that hasn't always served Truffaut well. His homage to the master, *The Bride Wore Black* (1967), had practically no life at all, much less a slice, and from time to time he has seemed in danger of taking on Hitchcock's worst traits (notably, an indifference to actors). In his ironic *Mississippi Mermaid* (1969), the plot was so vague and splintered that it was often difficult to figure out why the characters were there, other than to enjoy that lovely house on Réunion. Truffaut, in a sense, is one director who doesn't need Hitchcock—his best movies are brimming with life, the situations tacked together not with gimmicks but with the sheer exuberance of their director. And this is as true of something as somber as *The Wild Child* (1969) as it is of the more obvious favorite, *Jules et Jim* (1961). He has what few of his idols and none of his New Wave colleagues have: a sense for ordinary life beautifully, even lovingly, observed. One thinks immediately of Jim and little Sabine rolling down the hillside, a caught moment of eternal summer, or the famous cycling shots in *Jules et Jim* where youth seems as tangible as the rush of wind on one's face. When a director can do things like these, an arid exercise like *The Bride Wore Black* seems a waste, the bourgeois charm of *Bed and Board* (1970) as memorable as a Kleenex.

But Truffaut disappoints only to come back and surprise. *Day For Night (La Nuit Américaine),* which opened this year's New York Film Festival and was easily the most talked-about film at Cannes (where it was shown out of competition), is Truffaut's thirteenth feature-length film (there were a few early shorts) and it's a joyful celebration cake to round out the baker's dozen. The film flows like an athlete in top form and because its subject is movies and its director Truffaut, it plays like a love story, an intricate affair of ups and downs, whose disappointments are never quite tragedies because its "realism" is part of a larger romance.

This romance with the cinema is a peculiarly New Wave phenomenon, and it makes *Day For Night* a key film in the movement, even a decade later. It's the subject for which the style was born. There have been movies about movies before, of course, but *Day For Night* is probably the first whose concern is the making of a film, not the peripheral glamour that surrounds it. When Hollywood takes us behind the scenes, it's usually down the slippery corridor to fan magazine morality (will success spoil?) or stardom (will Lana Turner flub her lines?). In European films, the movies have either been a background (the Cinecittà of Godard's *Le Mépris)* or a springboard for statements on creativity and "real" life (Fellini). But in *Day For Night* we leave the set only to see how the personal stories—none of which is particularly interesting in itself—will affect the next day's shooting. The film is the thing.

Even the title, a term for shooting a night scene in daylight with special filters, alerts us to this technical approach. A company has come to the Studios La Victorine in Nice to film a fluffy melodrama called *Je Vous Présente Pamela* (translated as *Meet Pamela,* which makes it sound like a Sandra Dee vehicle). *Day For Night* charts its making through seven weeks (roughly the same shooting schedule as *Day For Night)* of crises, pressures, retakes, small victories; and that is all. But for Truffaut and the New Wave audience he has helped create, it is everything. The harried but cool style of the director (Truffaut himself) is different from that of, say, Jimmy Cagney putting on a show in *Footlight Parade,* but the momentum is the same. This is a story of personal lives consumed in a collective experience. When the fickle script girl runs off to London with the stunt man, the crew is outraged. "I'd drop a guy for a film," the continuity girl

says. "I'd never drop a film for a guy."

There has never been another film so saturated with cinema, references and visual clues piled thick on one another like pages torn from *Les Cahiers du Cinéma.* Driving to location, the crew pass down the Rue Jean Vigo. One crew member and his wife, a jealous scold, are nicknamed The Sorrow and The Pity. There is a direct reference to *The Rules of the Game* (about the cook who'll cater to diets, but not to fads), and a long incident with a cat that refuses to perform for the cameras, which is based on a well-known Hitchcock anecdote about the filming of *Number Seventeen.* Nor does Truffaut neglect his own movies. When leading man Jean-Pierre Léaud gets an offer to make Turgenev's *First Love* in Tokyo with a Japanese actress, we're reminded of his liaison in *Bed and Board.* At another point, a crew member announces his engagement to the makeup girl with "She's experienced and I'm not," like the couple in *Shoot the Piano Player.* There is even a dream sequence in which Truffaut sees himself as a child stealing publicity stills from a theater showing *Citizen Kane.* This kind of association game runs a distracting risk, but the very quantity and frequency of the references give them the density of a tapestry background—you can examine them individually if you like or just look at the whole pattern.

Truffaut even uses the actors as visual signals: Jean-Pierre Léaud, an actor who has literally grown up in Truffaut films, suggests the other works by his very presence; Jean-Pierre Aumont, as the former matinee idol reminiscing about Hollywood twenty years ago, could very well be talking about himself. Occasionally the connections can work in deeper ways. When the American actress (Jacqueline Bisset) confides in the director during an emotional crisis, he places the speech in her script for the following day, and there is an added resonance because this is the way Truffaut works—writing a scene after talking it over with his actors, so that he can use their own vocabulary.

Day For Night is not, mercifully, one of those ponderous films within a film—we can see right away that

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MORROW

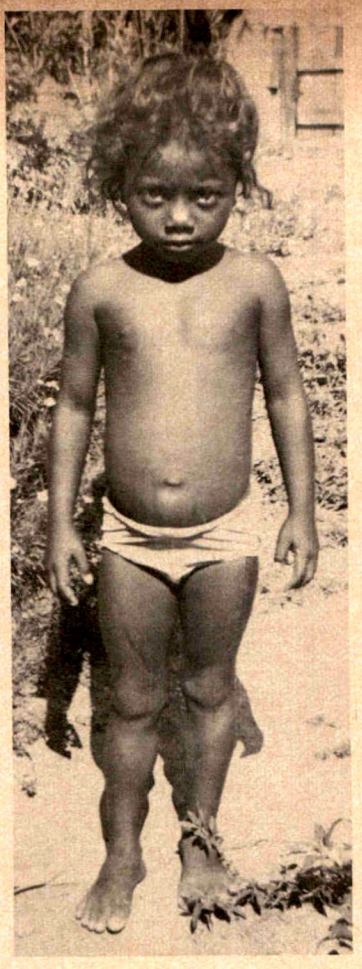
Meet Pamela isn't worth bothering about—and the role confusion that often ensues is not so much a question of illusion and reality (they mix and what is to be done about it, after all?) as the strain of work. *Meet Pamela* takes on a life of its own—expectedly, everything becomes grist for its mill—but what we watch is the life being given to it. We become involved in the professionalism of it all, feeling the little personal crises as annoyances. The real heroes are the crew, the people who don't throw tantrums (as the actors threaten to do) but simply get on with the job. When the aging Italian actress (Valentina Cortese) keeps messing up a scene—she wants to recite numbers and dub the words later, as she does for "Federico," until Truffaut tells her, "In France, we have to say the lines"—our sympathy is mixed with impatience at her wasting everybody's time. The self-absorption of the actors is even played for laughs: during a series of press interviews it comes out that each of the actors thinks *Meet Pamela* is a story about the character he's playing. But Truffaut can use this professionalism for some chilling irony. When Aumont's death in a car accident threatens to stop the film, there isn't much time for grief—we become involved in the plans for shooting around him. The real fascination is with the job, the mechanics: a trick candle with a secret light on an actress's face, a stunt car crash, a Parisian square springing to life at the sound of a megaphone (the same set, incidentally, used for *The Madwoman of Chaillot).*

Yet none of this behind-the-scenes realism is pedestrian or flat. The ironic joke of the New Wave is that it substituted one form of glamour for another—some shots of the film-making itself are positively lyrical. A clip of the car crash is played back and forth on the projector like trapped mercury and in one scene there is simply a shot of film, a strip of orange and one of black, flowing out of a machine like Halloween ribbons.

The stamp of the New Wave is all over this film and to sit through it is to be reminded again how much the movement has changed the face of movies, how innovative and exciting the sixties were. And

somehow it is appropriate that Truffaut should film its eulogy. Godard is the genius of the group—certainly it is difficult to imagine the sixties without him—but his brilliance seems to have consumed itself, as if there weren't enough room for all that energy. Truffaut is a less dazzling talent but a flexible one and he is unique in the affection he pours into his work. He is one of the few directors who can communicate to an audience a sense of his own enjoyment in making films. And *Day For Night,* this product of and comment on the New Wave, seems to have had a liberating effect: his camera hasn't moved this way in years. The screen fairly buzzes with wipes, aerial shots, ovals, and the rest of it. The film has a particularly sunny look and feel to it, the result perhaps of enthusiasm as much as the Riviera climate, and the color is sharp and beautiful. Some of the technique is startlingly good: when Jacqueline Bisset arrives at the airport, the screen registers flashbulbs as the plane lands, before we see the photographers' cameras, and it seems to compress the whole emotional feeling of the following scene. One sequence of shots through a rainy kitchen window is virtually a symphony of film (there is background music as well). Truffaut, moreover, has the right sort of diffidence to carry off the director's role (he can also be an effective actor, as in *The Wild Child).* The New Wave had a tendency to replace stars with directors and it would have been unfortunate to see this happen here—*Day For Night* is a movie about movies, not about a personality.

But if *Day For Night* is a tribute to the strengths of the New Wave—its spontaneity, visual dexterity, and feel for the medium—it suggests the limitations as well. It's a self-conscious way to make movies and perhaps because of this there is an emotional level it can only marginally satisfy. Self-consciousness is built into the subject of *Day For Night,* so it becomes less an issue than it might in other films, but the hints are there. It may not be terribly important to the overall scope of the film that most of the off-camera stories don't come to life, but the fact is they don't. Jean-Pierre Léaud's nervous affair with the script girl, in particular, is so



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tiresome that after a while you don't care what point is being made. But Truffaut rarely spends enough time on these scenes to make the flaw count for much—the bits are just swept up into a kaleidoscope of life around the set. When Léaud asks people whether they think women are magic, it's a running gag, irrelevant, because everyone is involved in the larger magic of movies.

Truffaut shows that the process can be frustrating, pressured, even sour, but his film is a gesture of love to the medium. There is, in the end, something beyond all the petty squabbles, the race against time, the clash of egos. A decision is made to shoot the last scene with the fake Parisian square covered in snow. The Nice fire department is called out, detergent soap bubbles pour from the hoses, Métro stations turn white. It's an interesting procedure, and a rather funny one, and then the camera pulls back, the actors, all muffled now, take their places, and suddenly we are in a square covered in snow. It doesn't matter that we know it's soap; something more special than knowing has happened. They're making a movie.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

WILL ROGERS; His Life and Times
by Richard M. Ketchum
McGraw-Hill, $15.00

Buffalo Bill, whom I saw at the age of nine, was a showman echo of the Old West; Will Rogers, twirling his rope, looking up at you under his shock of hair with that big grin as he made those casual, funny remarks in his Oklahoma drawl, was the real thing. He had the qualities we always need in our public prints and so seldom find; he put our love of exaggeration and ridicule into American lingo that constantly took us by surprise—"There's no other country with as much air, and not knowing where it's going as this country." He poked fun at the muddleheads in Washington—"Lord, the money we do spend on government and it's not one bit better than the government we got for one-third the money twenty years ago."

Hoover was a favorite target, but Will saw both sides of the President's dilemma in this comparison he drew in 1930: "Nobody ever asked Coolidge to fix a thing. We just let everything go, and everybody grabbed off what he could. . . . Now Mr. Hoover is elected and we want him to fix everything. Farm relief—we want him to fix the farmer. Now, the farmer never had relief. . . . He never had it even under Lincoln. . . . Prosperity—millions of people never had it under nobody and never will have it under anybody, but they all want it under Mr. Hoover. Women—women in this country, they think that Mr. Hoover ought to come in and wash the dishes . . . and help take care of the baby or something. If the weather is wrong, we blame it on Hoover." He spoke with instinctive fellow feeling, as in this reference to FDR in the worst of the Depression: "Even if what he does is wrong they are with him, just so he does something. If he burned down the capitol we would cheer and say, 'Well, we at least got a fire started, anyhow.' " And as a sideline on himself he once admitted, "You have to have a serious streak in you or you can't see the funny side of the other fellow."

Will's origin, as Mr. Ketchum tells us in this quotable, vigorous, copiously illustrated book, was more native than that of any other American philosopher, his father being one-eighth Cherokee and his mother a quarter-blood. Clem Rogers was a big man and a successful rancher; his range included about sixty thousand acres in the Indian Territory, and the ranch house in which Will was born in 1879, a structure of hewn logs, two stories high, with seven large rooms, open fireplaces, and the only piano in the entire district, was a focal point. Here in his boyhood Will must have heard the brutal story of the Trail of Tears, of how the Cherokees had been driven out of their rich holdings in Georgia in 1830, and it may have opened his mind to the injustice which is so prevalent in our country. The unbroken grasslands of his youth and the chance to trail four thousand head to the market in St. Louis developed his passion for roping. Schooling he resisted. "I spent two years at Kemper [military academy]," he said, "one in the guardhouse and one in the fourth grade."

As Will grew older, his father gave him a herd of his own, hoping to keep his son on the ranch, but Will had wanderlust, and after sharp words he got a job in a Wild West show where he was billed as a champion lassoer, "The Cherokee Kid." He toured Argentina and South Africa, and his big break came in the spring of 1905, when he made his debut in Madison Square Garden. He was the featured roper—at twenty dollars a week—and he made the headlines when an eight-hundred-pound steer with horns that spread five feet leaped out of the ring and looped up the stairs to the balcony, disappearing behind the box seats. Hot after it went "the Indian Will Rogers," who got his rope around the horns and swerved it down the steps and back into the ring. Will called it "the biggest hit here I ever dreamed of," and his skill and the publicity were to lead him into vaudeville where for a time he performed his incredible tricks with the rope (he had fifty-three of them) gracefully, chewing gum, and saying not a word.

At Hammerstein's he performed with his favorite pony, who was shod with felt hooves; he stopped the orchestra and announced to the house, "I am going to throw about two of these ropes at once, catching the horse with one and the rider with the other"; then he grinned and added, "I don't have any idea I'll get it, but here goes." To his amazement the crowd laughed and they roared later when he improvised, "Swinging a rope is all right, when your neck ain't in it. Then it's hell." He was such a hit at Hammerstein's that he had to put on two different shows, one in the theater, one in the Roof Garden, and in the interval he studied the newspapers, which of course led to his famous opening: "All I know is just what I read in the papers."

When at last he was earning $250

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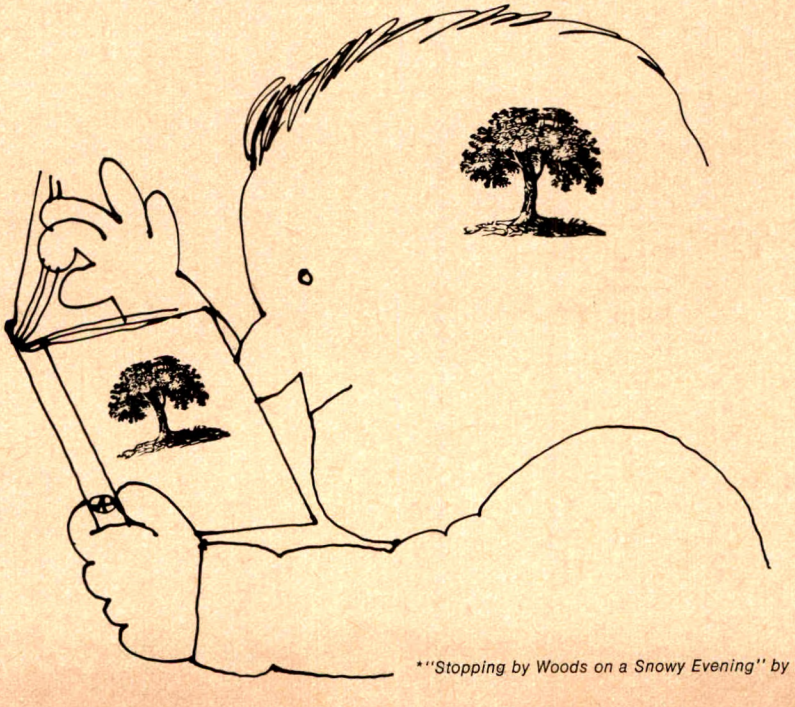

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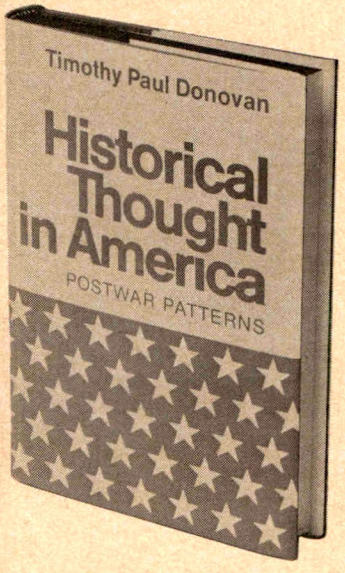
—Timothy Paul Donovan



This book takes on large issues; it is tightly written; it is ambitious. Chapter three re-evaluates the historical function. Chapter four focuses on the individual among historians, in whose thoughts "a return to concern with the great philosophical questions meant also a return to great historians." Chapter six goes beyond traditional history to Metahistory. Chapter seven describes "The Perfect Historian," and the final chapter is entitled "Redefining History."

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a week, Clem Rogers came east to see him, and would count the house. Will's marriage to Betty Blake, whom he had courted for eight years, his triumph in the Ziegfeld Follies, where his originality shone in the midst of the pulchritude, his friendship with W. C. Fields, his success in Hollywood, his promotion to the front page of the New York *Times,* his happy family life, and his death at fifty-six in an airplane crash in Alaska—the story is all here, authentic, and graphic, and American as the man himself.

THE ROTHSCHILDS
by Virginia Cowles
Knopf, $15.00

Virginia Cowles's biography of the Rothschilds is a chronicle, by turns individual and panoramic, of the richest and oldest financial dynasty in the Western world. The founding father, Mayer Amschel Rothschild, by his initiative and persistence worked his way out of the Frankfurt ghetto in the last half of the eighteenth century. Financial transactions of that period were carried on in gold and it was Amschel's skill in collecting loans and establishing credit abroad for his master, William IX of Hesse-Cassel, which was to make that prince the wealthiest in the Holy Roman Empire. During the French Revolution the Jew had complete command of his patron's confidence. As Miss Cowles says, the two men watching the march of events "nursed a deep concern; the Prince had a fortune to keep and the Jew a fortune to make."

In his rise Mayer Amschel depended on the versatility of his five ambitious sons. He trained them in the "new" finance. He gave them latitude, yet saw that they adhered to three principles: marriage within the faith, preferably within the clan; unity of operation, dictated by the ablest; and the theory resulting from their opposition to Napoleon, that wars were ruinous.

At the turn of the nineteenth century the sons were established in five capitals: Nathan in London, James in Paris, Salomon in Vienna, Carl in southern Italy, Amschel the younger in Frankfurt. Nathan in London's rich pasture was the genius: he supplied the gold that

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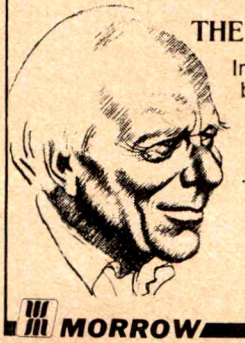

In which the author begins "one of the greatest autobiographies of our times."
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Wellington needed for his army in Spain, and he became expert in "bulling" or "bearing" the market. Perceiving the effect of political news on the stock exchange, he established a messenger service by carrier pigeons, postillions, and the bold sea captains, so that the Rothschilds were banking on the victory at Waterloo forty hours before Wellington's dispatches reached London. Salomon in Vienna was the agent for Metternich and he procured the title of Baron for all five. The growth of the Rothschild fortune was astronomical, and if one brother, for instance James in Paris, were being pressed, the others came to his rescue. Their primary loyalty was to the family, not to the country in which they dwelt.

Miss Cowles tells the story appreciatively and with a clear grasp of finance. Her most brilliant characterization is of Nathan, that stolid figure always dressed in black and a high silk hat, standing before his favorite pillar in the stock exchange. She does not try to whitewash his finaglings, as when he used Prince William's English investment for his private profit but at no loss to the Prince. She tells with glee the Rothschilds' resistance to the ancient ostracism of the Jews: in Vienna, where no Jew was permitted to buy a house, Salomon booked every room in the most luxurious hotel, used it for his own, and excluded the former patrons until the law was rescinded. In England, the Rothschilds found a champion in Disraeli and when they raised the money for him to purchase the Suez Canal shares, Queen Victoria relented and at last a Rothschild entered the House of Lords.

In our time the family energy was diversified—to Zionism, to the two famous vineyards, at Château Lafite and Château Mouton, to the building of monstrous houses overstuffed with costly objects, to philanthropies, and to collections of art totaling 20 percent of the treasures confiscated by Hitler's curators (and eventually recovered). The Rothschild monopoly vanished (the banks which survived the World Wars operate as independent entities) but the Rothschilds are still capable of enormous enterprise, as in the new developments in New-

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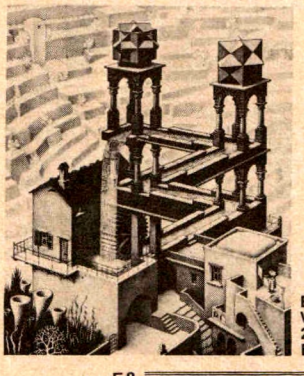

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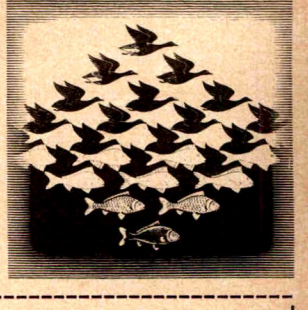

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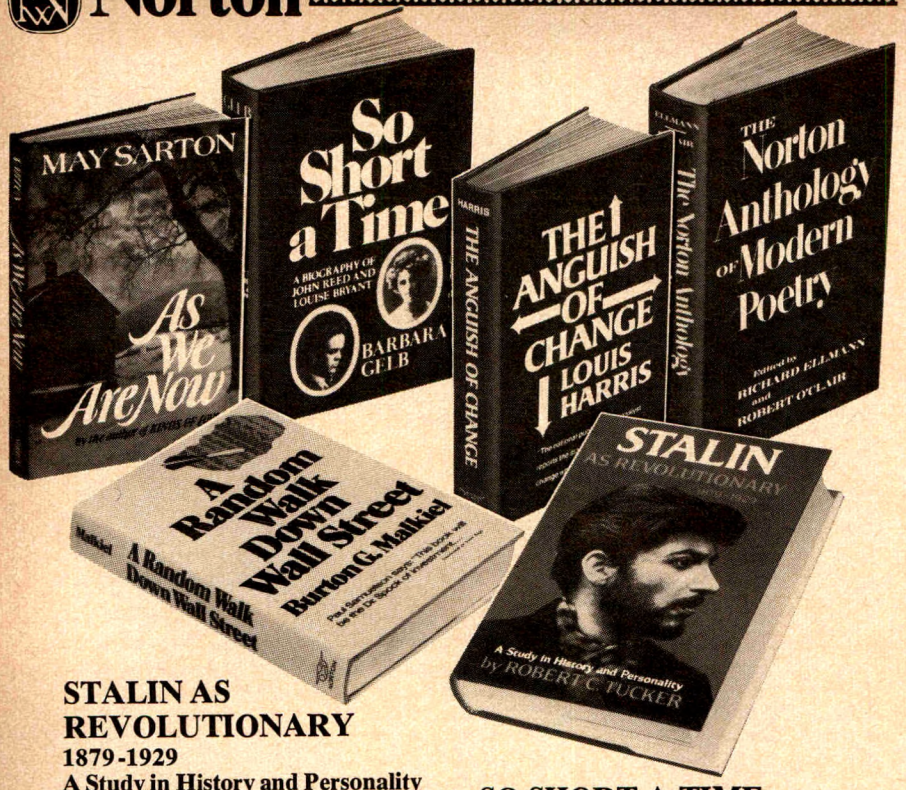

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foundland and Labrador. It is a remarkable record, the buccaneering, of course, much more fun to read about than the refinement; and rather too much blandishment in the closing pages.

THEOPHILUS NORTH
by Thornton Wilder
Harper & Row, $7.95

The key to this mischievous and amusing novel about Newport, Rhode Island, is that Theophilus North, the hero-author, in his youth aspired to be a missionary among primitive peoples. He graduated from Yale in 1920, and after studying archaeology for a year in Rome, he settled down to the more prosaic task of teaching at a boys' school in New Jersey (with a slight change in the time sequence, this was Mr. Wilder's beginning). After four and a half years of academic confinement and three summers of tutoring, Theophilus at twenty-nine felt "innerly exhausted," cynical, and badly in need of a change.

An epidemic at the school releases him in April and with his two thousand dollars' savings he heads north in his jalopy, light-headed in his freedom and ready for adventure. The car breaks down in Newport, which he had observed from a distance during his military service at Fort Adams, and on the advice of the superintendent of the Casino, he decides to advertise his availability as a tennis coach for youngsters and as a reader for adults.

In Rome Theophilus had been enthralled by Schliemann's discovery of ancient Troy, the nine cities superimposed on one site. Now from his room in the YMCA he sets out to befriend those who dwell within "the nine cities" of Newport. The first comprises the vestiges of the earliest settlement, and the second is the beautiful eighteenth-century town which played so important a part in the Revolution. The third is the remnant of a once prosperous seaport, the fourth belongs to the Army and Navy, and the fifth city was the intellectual sanctuary of Henry James and his brilliant sons, of Julia Ward Howe, and J. L. R. Agassiz. The sixth is the summer resort of the very rich who in 1926 were still building their colossal "cottages," and the seventh

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is composed of their servants. The eighth is the camp followers and the parasites—journalists ("smearers"), detectives, gigolos, and fortune hunters—and the ninth is the marketplace, "buying and selling, raising its children and burying its dead."

As his reputation for reading aloud spreads, Theophilus is booked for as many engagements as he can cope with, and to orient himself in these fashionable circles he confides in Bill Wentworth of the Casino, in Henry Simmons, the superior English butler, and in Mrs. Cranston, who remembers the skeleton in every closet. In his comings and goings on his bicycle, in his refusal to accept any social engagements, he becomes the most welcomed, most hated newcomer in the place—hated because, with his missionary zeal, he cannot resist helping those who are being victimized. He helps the Honorable James McHenry Bosworth, living in "Nine Gables" while his daughters, the "Death Watchers," anxiously await his huge fortune ("Newport's the only place in the country where rich old men live longer than rich old women"). He helps Diana Bell take an honest look at the athletic director she was ready to elope with, Miss Wyckoff exorcize the ghost in her famous old house, and Charles, the fear-ridden adolescent, gain confidence. The story is a sequence of extraordinary characterizations told with more poise, perception, and intellect than I believe a young Yale graduate—or even one from Harvard—would be likely to possess. But it is stylishly told by Mr. Wilder, who has long been fascinated by the impact of one social group upon another, and the most beguiling characterization of all is, of course, of Newport itself.

A THOUSAND SUMMERS
by Garson Kanin
Doubleday, $6.95

This is a love story, told in reverie, by Freeman Osborn, a solitary Yankee, owner of the Edgartown Pharmacy on Martha's Vineyard, which he bought from his father when the old man stubbornly refused to install a soda fountain. After an unhappy marriage to a French girl, Colette, in 1918, Freeman's horizon was bounded by the

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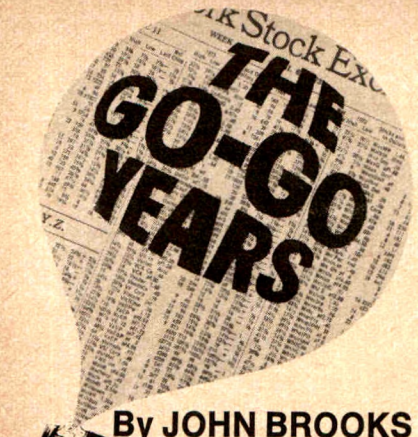

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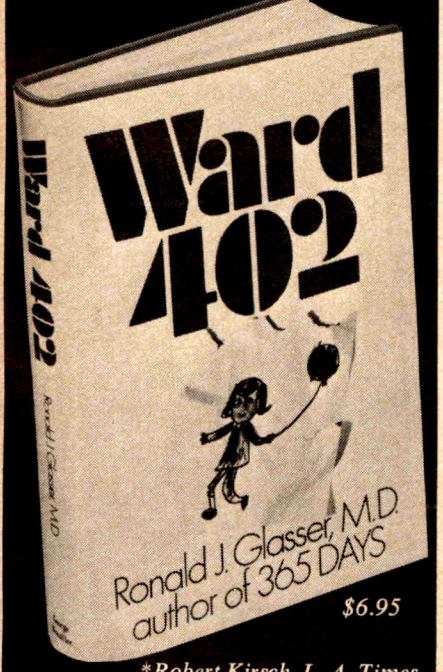

*Robert Kirsch, L. A. Times

George Braziller NEW YORK

Vineyard until that day in 1927 when an attractive woman entered his shop to have a cinder removed from her eye. He performed the operation deftly and with fateful consequence to them both.

Sheila is the wife of Thomas Van Anda, a stuffed shirt high up in the Foreign Service. She and Freeman discover a mutual attraction for Japan, where she had been stationed for three years and whose history and art he has absorbed at long range. While the diplomat is in Washington, Freeman takes her for a picnic, an *ensoku,* to Squibnocket Pond, his hidden jewel, near Gay Head, on the shore of which he hopes to build a Japanese house. The day is ripe for swimming, for love, and promises, and they agree to be discreet, not only on the Vineyard where everybody knows your car, but in the meetings that they plan for the future. Their talk is bland, their snatched-at happiness undetected, and, to me, rather implausible.

When Freeman patents a successful insect repellent he can afford to leave the Vineyard on his pursuit of a future with Sheila. But by now his wife is fighting a divorce and Van Anda, who also stands in his way, is successful in his bid for the Senate. With the skill of a dramatist Mr. Kanin plots his urbane story to its sudden climax and poignant aftermath.

Life & Letters Contributors

Richard Todd is an associate editor of *The Atlantic.*

William Abrahams is co-author with Peter Stansky of *The Unknown Orwell.*

Joseph Kanon, Edward Weeks, and Phoebe Adams write regularly for these pages.

Poets in This Issue

Alan Dugan (page 64) is the author of four volumes of poetry. His new book, *Poems IV,* will appear next spring.

Tom McKeown (page 77) received the Hopwood Award for Poetry in 1968. He has had several chapbooks published.

Philip Levine (page 83) is the author of *They Feed They Lion* and other books of poetry.

Leslie Norris (page 103) was recently visiting professor of English at the University of Washington.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

As if by Magic by Angus Wilson. Viking, $8.95. Early in this cantankerously amusing novel, the heroine points out that to be "ordinary" is "stupid and beastly." To prove it, she drifts from college to commune to ashram while producing tears, tantrums, hysterics, and an illegitimate baby, all in the most ordinary and stupid way. Concurrently her godfather, the unheroic hero of the tale, surveys the results of the new rice strain he has developed. This magic rice is supposed to feed starving millions in underdeveloped countries, where in fact it merely creates new problems. The agronomist's disillusionment is exacerbated by his personal difficulties; Hamo is a homosexual of prissily limited taste and remarkable social ineptitude. The misadventures of these two ninnies form a bisexual, or possibly trisexual, picaresque novel which loops from London to India and back again, picking up along the way an international gallery of grotesques. All the characters are lampoons and most of the episodes are funny, but Mr. Wilson's underlying purpose is serious. He is quite savagely out of patience with the fashion for magic shortcuts to Utopia and Nirvana.

Real Lace by Stephen Birmingham. Harper & Row, $10.00. Mr. Birmingham, a persistent explorer of ethnic byways provided they are paved with gold, has examined "America's Irish Rich," collecting more or less revealing anecdotes, a stupefying network of family connections, and inaccuracies galore. The most interesting information in the book concerns the wide variety of businesses and professions successfully undertaken by the Irish. The most obvious omission is any serious examination of the reasons for the social prejudice which, as Catholics, they encountered.

Eagle Eye by Hortense Calisher. Arbor House, $7.50. The young man in search of identity has become a stock literary figure, with

the usual danger of becoming a stock bore. Ms. Calisher has taken on the figure and avoided the danger, partly by a spider-web subtlety of style and partly by her power of unexpected but convincing invention. She has concocted what is surely the most ingenious suicide attempt in recent fiction.

GREAT ZIMBABWE by Peter S. Garlake. Stein and Day, $20.00. Since the strange, handsome ruins of Zimbabwe lie in Rhodesia, there has been great reluctance, on the part of white residents, to admit that the structure was built by Africans. Firmly dissociating archaeology from racial politics, Mr. Garlake demonstrates that it was indeed built by Africans, and approximately when, although exactly why remains a question. Fine photographs, drawings, and maps.

FRAUD by E. J. Kahn, Jr. Harper & Row, $8.95. The United States Postal Inspection Service dates back to 1801 and reached full recognition in 1830 with the establishment of an Office of Instructions and Rail Depredations. Light-fingered postal clerks were the original target, but the Service gradually extended its attention to a truly wonderful assortment of scalawags. Mr. Kahn has clearly had a fine time tracing the story and any reader with a taste for eccentric rascality will have a fine time reading it.

THE LOCKED ROOM by Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö. Pantheon, $5.95. Hard police work in Stockholm disentangles several interlocked crimes, ironically bollixing up all the solutions. These Swedish authors become more openly contemptuous of their police system with each successive book. They seem positively American.

BEFORE CIVILIZATION by Colin Renfrew. Knopf, $8.95. When radiocarbon dating appeared in 1949, it answered many archaeologists' prayers, but lately it has aroused discontented mutterings offstage. Mr. Renfrew has now dragged the row into view, explaining the problems that have arisen with the carbon dating method, the nature of its inaccuracies, and the means devised to correct them, all matters too

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The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me the 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied...is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

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It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

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It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

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You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

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☐ Please send Air Mail. I'm enclosing an extra dollar.

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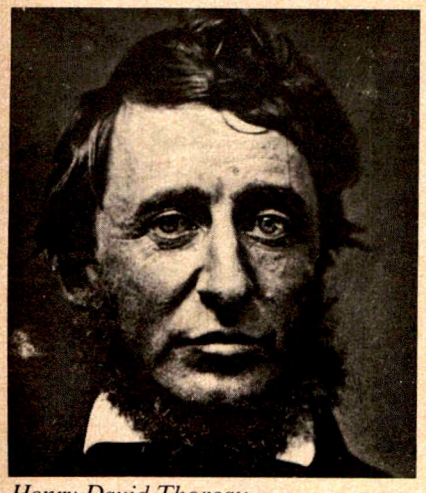
A town is saved, not more by the righteous men in it than by the woods and swamps that surround it.



Henry David Thoreau

In the woodlands of Concord, Henry David Thoreau fronted the elemental facts of human existence and the dynamic relationship between man and the land. He saw emerging even then in America a society beset by conformity and urbanization. And he wrote: "A town is saved, not more by the righteous men in it than by the woods and swamps that surround it."

Borrowing that quotation for the title of its newest Landform Book (10½" x 12"), the Sierra Club this Fall turns from its traditional milieu of wilderness to celebrate—in more than 40 color photographs by Marvin Mort—the fragile wildlands surrounding the towns and cities where most of us live. Mort's photographs are complemented by a text by Charles E. Little, who explores the literary and philosophical roots of the landsaving movement, from such early Romantics as Thoreau himself to the contemporary wisdom of Aldo Leopold.

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technical for summary. The other half of his argument concerns what happens to the dating of prehistoric sites in northern Europe when the carbon-derived dates are corrected, and this can be summarized: things come out centuries earlier than has previously been thought, making Stonehenge, for instance, older than the pyramids, and utterly collapsing the comfortably accepted theory that knowledge spread from the eastern Mediterranean to the northwestern savages. Mr. Renfrew is making a determined attack on the whole Diffusionist school of archaeologists, and these people are not likely to surrender without a protest. Illustrations.

PRISMATICS by David Douglas Duncan. Harper & Row, $22.50. Using what can be inadequately described as a trick lens, Mr. Duncan takes color photographs which convert ordinary subjects into kaleidoscope patterns, mirages, sunbursts, and other unlikely but delightful surprises. Since Mr. Duncan is a superb photographer, he contrives more than simple pyrotechnics with the rig. There is poetry in his images, and opinion. The book includes diagrams for the curious and emulative.

THE CASE OF MARY BELL by Gitta Sereny. McGraw-Hill, $7.95. In 1968 Mary Bell, aged eleven, was tried for murder by an English criminal court, convicted, and sentenced to life imprisonment. The court proceedings, described at length by Ms. Sereny, will strike most American readers as wearisomely irrelevant. The conditions that led to the murders, however, are not, nor are the events that followed the sentence, for both illustrate a familiar lack of means to identify or treat what are euphemistically labeled "disturbed children." We would have sent Mary Bell to Juvenile Court, but would be as baffled as the English on where to send her afterwards.

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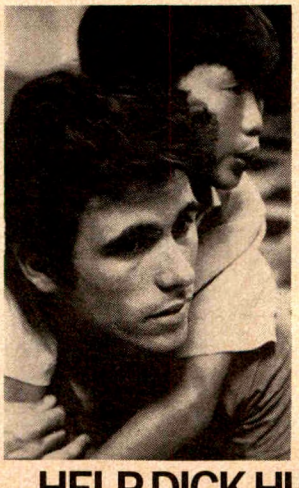

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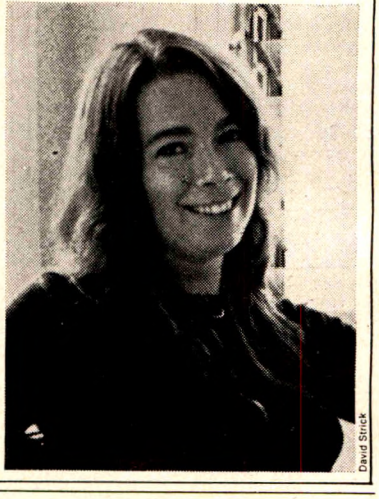
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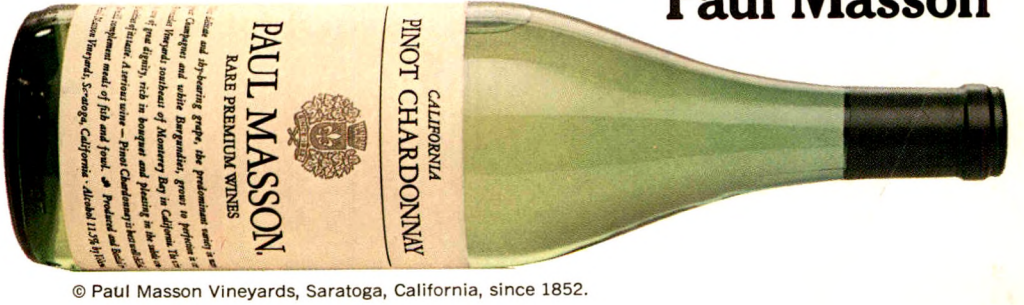

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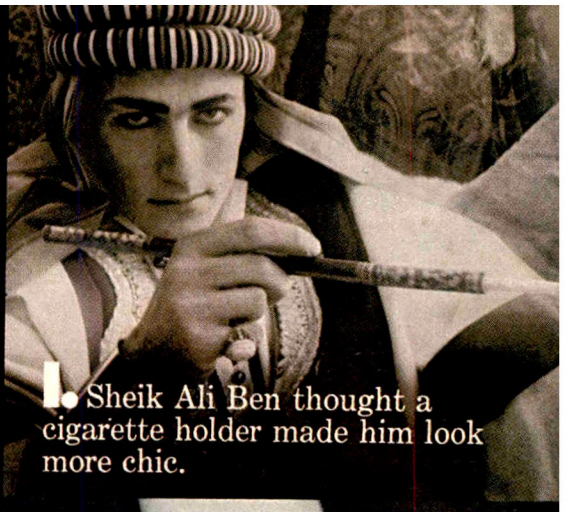

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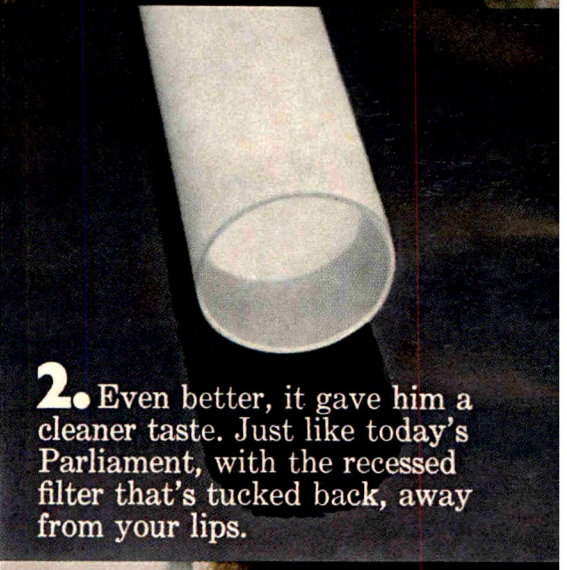

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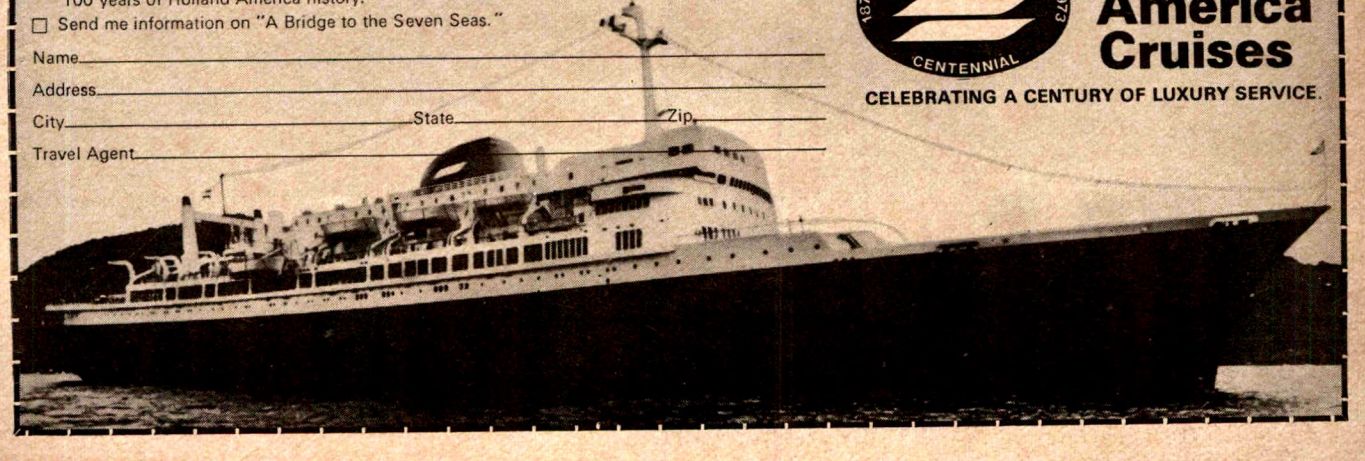

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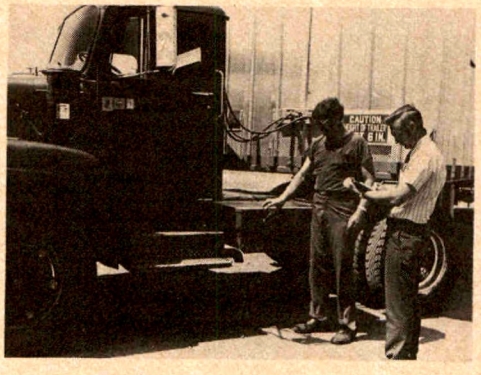

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CLAUD COCKBURN 53 **Evelyn Waugh's Lost Rabbit**
And acquired ear trumpet

J. BRONOWSKI 60 **The Principle of Tolerance**
Every judgment in science stands on the edge of error

ELIZABETH JANEWAY 91 **The Weak Are the Second Sex**
And which one is that?

ALEXANDER ELIOT 108 **Did Monet See What He Thought He Saw?**
Water lilies through cataracts

FICTION

JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON 77 **The Story of a Scar**

ANN BEATTIE 112 **Victor Blue**

POETRY

ANNIE DILLARD 67 **Feast Days: Christmas**

ROBERT PENN WARREN 84 **The Natural History of a Vision**

JUDITH MINTY 111 **Night Sail**

MARGARET ATWOOD 121 **"Not You I Fear . . ."**

REPORTS & COMMENT

TRUDY RUBIN 4 **Prague**

JOHN HOERR 18 **Labor: The Steel Experiment**

LIFE & LETTERS

BENJAMIN DEMOTT 122 **Couple Trouble: Mod & Trad**

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS 128 **Happy Marriages Are Not Alike**

JOSEPH KANON 132 **The Neighborhood**

EDWARD WEEKS 134 **The Peripatetic Reviewer**

PHOEBE ADAMS 138 **Short Reviews: Books**

L. E. SISSMAN 36 **The Innocent Bystander**

44 **The Mail**

REPORTS & COMMENT

PRAGUE

An elderly Czech friend lectured me recently: "Do you realize the incredible changes Czechoslovakia has gone through in my lifetime? It affects how people think, how they act. They've learned to change their tune to please so many masters that they begin to anticipate orders that may never be given."

The Czechs outdid themselves to please their Soviet masters in the 1950s. They were close to the West in geography and outlook, so the Russians applied the screws; the Czechs obliged with thousands of arrests and purge trials that were bigger and more sensational than any others in the East European bloc. At the notorious Slansky trials in 1952, portrayed so vividly in Costa-Gavras' film *The Confession,* eleven Party leaders, eight of them Jews, were sentenced to death and executed. Three more, all Jews, were sentenced to life imprisonment; they have since been released.

What has happened since the Czechs' brief, failed experiment with humanist socialism in 1968, during Alexander Dubček's regime, is very different from the events of the 1950s. Though thousands have been questioned by police, there have been few arrests. A series of political trials in 1972 convicted forty-six, mainly on charges of circulating leaflets urging citizens to boycott the 1971 elections. Sentences were, for the most part, of less than six years, though prison conditions for the forty-six are said to be harsh. A few smaller trials were held during 1971 and 1972.

A stroll through Prague today affords few reminders of 1968. Pastel paint still peels from beautiful Baroque palaces—a little more is gone now—and the ancient Charles footbridge leading up to the Hradcany Castle is still swathed in scaffolding. The city is dirtier, and the streets reek of gasoline fumes, thanks to Prague's booming consumer economy.

Department stores bulge with Czech and East German appliances—mixers, blenders, vacuum cleaners, and electric hair dryers—which are seized by hordes of anxious consumers, even though they know they will never find spare parts. Imported food and liquor, once available only in special hard currency stores, can now be bought at exorbitant prices with Czech crowns. Czechs line up to pay the equivalent of fifteen dollars for a carton of American cigarettes, thirty dollars for a bottle of French cognac, twenty cents for a stick of Donald Duck bubble gum.

Lost generation

But a new and more subtle kind of purge has been going on for the last four years. Once again the government seems to exact more from the citizenry than the Russians might have expected. The oppression is directed at the Czech intelligentsia. A whole generation of the country's best writers, journalists, academicians—especially those in the social sciences—film and theater directors and some actors as well have been thrown out of their jobs. This has been going on even while the United States and Western European countries have been pressuring the Soviets to expand Western cultural contacts with Communist bloc nations as one of the terms to be agreed upon at the ongoing European security conference.

Most of the fallen were loyal Party members until the Russian invasion of 1968. Now they are among the nearly six hundred thousand dropped from Party rolls since 1968. (The Party says that it has since enrolled thousands of new members.) "These are the people," says my elderly friend, "who after World War II were the young idealists who became the Party enthusiasts. They made mistakes, but they began to see more clearly after the disclosure of Stalin's crimes at the Twentieth Party Congress. They made reforms from inside, they helped bring about the crisis of 1968, and now they have all been thrown out."

Many who have lived by their intellects have been forced to take manual jobs, when they can get them. A brilliant sociology professor washes the floors at the university where she once taught. A leading literary critic in his late forties works four hours a night as janitor and wardrobe caretaker in a theater, and by day writes criticism he knows will not be published. A playwright and concentration camp survivor works in a hospital dumping bloody bandages and wheeling corpses to the morgue. A woman novelist works as a hat-check girl in a pub. The editor of a banned journal washes store windows.

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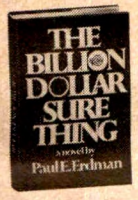

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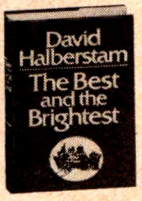

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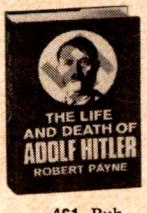

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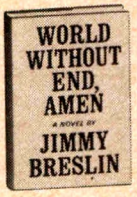

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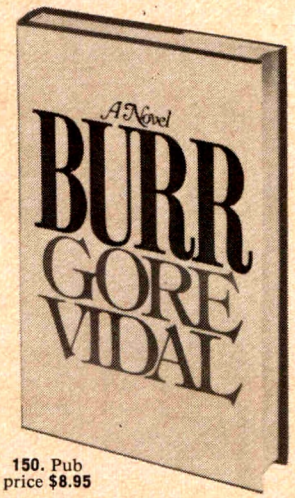

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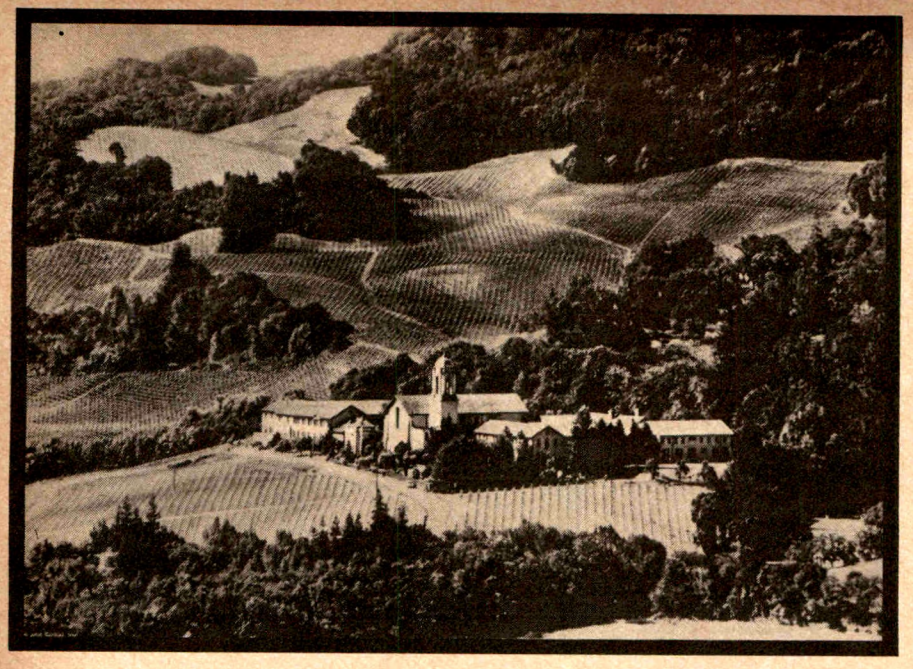

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PRAGUE

There is a light current of fear in the conversation of ousted intellectuals, though tongues are not paralyzed as they were in the 1950s. (Workers know how badly the regime needs them, so they can be heard criticizing the regime in their pubs on weekday evenings or on a Sunday afternoon.) For intellectuals the future is dour and uncertain. Many know that their names are on arrest lists upon which some government factions would dearly love to take action. Their children are denied access to secondary schools and universities. They worry about keeping jobs that are at best a grade above common labor.

But they will talk—never on the telephone but sometimes in obscure restaurants or parks or even at the top of Gothic gate towers (where I conducted one wretched interview in the pouring rain). Now and then a bold one will glare defiantly at a ceiling fixture, openly addressing the bug he suspects is nestled somewhere inside.

Eva Kučerová sat on a park bench, nervously ignoring the curious gapes of strolling mothers and their children. In 1968, she was a respected professor. Now she works as a *svatchinashka,* a woman who serves beer and sausages to factory workers on their morning break.

"I was lucky to find a secretarial job after only seven tries," she told me. "But then they asked all the workers to declare support for the 1968 invasion. Out of four hundred interviewed only I refused, and I was fired. So I went to the factory as the lowest-grade worker—at that level they make no political demands. I take orders at 6:30 A.M. from two hundred workers, bring back beer and soda in a car, take their mail to the post office, and sometimes do their shopping. If I then work all afternoon and evening translating, I can just about equal my previous salary.

"It is very hard work for a woman of forty-seven, but when you are at the bottom of the social ladder, you have the right to say what you think. They can't get anyone else to do my job, so they won't fire me."

Waste Watcher Israel Proler—he collects steel cans by the millions

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BELO HORIZONTE, BRAZIL
CASEWORKER REPORT

TO FAMILY HELPER PROJECT, SAO DOMINGOS

NAME: MARTA MARIA DA SYLVA

AGE: 4½ YEARS

NATIVE PLACE: BELO HORIZONTE

ORDER OF BIRTH: LAST CHILD (LIVING)

HEALTH: FAIR, VITAMIN DEPRIVED WITH POSSIBLE DAMAGE TO HER EYESIGHT. CUTS AND BRUISES ON BACK & LEGS.

CHARACTERISTICS: CHEERFUL, BRIGHT, AFFECTIONATE, SPEAKS WITH SLIGHT LISP.

PARENTS CONDITION: FATHER: BLIND, ASKS ALMS ON THE STREETS.
MOTHER: DECEASED. DIED IN CHILDBIRTH (INFANT STILLBORN).

INVESTIGATION REPORT:
MARTA'S FATHER SUFFERED FROM AN ILLNESS SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHICH LEFT HIM BLIND. HE CAN GET ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY FROM BEGGING. HE CANNOT TAKE CARE OF, OR PROTECT HIS CHILDREN. HOME SITUATION BAD. THERE IS LIVING WITH THE FAMILY AN "UNCLE" WHO IS CRUEL AND IS SUSPECTED OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF, AND BEATING THE BOYS (MARTA'S OLDER BROTHERS). SO FAR ONLY PUNISHES MARTA. FATHER PITIFUL IN HIS PLEA THAT WE HELP MARTA. HE IS TERRIFIED AT WHAT MAY BECOME OF HER. BEGS US TO HELP SO THEY CAN MOVE AWAY FROM UNCLE'S HOUSE. (HUT APPEARS TO BELONG TO THIS "UNCLE.")

HOME CONDITIONS:
HOUSE: TWO ROOM HUT OCCUPIED BY MARTA, HER TWO BROTHERS, HER FATHER AND A MAN THEY CALL UNCLE BUT WHOSE ACTUAL RELATIONSHIP TO THE FAMILY IS NOT CLEAR. THE "UNCLE" IS A BRUTAL MAN AND IT APPEARS LIKELY HIS "PUNISHMENTS" ACCOUNT FOR THE BRUISES & CUTS ON MARTA. FATHER FEARS THE UNCLE BUT BEING BLIND IS UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING. HOUSE IS DIRTY - NO SANITATION OR RUNNING WATER.

BROTHERS: ALIMIRO FELIX DA SYLVA - AGE 8 YEARS
ANTONIO ADRIANO DA SYLVA - AGE 7 YEARS

REMARKS: IN SPITE OF BAD HOME LIFE, MARTA IS A TRUSTING, SWEET CHILD. BUT SOON SHE MUST CHANGE IF HELP DOESN'T COME. FATHER IS EAGERLY WILLING TO COOPERATE IN ALL WAYS IF CCF CAN FIND SPONSOR FOR MARTA AND ENROLL HER IN FHP PROGRAM.

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PRAGUE

It is no accident that the purges have concentrated on Eva and thousands of other intellectuals. Food and housing shortages and student unrest contributed to the fall of Antonin Novotny and the rise of Alexander Dubček in 1968; but it was a revolt of the intellectuals, when Novotny's regime tried to close down the Writers' Union newspaper, that triggered the drama. Czech writers and journalists were leaders of the 1968 surge, targeting in on opponents of the liberalization. The faculties and academic institutions of Prague and Brno aided the 1968 reformers with theoretical and statistical background and data.

"Ideologically unsound"

Writers and intellectuals have traditionally played a special role in Bohemia-Moravia (with the third of the country's provinces, Slovakia, lagging behind). The Czech national revival of the late nineteenth century was based on the reintroduction of the Czech language, which had been suppressed in favor of German during the years of the Hapsburg Empire. Prague, a city of 1.1 million, offers a bookstore on nearly every downtown block and more than twenty theaters. A book by a well-known Czech author may sell fifty thousand copies (in a country of 14.4 million), and until cultural weeklies were closed down by the oppression, the country supported more than fifteen.

Some intellectuals feel strongly that the only justification for Czechoslovakia's existence as a nation-state is the enrichment of its culture. They are suffering now because indigenous Czech culture—with the exception of nonpolitical art and music—is being decimated. There is no serious contemporary Czech drama on stage, and the few Czech films being made are mainly detective stories or pompous historical pageants. The books of nearly all leading contemporary Czech writers have disappeared from the shelves. Although officials have denied that there is state censorship, I was turned away at five downtown bookstores when I asked for contemporary writing, and at the sixth

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PRAGUE

I was given three books by Karel Čapek, who died in 1938.

The libraries have been gutted. Directives issued by the Ministry of Culture last May order "anti-state and ideologically unsound publications" to be withdrawn from circulation and stored in special archives. Anti-state publications, designated "P," can be viewed by "members of the Central Committee and scientific and political workers." Ideologically unsound publications, labeled "Z," may be seen by "designated scientific and political workers and other experts." Many titles which had been made available in 1968—among them works of history on the Czech First Republic and its President Tomáš Masaryk—have been reconsigned to the cellars. The universities and academic institutes, especially the philosophical faculty of Prague's Charles University, oldest in Central Europe and a center of reform activity in 1968, have dismantled their social science faculties. Sociology and philosophy are no longer taught as disciplines at the philosophical faculty; 58 out of 380 professors in the top three ranks have been dismissed from this faculty, according to one victim who has kept tally, and 40 more are on a proscribed list.

Whole centuries have disappeared from the academic curriculum. One fifth-year student of the history of music told me with a laugh that his class had skipped from Baroque to nineteenth-century song. The professor was fired after five lectures. A student of the history of art said that she could study Greek, Roman, and some nineteenth-century art, but the rest was gone.

A few blocks from the university, movie theaters offer a profusion of Russian and American films in about equal number. One week's assortment included *The Arrangement, Bullitt,* and Prague's hit of the season, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.* Czech intellectuals say that there hasn't been a good new Czech film released during the past four years, although in the late 1960s, some of the best coming out of Europe were Czech New Wave films.

Many of the finest film directors have left the country, including

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PRAGUE

Miloš Forman, director of *The Firemen's Ball* and *Taking Off,* who now lives in New York, and Ján Kádar, co-director of the Academy Award winner *Shop on Main Street.* Of those New Wave directors left in Prague, Jan Němec, director of *The Party and the Guests,* and Věra Chytilová, director of *Daisies,* are no longer allowed to film at the state studios, although Chytilová has been permitted to film some TV commercials.

Jiří Menzel, director of the Academy Award-winning *Closely Watched Trains,* made a film in 1969 called *Larks on a String,* about forced work colonies of the 1950s, but it has never been released. His friends say that he has done some work in theater recently and has written three film scenarios, none of them produced.

Aesthetics

Czech intellectuals say that the cultural purge has gone beyond the point of political retribution, and many now feel that it is simply being used as a means for the inept people who have seized the top cultural posts to retain their power. "It is not so much whether you were active in 1969 that counts," says one bitter screenwriter, "but whether you have any talent. The people who are now in charge are so lacking in talent that they want to suppress any competition."

Repeatedly an ousted writer will emphasize how he or she acted out of idealism in the 1950s, but the current governing forces have dispensed with ideology in favor of opportunism. "The Communist Party today," says one writer angrily, "consists of two hundred thousand of the worst apparatchiks plus one million people who survived the purges and need the Party as a ticket to retain their jobs."

There is no one explanation for the nature of the cultural purge. Some Czechs feel that the Soviets' aim is to create another Baltic Republic, a fear that was prevalent when Alexander Dubček was taken forcibly to Moscow after the invasion. A dark joke going the rounds in Prague quotes Brezhnev

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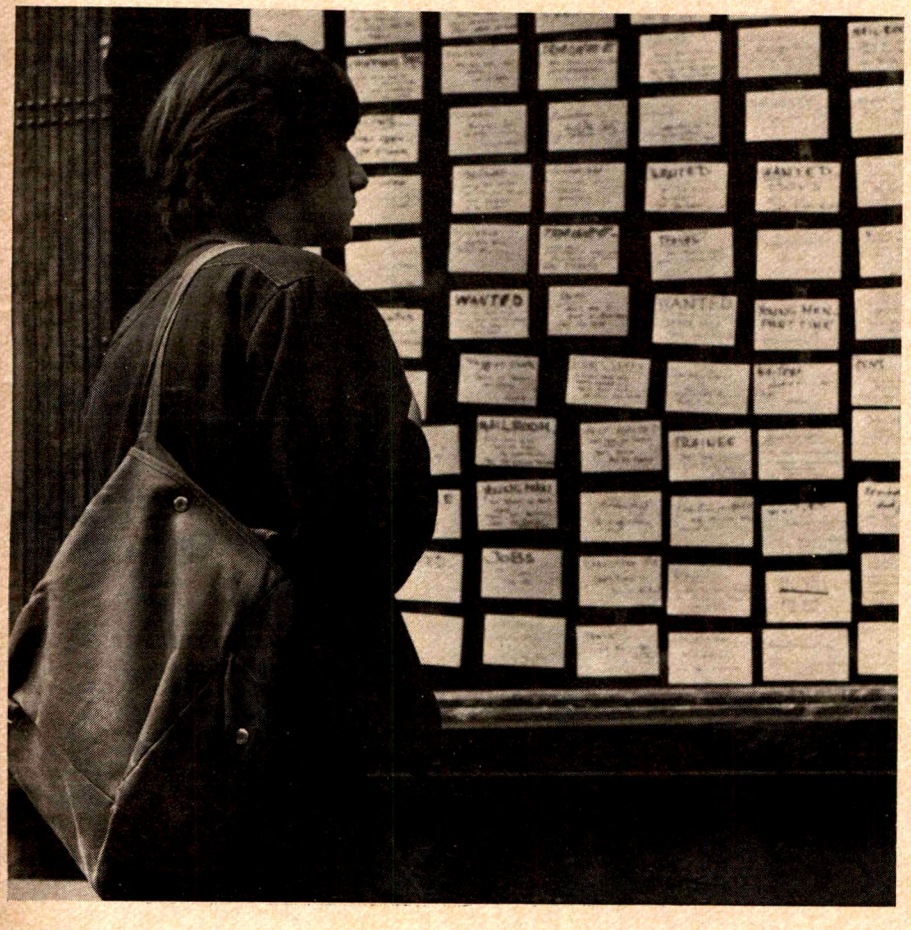

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PRAGUE

as saying, "So why do the Czechs need Czech aesthetics? Let the Bulgarians provide the aesthetics."

Others echo my elderly friend's theory that the Soviets simply want to keep the Czechs quiet and are leaving the methods up to the Czech leaders, knowing that they will be especially thorough in their zeal to please.

At present, an uneasy tension prevails between the intellectuals and the government. The government hopes to beef up the membership of the Czech writers' union (reduced from its one-time high of four hundred Czech and Moravian writers to just under one hundred) and has held out promise of large advances against royalties, but so far only three well-known writers have bitten. One admitted candidly that he needed the money to finish his new villa in the country. Two widely respected elderly writers, one the country's leading poet, were wooed by the union with promises of publication for their latest works, but both declined.

Those who do go back risk having their required apologies made public, and such contrition does not always bring a reward. Alois Poledník, the deposed head of the Czech film industry, made a public apology on TV, but then was denied the job he had been promised.

Ironically, although they cannot be read at home, several well-known authors and playwrights still publish abroad. Ten writers and the widow of one more—"the odd soccer team," as a friend calls them—have publishing contracts in Switzerland and Germany. Playwrights like Václav Havel, author of *The Memorandum,* which ran on Broadway, Ivan Klíma, produced off-Broadway and in London, and Pavel Kohout, famous in Germany, still get their plays on stage in West Germany. And in illustration of the uncertainty of the times, the government has made no attempt to crack down, except to commandeer most of their royalties. The government taxes these eleven writers' royalties—their only income—at 80 percent of what remains after they have made a 40 percent "mandatory" contribution to a writers' fund. This ar-

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rangement is required only of these eleven.

Still, most of the eleven are better off financially than the vast majority of writers who cannot publish at all. Some of the unpublished have had to take other work to pay the bills. One novelist who worked for a year as a hotel porter has discovered a fringe benefit: now he has no difficulty finding accommodations for out-of-town friends during the busy season.

A small group of the best writers meets monthly to discuss in private the new works they are writing. After criticizing each other's work, they type and circulate their manuscripts (so far numbering about twelve) among the intellectual community, not unlike underground *samizdat* circulation of manuscripts in the Soviet Union. As a sardonic touch, the imprint on the Prague cover sheets reads "Defiance Publishing House." The writers claim that they are not violating any Czech laws. They are certain that the government is aware of their activity since most believe that their houses are bugged. Some of these men joined in a petition in December, 1972, signed by thirty-nine writers, requesting home visits at Christmas for political prisoners. They have since been interrogated by the police.

Journalists have suffered more. The Czech journalists' union was purged of 40 percent of its members, including 80 percent of the commentators on foreign affairs. The government is settling old scores for 1968 muckraking which often infuriated the Russians. In 1968, watching the news and rushing for the evening papers was a national pastime. Each night viewers phoned in questions to one or another government minister being grilled in the TV studio.

Today, the street vendors stand beside piles of unwanted papers filled with meaningless ministerial jargon. The TV stations have been denuded of commentators. The evening news is broadcast by youngsters fresh out of journalism school, some of them only recently the students of those whom they replaced.

According to a Prague source, Radio Free Europe is jammed; the BBC gets through, but "everyone listens to the Voice of America now. We sit around and discuss the last VOA broadcast as we used to discuss the last issue of *Literarny Listy*" (the writers' union paper suppressed in 1967, revived in 1968, and suppressed again in 1969).

Manual labor

Those unemployed intellectuals who are lucky have found work as translators—if they know languages—or as minor employees of publications or institutes where they once worked. Ironically non-Communists are often better off, as they have avoided the stigma of having been thrown out of the Party since 1968.

For those intellectuals and former ministry and Party workers who are forced to seek manual work, some jobs are considered plums, such as night watchman, because one can sleep and read. Another popular job is washing shop windows, because one is assigned a fixed number of windows and can do them at one's own speed. Also, many store managers don't want the insides of their windows washed because it disturbs the displays; so they just sign a slip of paper saying that the job has been done.

About thirty intellectuals—professors, historians, writers, lawyers—have found jobs as water conservancy workers, living in the countryside in trailers for three-week stretches, measuring water levels at potential construction sites. One former law professor, now working as a clerk, recalls his days in the forest: "Everyone on that job was an outcast, former criminals or victims of the first or second wave of political expulsions. I worked with a journalist and a professor. In the evenings we had many discussions; and I read more than at the university."

Many of the fallen, especially the young, will tell a visitor that manual work has its appeal. "Some of my friends thrive on it," explains a jobless young journalist. "They have never been healthier in their lives. I have a friend who wrote for *Literarny Listy*. Now he sells books in an outdoor stall downtown. He is

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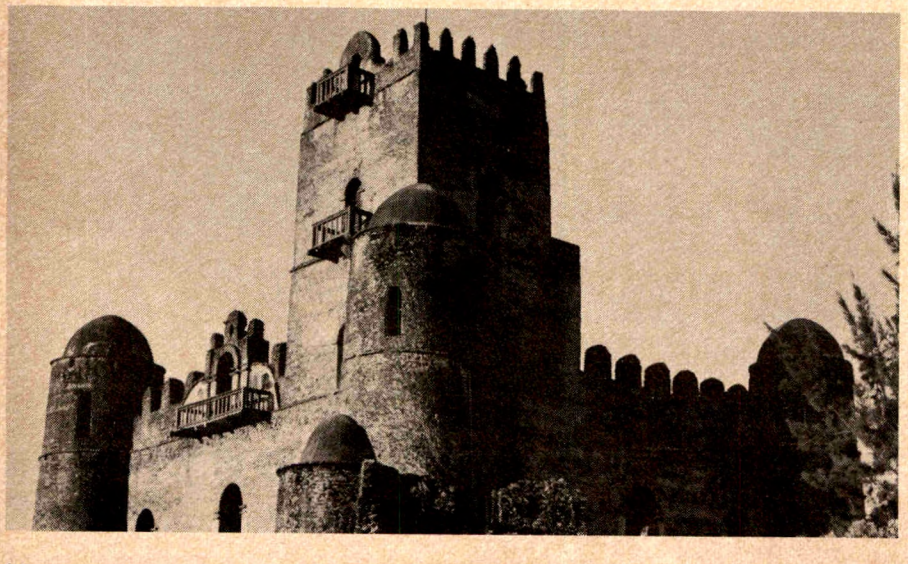

thrilled because he never knew he had such a talent for sales." But others, especially those over forty, have little stamina for physical work, or if they do manage it, have no energy left for writing.

Some, while suffering, prefer it to losing their integrity. One woman, a former journalist, says, "I would not accept a newspaper job today, even if someone would offer me one. I can't imagine how anyone could write now. Some colleagues of mine who thought they could remain and write about innocuous things now have to write state propaganda and denunciations in a way which is unacceptable to anyone with self-esteem."

Among the intellectuals, as in the population at large, there is a mass retreat into "privatism," concern with self, friends, and family. The word is used even by those who speak no English. "Such a privatism I've never seen before," says a one-time radio personality. "Everybody has his dog, cat, bird, country house. It's not a bad life," he muses. "I have more time for my family; for the first time in my life I am building furniture and bookshelves with my hands. I go to the country every weekend and visit with friends. It is the complete consumer society with no ideology." A pause. "I have everything I need except money, power, or my profession."

A common discussion when intellectuals meet is whether the man on the street misses Czech culture. "I think they do miss it," my elderly friend reflects. "Language and literature have meant more here because the nation was revived by the rebirth of the language. People were taught in school how important culture was. They read a lot. I think they are conscious and ashamed of the loss."

In 1969, when many well-known writers returned from abroad, knowingly risking their careers, they were swamped with letters from ordinary people thanking them, and they remember this. Well-known commentators and writers talk of kindnesses from strangers. But some people, especially non-Communists who suffered in the 1950s, think that the new outcasts are finally getting what they deserve.

People don't speak of the future unless you press them. "I don't think there is any hope," says Eva Kučerová. "People have learned that the Czechs cannot act independently of international relations. Nineteen sixty-eight was a great psychological shock. Most people feel: first, that it will never happen again; second, that they couldn't go through it again; and third, that even if things loosen up, as soon as they get close to being like 1968, it will be cut off. You can work knowing this, but not in the same way."

Prague natives don't get excited about talk of U.S.-Soviet détente. They don't think it promises any thaw inside Czechoslovakia. Despite the newfound Soviet–West German friendship, they point out, the Soviets had to prod the Czech government several times to re-establish normal relations with the West Germans. Party leader Gustáv Husák is thought to be strong enough to ward off the hard-liners who want more trials but hamstrung by the same opponents should he want more liberal reforms.

Some changes are expected from the new Culture Minister, Milan Klusak, the son-in-law of President Svoboda and a former high Foreign Ministry official. "He doesn't know anything about culture," says an unemployed writer, "but I'm sure he'll do his best to woo back the writers." Most people expect that many of the writers eventually will return to the union, with a hard core of twenty to fifty refusing to rejoin under the current hard-line regime.

There is a strange sense of the past tense when you do discuss "possibilities." Raised in the Communist Party framework, thinking that they were aware of its worst faults and had at last, in 1968, figured out how to overcome them, the intelligentsia find themselves rejects at mid-career; they are totally cynical about the future of Party reform. Since they still believe that the Party will retain control over Czech life, they cannot foresee their return to power.

Many refer vaguely to the new generation of youth as the only hope. "They are cynical, without illusions or ideology, and eventually they will bring improvements," I

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was told. Some get small satisfaction out of the fact that those who have ousted them consult secretly some disgraced experts because they themselves cannot make the government machinery function. But this very lack of talent among leaders, say others, means that they will resist vigorously and try to keep their jobs.

As they cautiously contemplate the future, most intellectuals express modest hopes of one day practicing their professions again. "I think that in five or ten years it will loosen up," says a former leading economics professor wistfully, "and maybe I'll be given a seminar again. But the young people will have taken over, and the generation now in their forties and fifties will be lost."

—TRUDY RUBIN

LABOR

The Steel Experiment

In the first fourteen years after World War II, the United Steelworkers union engaged in five major strikes against the steel industry. In those years of short-term contracts, almost every other year brought the threat of a new strike and new attempts by the government to head off a strike through mediation, fact-finding, and other methods—including Harry Truman's seizure of the mills in 1952, deemed by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional. The ability of the union and the companies to construct a peaceful, stable relationship steadily diminished even as profits and wages rose on the crest of the postwar boom.

The fifth and final strike in 1959—none has occurred since—was a whopper: 500,000 steelworkers struck for 116 days, the largest single strike in American history. It ended only when the government obtained an injunction under the "emergency disputes" provision of the Taft-Hartley Act. Yet, in that strike, and the resulting realization by both sides that they had lost control of what is called "crisis bargaining," lay the origin of the USW's decision last March to sign away its right to strike the industry in 1974. Since then, the union and the industry have been moving away from the old tough mode of bargaining, so dear to hard-liners on both sides who advocate an arm's-length relationship. This new step, which substitutes arbitration for the strike as the final point of negotiations, is a significant departure from tradition. I. W. Abel, the white-haired, fatherly president of the union, a man not given to hyperbole, termed the agreement an "unprecedented experiment."

Surrendering the right to strike may seem to some union leaders and members to be a sort of unilateral disarmament. An angry steelworker at a steel plant in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, said: "What the hell! We won't have anything to hold 'em by. No strike, no power, no nothing." Despite, or perhaps because of, praise for the pact from President Nixon and AFL-CIO president George Meany, a persistent if small chorus of critics, both inside and outside labor, continues to voice objections.

Whither the strike?

Since the 1935 Wagner Act gave workers the right to organize, bargain, and strike in support of bargaining, voluntary arbitration has been used in many instances. But never before the agreement of last March 29 had such a powerful union and a major industry decided to do so on such a large scale. The agreement pledges the USW not to strike ten large steel companies, either separately or as a whole, when current contracts expire on August 1, 1974. The big ten companies—U.S. Steel, Bethlehem, National, Republic, Armco, Jones & Laughlin, Inland, Allegheny Ludlum, Wheeling-Pittsburgh, Youngstown Sheet & Tube—agree in return not to lock out their 350,000 employees. Issues that are not settled in negotiations will be submitted to binding arbitration by a panel selected by both parties.

The "no strike" label often attached to the pact is, however, a misnomer. While steelworkers cannot strike over wages, fringe benefits, and other obligations imposed throughout the industry, they are empowered to bargain for, and strike over, conditions that affect them daily in the mills. Abel insisted that a new right for the locals to strike accompany surrender of the industrywide strike threat. The companies gave in.

Now, for the first time, the locals (some three hundred in the ten firms) will be able to strike over such purely local issues as the condition and availability of locker and washrooms, the accessibility of parking lots, relief from hot jobs, time off for lunch, protective clothing, control of in-plant air pollution, procedures for refusing hazardous assignments, and local implementation of incentive pay rules: in sum, the kinds of issues now frequently categorized as humanizing the workplace.

This key provision has its limitations, but the fact that it was there helped Abel win ratification of the arbitration agreement by the USW's Steel Industry Conference, an often querulous body of six hundred local union presidents. The official title of the pact is the Experimental Negotiating Agreement (ENA). It is experimental in that it establishes the arbitration procedure only for talks in 1974. After that, either or both sides may terminate it, but the contracts negotiated next year must run for three years.

ENA also contains extensive guarantees and exclusions. It calls for a wage hike of at least 3 percent a year for the next three years, as well as a $150 bonus for each steelworker. It excludes from arbitration cherished contractual provisions that neither side wants to risk in arbitration: for the union, a generous cost-of-living escalator clause and a section that limits management's ability to increase workloads; and for the companies, a clause guaranteeing management's right to run the business.

All in all, it was by no means an unconditional surrender of power by the union. The companies will pay dearly for the ability to promise customers that no strike will halt production next year. Steel management has reason to distrust arbitration even more than does the union. A strong management can withstand a strike to avoid exceeding cost limits that it has set for itself, whereas decisions resulting from arbitration are unpredictable and severely limit that flexibility. "Anyone who has ever faced arbitration," says R. Heath Larry, vice chairman of U.S. Steel Corporation

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2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons butter
1 large clove garlic
1 large onion, chopped
2 carrots, chopped
1 bay leaf
¾-1 cup dry white wine
1 can (about 2 pounds) plum tomatoes, sieved

Flatten slices of beef as thinly as possible.

Mix ground meats, cheese, butter, breadcrumbs soaked in milk and squeezed dry, parsley and egg. Taste mixture and season with salt and pepper.

Place a slice of prosciutto on each piece of beef, spread with stuffing. Roll slices tightly and tie with string.

Heat oil, butter together in large skillet. Add garlic, onion, carrots and bay leaf, saute few minutes. Add beef rolls and brown well on all sides.

Stir in wine and cook over moderate heat until most of the liquid has evaporated.

Add tomatoes and bring to a boil.

Reduce heat to low and simmer for an hour, or until the beef is fork tender.

Remove beef to a warm platter. Strain pan liquid, return to skillet and cook for a few minutes until thickened to taste. Pour over beef rolls and serve hot.

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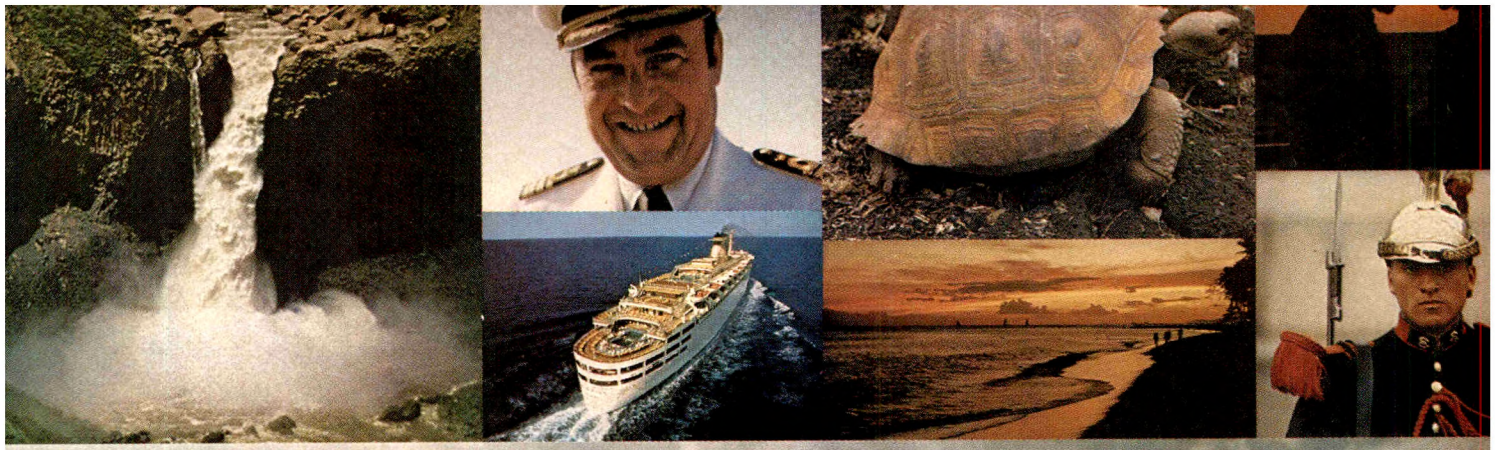
and the industry's chief labor negotiator, "faces it with some doubt. For that reason, we will bargain in such a way that we will never have to go to arbitration."

If both sides have such grave doubts about arbitration, why did they embrace it? The immediate motivation was the undeniable harm caused both sides by the very existence of the strike threat. In every bargaining year since the late fifties, steel customers have stockpiled steel months in advance of the strike deadline so as not to get caught short in the event of a strike. This has produced a triennial boom-bust cycle for steel: in the early months of a year in which a contract was to expire, mills had to produce at a flat-out rate to meet the artificially high demand. This required hiring new workers, scheduling overtime, reactivating old, inefficient iron and steel furnaces, and then laying off workers and deactivating furnaces when the market returned to normal. In 1971, the buildup and letdown cost the ten companies a total of $80 million, to no good purpose.

Indeed, the frantic hedge buying that occurred in 1971 was a foolish waste of resources and effort. Nobody benefited except the banks, which lent money for inventory buying and storage. Perhaps steel's customers could be faulted for lacking faith in the ability of the industry and the union to make a peaceful settlement; after all, they had done so in four previous rounds of talks. But could a prudent manager *not* stockpile steel if dozens of pundits predicted a strike? Probably not.

The union and the steel industry settled peacefully in 1971, and the layoffs, which had started a full month before the strike deadline, accelerated sharply in the post-settlement bust period. Entire mills shut down, and eventually 100,000 steelworkers had to find other jobs or go on unemployment or welfare. Up to 90,000 were out of work for six months, thereby losing out on the 10 percent wage increase that became effective as they left the mills. Could the union ignore the sacrifices of this significant portion



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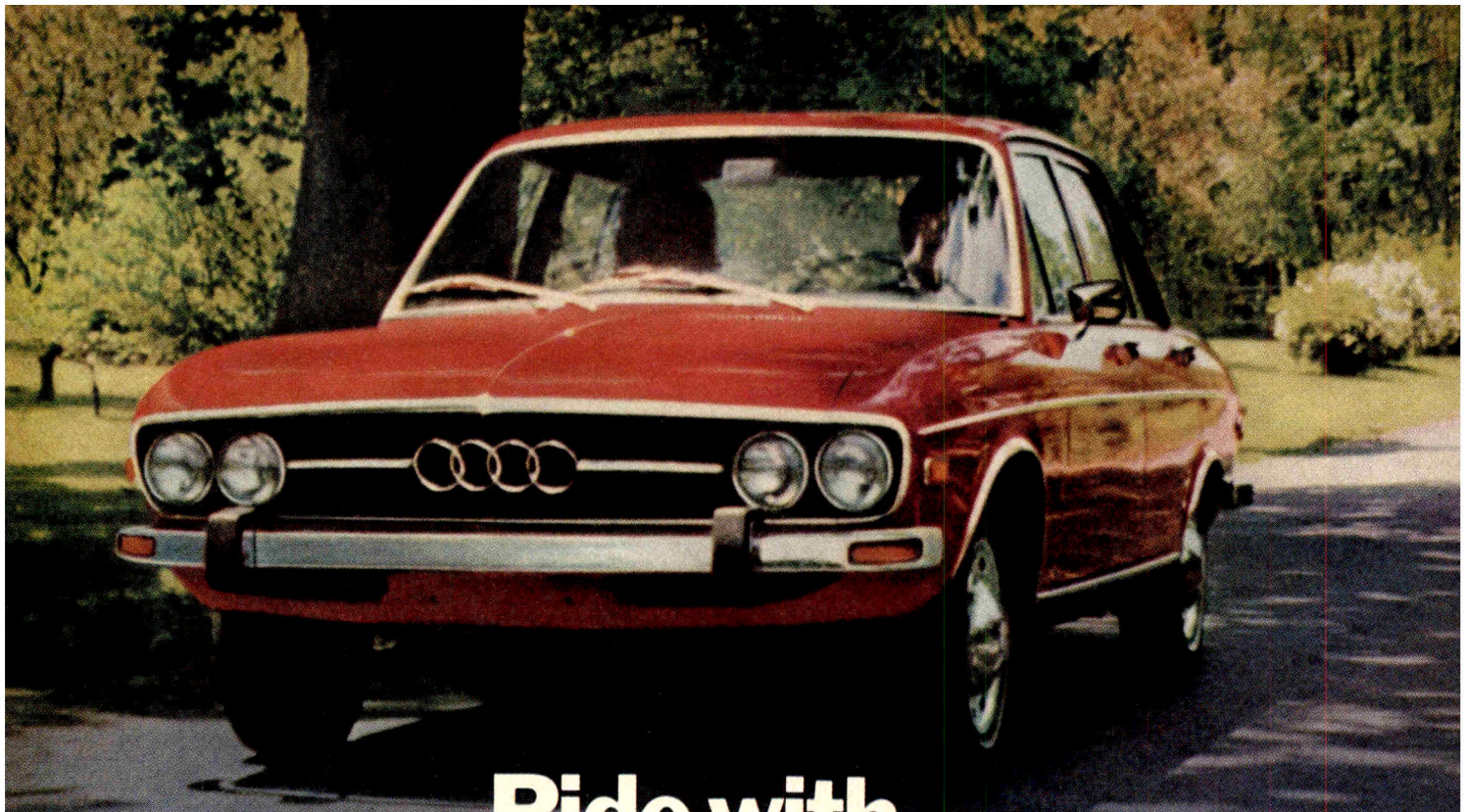

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of its membership by blaming their plight on "the system"?

By agreeing this year on a peaceful mechanism for 1974 negotiations, the USW and the industry hope to prevent another boom-bust cycle. If steel production were to continue at its current record rate, there might have been no bust period next year even with a strike threat. However, no one can guarantee how the economy will turn. Still, the critics who uphold the right to strike, including some dissident steelworkers, say it should never be surrendered for any reason. To which Ben Fischer, a veteran USW negotiator and director of the Contract Administration Department, replies: "What right to strike? If a hundred thousand steelworkers are laid off after a peaceful settlement, who is striking whom?"

Over there

Another problem the steelworkers had to consider is the ominous rise of steel imports and the resulting effect on jobs in the American steel industry. The rising inflow of foreign steel has shown a direct correlation with the strike threat over the past thirteen years. In each hedge buying period, more and more steel users have turned to the lower-priced steels produced by Japan, Germany, France, and Italy, and long-term purchasing commitments demanded by the foreign producers have pushed imports to ever higher plateaus in the intervening years.

The United States became a net importer of steel for the first time in 1959 during the long steel strike, when 4.4 million tons of steel were imported. By 1971, imports had soared to 18.3 million tons, or 18 percent of all steel sold in this country. Since 6000 steelworkers are required to produce one million tons of steel, the American industry lost over 100,000 "full-time job opportunities," as Abel puts it, in 1971. Many economists and observers fault the industry, and perhaps rightly so, for not responding to the foreign competition by cutting prices. Then, too, while steelmakers abroad were rebuilding their war-ravaged industries (aided by U.S. dollars and technical assistance) with the newest in steel technology, the American industry was tying up its capital in older, less efficient processes.

In the sixties, the domestic mills engaged in a huge modernizing effort, but the increasing foreign penetration has frustrated the need to operate at high capacity and high productivity. Today, steel's return on investment and the sales dollar is still depressingly low, despite record profits. It is a sick industry, and the outlook is not bright. The Reverend William T. Hogan, S.J., of Fordham University, a leading steel economist, says the domestic industry must spend $1.7 billion a year to increase capacity if it is to retain only that percentage of the steel market that it now has, as demand for steel rises with population growth. But that amount cannot be generated out of profits if the profit margin remains at the 3.4 percent level of 1972.

In short, American steel is in trouble. Small firms are phasing out high-cost operations, along with jobs. From its position of dominance twenty-five years ago when it produced 57 percent of the world's total output of steel, the industry has slid to 20 percent and is barely holding. Although some hard-nosed economists say this really doesn't matter, that the production-based American economy is changing to a service economy anyway, and that steelworkers can switch to service jobs, it seems unlikely that all 450,000 union members could do so.

To combat what may be an irrevocable trend, the USW under Abel has radically altered its thinking about international trade. It long ago abandoned labor's traditional free-trade philosophy, not without criticism from the rest of labor, and now leads the AFL-CIO fight for increased tariff protection for American industries. It has instituted a "Buy American" campaign among steelworkers and is now engaged in a joint effort with steel management to raise productivity in the mills. This course has an illiberal taint and has caused some disillusionment among older USW members who were brought up to believe in the idea of workers everywhere struggling shoulder to shoul-

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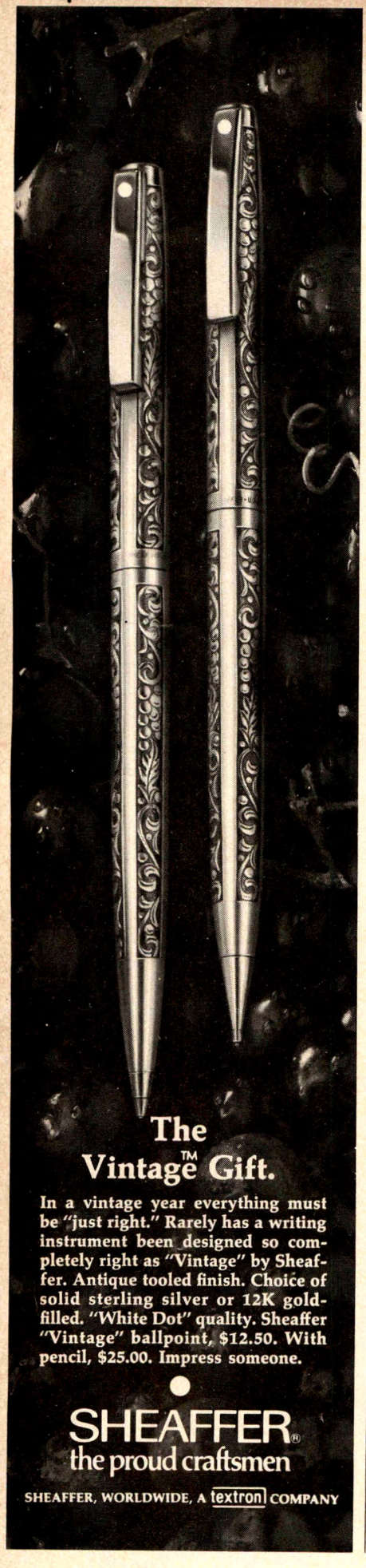

der against the bosses of the world. But it is a pragmatic approach to a very serious problem, and it receives the support of the majority of rank-and-file steelworkers. "We've helped the rest of the world," Abel says, "and now it's time for us to think of our own self-interest."

Abel has also displayed that willingness to defy what he regards as hollow tradition in his attempts to find a new way to bargain steel contracts. Although the USW's other top officers concurred in and helped negotiate the arbitration agreement, it was principally Abel's philosophy of cooperative labor relations that pushed the union in that direction. At the age of sixty-four, as chunky and solid as an anvil, Abel has long since discarded the militancy that led him, as a local president in the thirties, to conduct thirty-four strikes in one year.

Starting as an organizer under the USW's founding president, Philip Murray, Abel rose through the ranks and defeated Murray's successor, David J. McDonald, in 1965. Since then, he has made the union more responsive to the rank and file, built its membership through mergers to 1.5 million (only the Teamsters have a larger union), and opened up the negotiating process to the local unions' participation, pressures, and ideas. He runs an honest, effective union, though one that behaves, as Abel does, conservatively. It generally speaks only when it is spoken to and does not have the kind of reputation for social venturesomeness that the Auto Workers have long had under Walter Reuther and Leonard Woodcock. But the USW has one of the best lobbying operations in Washington, one that moves men and institutions.

Abel receives a curious handling by the press: either he is a remote figure, that white-haired guy over there next to George Meany, or he is considerably misread. Abel listens to rank-and-filers, encourages debate, and rarely makes an important decision without consulting his executive board, which has its independent spirits. He does not, as Wilfrid Sheed suggested in "What Ever Happened to the Labor Movement?" (*The Atlantic,* July, 1973), exercise absolute and sole control.

But Abel has his faults. His administration has displayed a certain venality toward political opponents. Abel himself can be stubborn, sarcastic, and oversensitive to criticism. He took deep offense at his own membership when a little-known presidential challenger won 40 percent of the vote in 1969. The principal reason was that Abel agreed to some unpopular compromises in the 1968 steel contract. However, in 1971 he won one of the best union contracts, objectively considered, of the last decade, and his popularity in the union soared. He was reelected to his last term this year (a limit on age prohibits him from running in 1977) without opposition. He was at the peak of his political strength and could seriously explore arbitration with industry negotiators.

Strong arm

Abel had been toying with the idea of finding a way to eliminate the strike threat since 1965, when he served his first stint as chief USW negotiator. When the union-industry talks became stalemated that year, Lyndon Johnson summoned both sides to Washington and forced a settlement upon them. "We experienced the strong arm of government saying to us, 'You're just not going to be permitted to have a strike,'" Abel says. If the government would not allow a steel strike, why submit the industry and the workers to the damaging boom-bust cycles and the rising tide of imports occasioned by the threat of a strike?

Abel also wants to avoid long, costly strikes. He has been through all of steel's strikes since the union was organized in 1936 and has come to believe that the human and financial costs were rarely justified by the benefits won. "In our 1959 strike, when we had no money," he says, "I had to tell our people to go on welfare. I know what it is to be in the midst of a strike and have the ranks desert. So when you talk of a strike involving five hundred thousand people, you have to do some serious thinking, some avoidance perhaps."

In the fall of 1967, Abel asked his executive board to consider using arbitration instead of the strike

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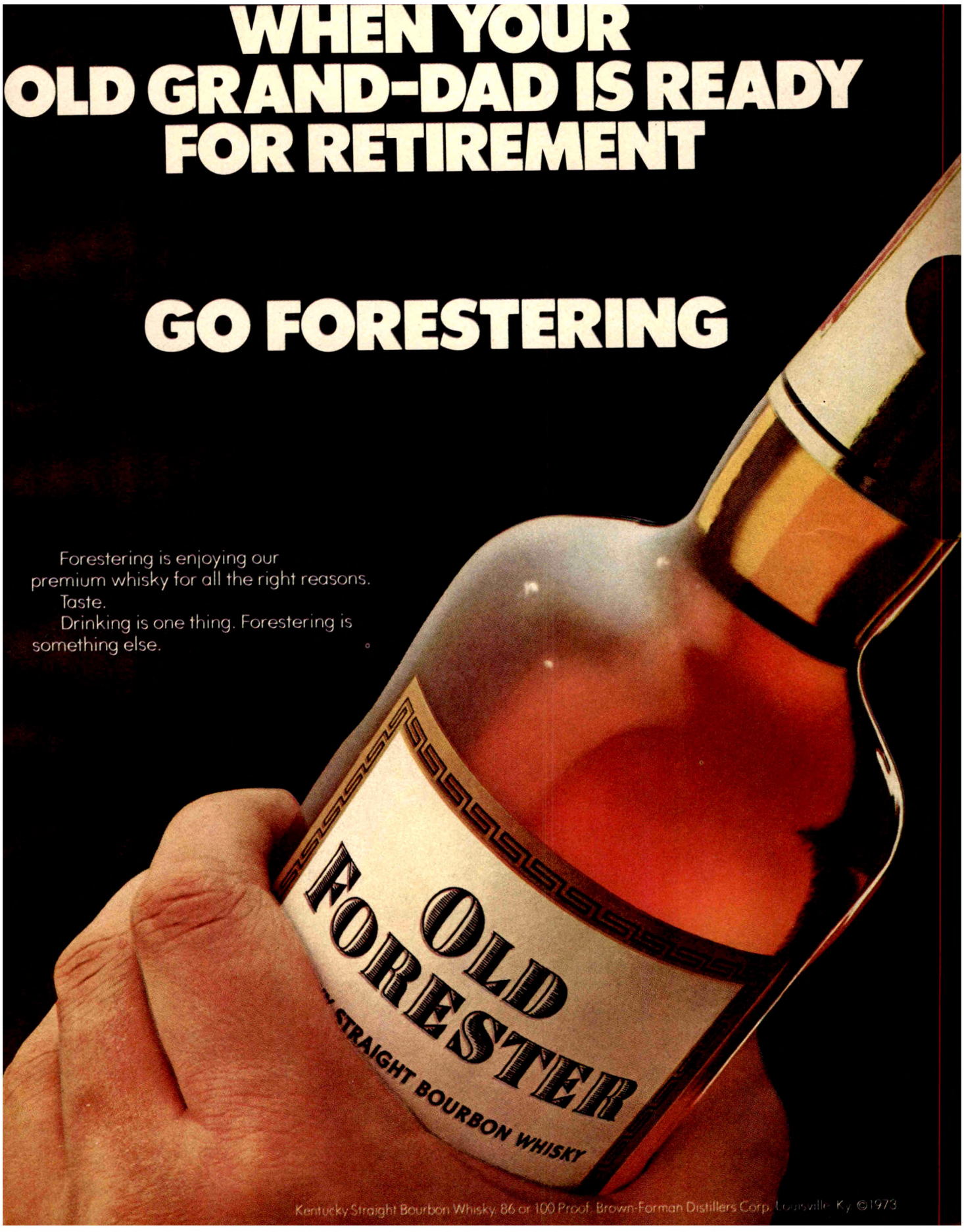

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threat in the following year's negotiations. The board roundly denounced the proposal, largely because it guaranteed workers nothing for giving up the right to strike. The idea was discarded, not to be revived until last year, when the harmful effects of the 1971 boom-bust cycle became painfully evident.

By the summer of 1972, the USW and the steel industry had significantly altered the nature of their relationship. The union had agreed to set up local productivity committees to help plant managements increase product quality and output per man-hour in order to compete better with foreign steel. The idea had met considerable resistance from local union leaders who feared that if the union cooperated in producing more with the same manpower, it would soon be irrevocably on the road to producing more with less manpower.

However, Abel insisted that the local productivity committees were not to be vehicles for management to negotiate crew reductions; instead, they were to serve as sounding boards for both sides to suggest ways of "working wiser and smarter." Nobody knows better how to increase the output of, say, a rolling mill than a worker who has been intimately involved with it, day in and day out, for twenty or twenty-five years. "Tapping labor's brains," as Phil Murray suggested years ago, would not only lower unit costs and increase profits; it also would, says Abel, "for the first time give our union a voice in the operations of this industry."

Management had always contended that running the business was its function, but now it began listening to workers, at least in some plants. Overall, the program has had both successes and flops, both in raising output and in changing attitudes.

In the summer of 1972, Abel and Heath Larry of U.S. Steel plunged into intensive negotiations on a no-strike arbitration plan. Over a period of seven months, the negotiators met secretly and revealed nothing about their progress so as not to jeopardize the agreement. They produced a tentative agreement last

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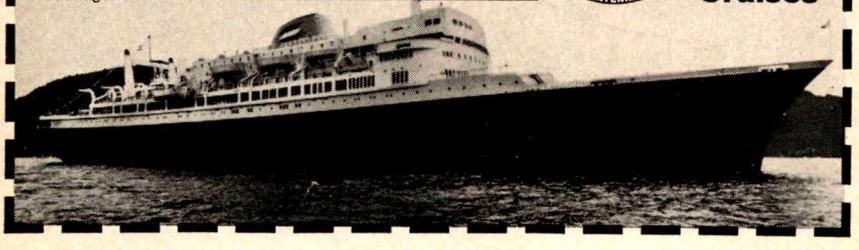

March, and the chief executives of the ten companies quickly ratified it. Abel's executive board, sobered by the mass layoffs of 1971 and the worsening import situation, unanimously approved the pact. Abel then took it to the Steel Industry Conference, the union's official ratification body. The USW has never had a rank-and-file ratification procedure, a lack which some critics feel is undemocratic, but then USW members have never made an issue of it at their policy-making conventions.

Critics inside and outside the union now contend that the Experimental Negotiating Agreement is not legally binding on USW members because they did not vote on it in a referendum. However constructive rank-and-file ratification might be—and Abel is reported not to oppose ratification by mail—the USW does not provide for such a procedure. Abel might have volunteered to put ENA to a rank-and-file vote, but that would have called for an endless series of lectures on the intricacies of ENA. In the end, the union did what it was bound to do, and no more.

Where's Joe?

In order to sell ENA to the Steel Conference delegates, the USW and the industry had jointly commissioned a film maker to produce a short, slick movie entitled *Where's Joe?,* which was shown in February in every steel plant and on television in seventeen steel cities. The movie did not mention the imminent arbitration agreement, but it strongly implied the need for some method to reduce imports and smooth out the production peaks and valleys.

Joe, of course, was the American steelworker who had lost his job to a foreigner. "Their ambitions were bigger than we once knew," the narrator says ominously over shots of Japanese technicians taking notes on an American mill tour. "They are after the lion's share." We see a montage of Japanese mill scenes and close-ups of competitive Oriental faces. It is embarrassing to watch, even if the USW considers

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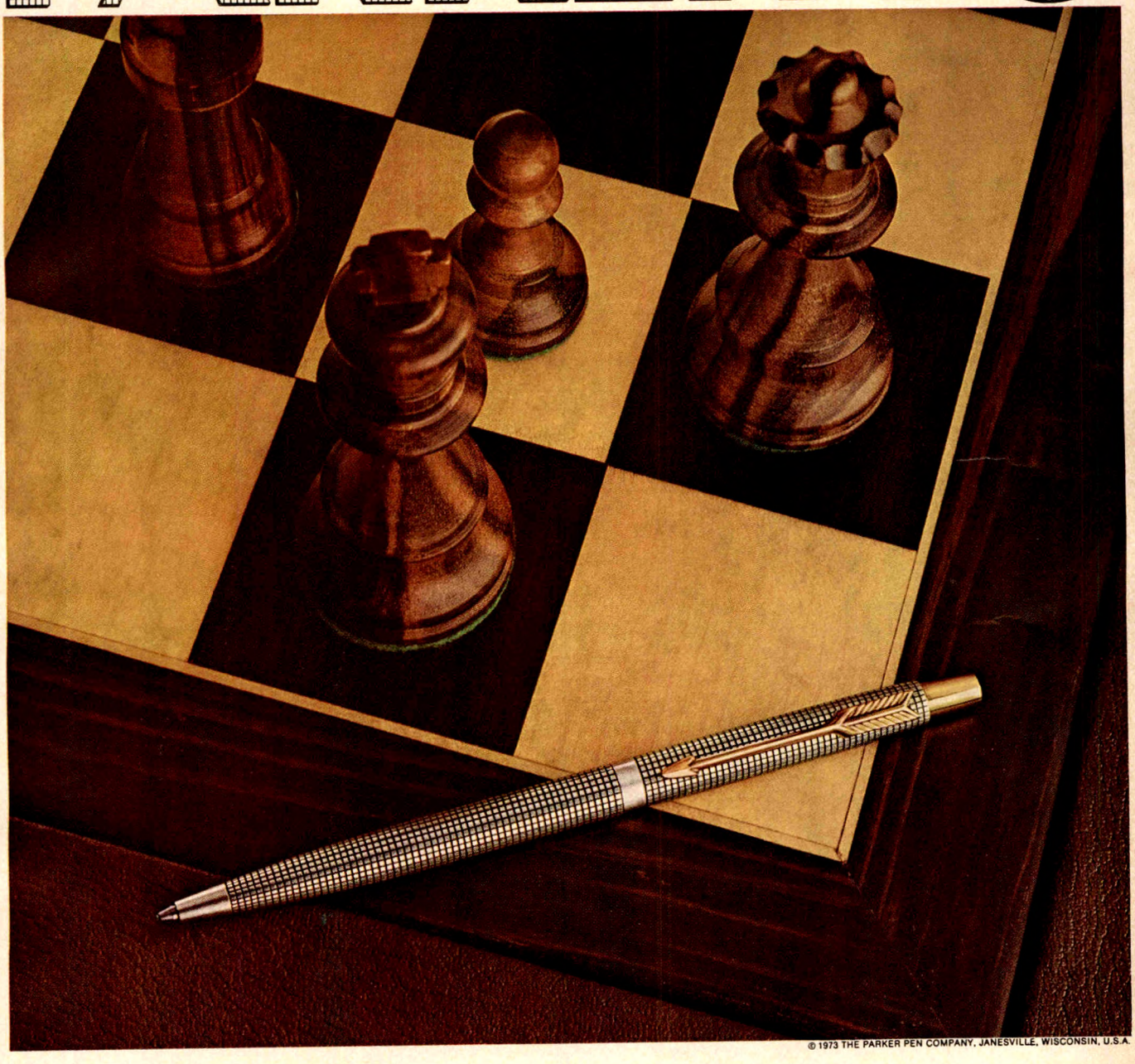

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the very survival of the American industry to be at stake. Here are these little slanty-eyed guys, the film suggests, the same guys who came at you in World War II and are now trying to get your jobs. ("Well, aren't they?" a steel public relations man replied defiantly when I questioned the film's implicit chauvinism.)

At any rate, *Where's Joe?* apparently had helped to soften the delegates' attitudes toward giving up the strike threat, and after a day and a half of debate, the conference ratified the agreement by an overwhelming voice vote. "That local right to strike was the pot sweetener that we really loved," a local president said after the vote. Will there be a rash of local strikes as in the auto industry? Probably not, and for several reasons. "Local issues" are narrowly defined in ENA, leaving little of major consequence to strike over. A strike must be authorized by a secret ballot vote over the outstanding issues in each plant, and even then Abel may disapprove the strike. (Most unions place such a limit on local strikes in order to avoid anarchy.) Critics of ENA complain that these limitations will be difficult to circumvent.

"Mature relationship"

ENA provides that national steel negotiations begin on January 29, 1974, with no introduction of arbitration before April 15. By that date, the two sides must submit any unresolved issues to a five-man arbitration panel, but negotiators may continue talks and withdraw settled issues from the panel until the contract expires on August 1. The panel must render its decision by midnight, July 10, but if the two sides disagree on implementing the ruling, the panel will make a final and binding determination by midnight, July 31.

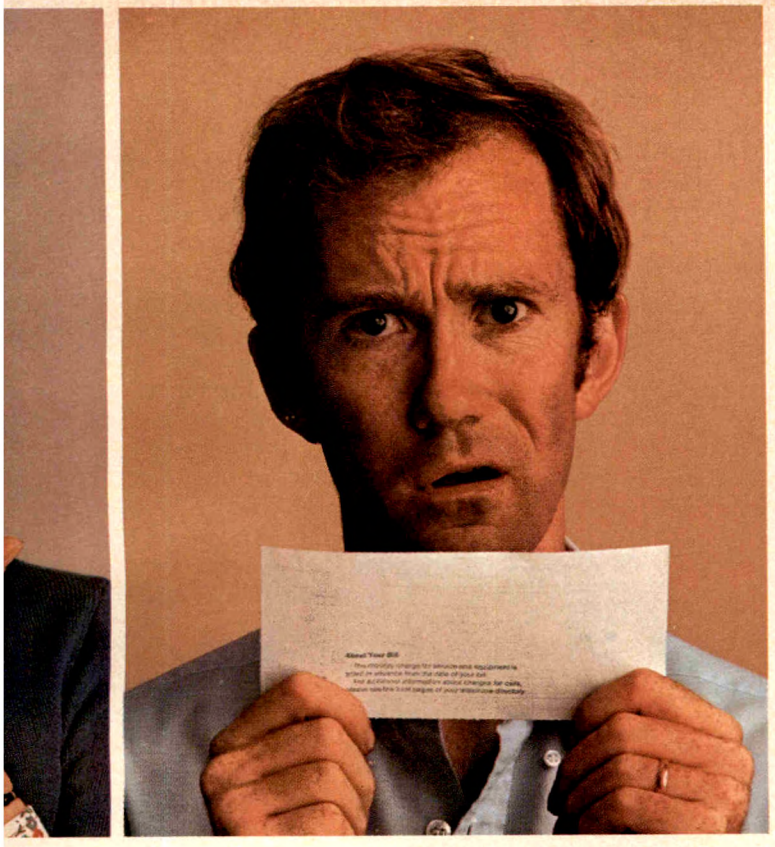
Both sides hope to reach an agreement before arbitration occurs, and there is a good chance that that will happen. Since the disastrous 1959 strike, the two sides have developed what arbitrators call a "mature relationship." In the early sixties, the USW and the industry began bargaining the complex industrywide issues year-round, developing cost data and conducting joint surveys of problem areas. This process enables top negotiators to deal with tough, involved issues in a sophisticated way.

Whether arbitration will be invoked depends on many variables, including the state of the economy next year. If the rate of inflation increases substantially, the gap between the union's wage demands and the industry's offer may be irreconcilable in negotiations. Since the arbitration process exists, one can speculate that it will be used, although the greater the use to which it is put, the more likely it is that one side or the other will be unhappy with the outcome, thus jeopardizing ENA's future. If issues are brought to arbitration, they will probably be in areas where negotiated compromises are politically impossible. One thing is certain already: the union will not be satisfied with wage increases of only 3 percent a year in a new three-year contract. Abel, in fact, regards the 3 percent figure as merely "a floor for bargaining."

In compulsory arbitration imposed by government, arbitrators tend to make poor decisions because they are generally presented with polarized positions. ENA tries to anticipate this in a variety of ways. By excluding the USW's and the industry's sacred cows from arbitration—cost-of-living, work rules, management rights—it ensures that the arbitrators will not have to decide issues of great principle. The five-member panel will be tripartite, having three members from the public at large and one each from the union and the industry. The latter two will have no vote, but their presence will tend to force the three public members to reach decisions consistent with the economics of the steel industry and with past contracts. In addition, two of the impartial members must be thoroughly familiar with collective bargaining in steel. The most likely candidates for these positions are Sylvester Garrett and Ralph Seward, the much-admired permanent umpires of grievance arbitration at, respectively, U.S. Steel and Bethlehem Steel.

Despite all these precautions, the two sides have embarked on a

Wrong number?



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course that could hold great peril for either or both. The industry will go into negotiations already committed to a considerable expenditure (the $150 bonus to each steelworker will cost $52 million), and it may emerge with a cost package that far exceeds what it would have been willing to offer under the threat of a strike. On the union side, no one can predict how workers will fare under arbitration in comparison with workers in other industries, particularly if the arbitrators base their decisions only on the steel industry's financial circumstances.

Giving it a chance

Although some dissident steelworkers accuse Abel of selling them out with the arbitration pact, the great majority of USW members appear to be satisfied. "Let's give arbitration a chance," they seem to be saying, "and if it doesn't work out, then chuck it and go back to striking." That, of course, is Abel's position. Certainly, if there had been widespread opposition to ENA, it would have shown up in the wholesale defeat of pro-ENA local presidents who stood for reelection last June. No clear pattern of that kind emerged; some lost, and so did some of the most vociferous critics of ENA.

Some locals have adopted resolutions opposing ENA. But of three hundred locals, only about seven or eight have notified USW headquarters in Pittsburgh of official local opposition. In September, representatives of three small dissident groups presented a petition to the International bearing a reported two thousand signatures of steelworkers demanding that ENA be voided. Eighty-five percent of the signers appeared to belong to two locals in Youngstown, Ohio, the home base of rank-and-filer Frank Litch, who twice failed to qualify for a ballot position opposing Abel as USW president. Outside critics—such as historian Staughton Lynd, Arthur Kinoy, a law professor at Rutgers University, and David Scribner, an experienced New York labor lawyer and former general counsel of the United Electrical Workers—are sup-

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porting and aiding Frank Litch and the other petition bearers, claiming that the USW cannot give up the right to strike without a rank-and-file vote. But their position has little support.

ENA arrived in a world guided largely by tradition: the strike threat, the last-minute crisis bargaining, and the under-the-gun compromise. It cannot help but stimulate thinking about the collective bargaining process. The President's Commission for Industrial Peace, with Abel and Larry as members, may display ENA as a shining example of how new approaches can infuse life into collective bargaining. There may be some takers. The Seafarers' International Union, for one, recommends voluntary arbitration for the entire maritime industry.

On the whole, however, the idea of substituting arbitration for the strike threat is not likely to spread quickly. Theodore Kheel, a veteran arbitrator, contends that "the prospect of a strike in the vast majority of bargaining situations can never be outmoded, unaccepted, outlawed, or rendered obsolete without doing more damage than the relief the public will supposedly get."

As for the steel industry, the view from the top on both sides is of a union and companies that make up one identity, though each has diverse interests and different priorities. The steelworkers will keep pushing for "more," as ever, and the managers will continue to resist, but within a new framework. Both sides want to survive. "The union and the company are not enemies," says a top union man. "There's a helluva lot of difference between fighting with the company and the way we're dealing now. Our arbitration agreement is not for people who are at war."

—JOHN HOERR

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Trudy Rubin, a reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor,* has lived and worked in Prague.

John Hoerr, a producer and writer for Pittsburgh's public television station, WQED, has reported on labor affairs for fifteen years.

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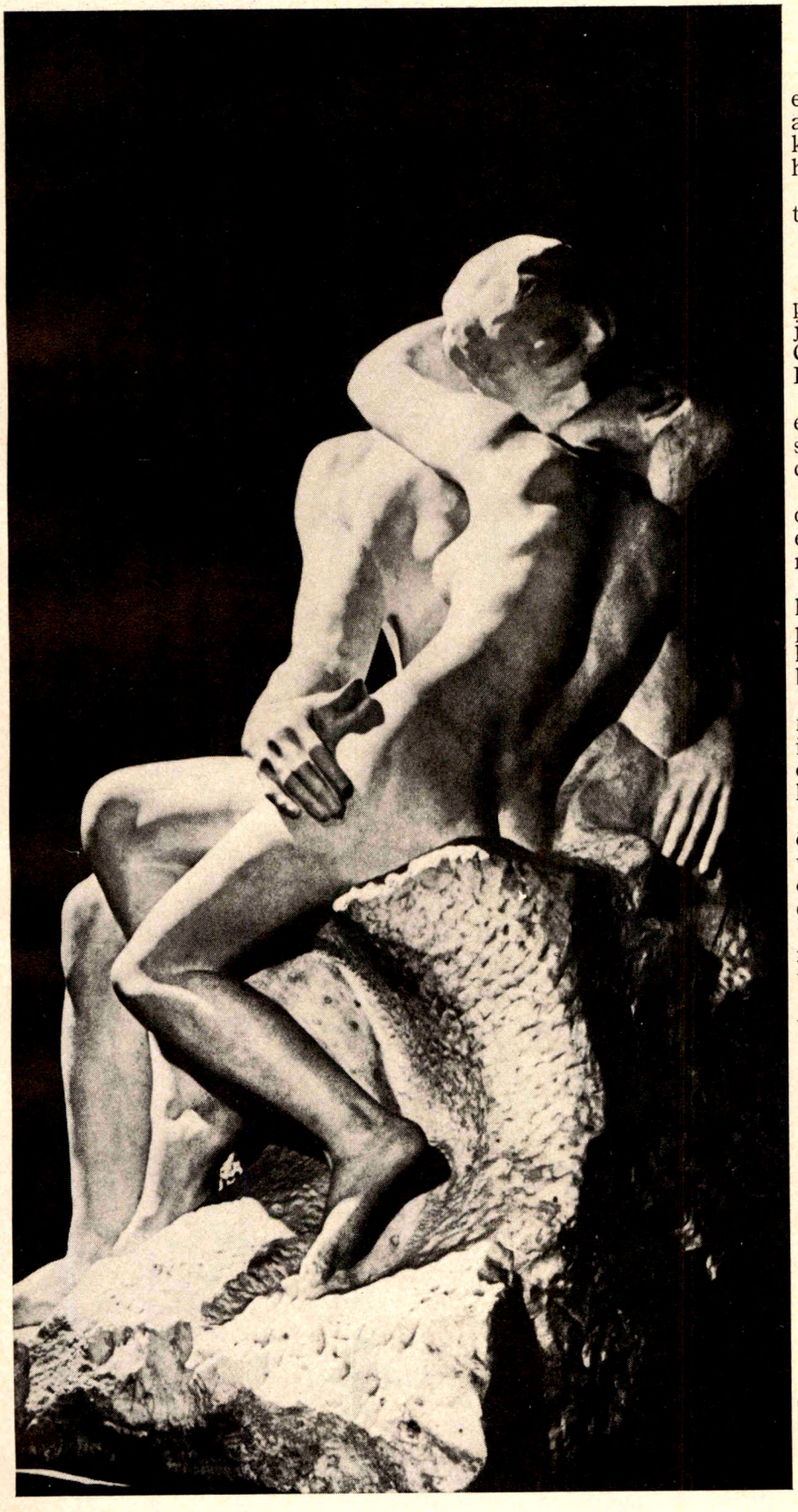

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Innocent Bystander

Christmas Story

by L. E. Sissman

It was the winter of 1952-1953, and a cold coming we had of it, Red Harris and I. Not that, as I remember, it was a particularly severe winter in statistical terms; it was only that we chose it to sell vacuum cleaners in the Godforgotten Northeast Kingdom of Vermont.

Washed out of political life forever by the Eisenhower landslide of November—I had been a minor functionary in the John F. Kennedy-for-Senator campaign, with hopes of a permanent berth somewhere in the Democratic organization—I turned up jobless as the cold closed in and made for the doubtful shelter of the Deshler Vacuum Cleaner Company, of Terre Haute, Indiana, with Offices in All Principal Cities. My application was accepted on the spot, and I found myself being trained to sell "The Cadillac of Cleaners," an improbable basketball-size aluminum sphere on wheels that, with the aid of a tool chest full of attachments, could sand, saw, mix, blend, wax, buff, and even spray paint as well as clean a rug. Or so the instructions claimed.

Actually, as any student of industrial design could readily have confirmed, the Deshler was a survival from the early days of vacuuming, sort of a contemporary antique. The archaism of its engineering was matched by the antiquity of the company's selling methods. We learned little in our two-day, unpaid training course, except to sing special Deshler pep songs, based on old Big Ten football chants, at the opening of each training session, and to brazen our way into the prospect's house with the most glittering of promises and the direst of innuendos. We were not salesmen, we were sanitation men, and we were there to sanitize the prospect's house—no charge, of course—before her wondering eyes.

When we hit the street, with a withering song in our hearts and a blast of November wind in our faces, each man was on his own. And how. Along with Red Harris, a pushing, torch-headed young particle as small and wiry as I was tall and weedy, I was assigned to the unpromising *banlieue* of Waltham, Massachusetts, whose celebrated watch factory was then departing the last of its nine lives, leaving the city as depressed—both mentally and fiscally—as any other New England mill town in those dreary days. Seeking safety in numbers, Red and I joined up together as a team, halving our individual calls and commissions, if any, in the greater interest of solidarity.

It was tough sledding, mitigated by an occasional sale to a cretinous couple who should have known better than to get on the never-never for a Deshler, and by interminable cups of nickel coffee in a handy Howard Johnson's.

If nothing else, it taught us technique, though. Glazed into boldness by necessity, we soon learned how to disarm the housewife's fainthearted objections at the door, and how, once in, to make directly for the bedroom, where we demanded, if necessary, that the bedclothes be pulled back. Once we had the spavined bed stripped naked before us, we proceeded to a medical demonstration roughly as portentous as, say, the discovery of germs. Running the long, jointed arm of the Deshler over the mattress cover with a loud, menacing hum, as of swarming wasps, we covered the entire surface in a trice. Next we opened the dirt bag and shook out the contents—shook them back, in fact, on the mattress cover itself. A pale, pinkish-tan scurf appeared. We asked the housewife if she could identify this late occupant of her marriage bed. Needless to say, she never could. At which point I would cut in, with a menacing Gildersleeve boom, "That, madam, is dead skin!" Shock and mortification, occasionally followed by a sale, more frequently followed by other, tamer demonstrations of sanding, spraying, waxing, and, terminally, carpet-cleaning. If she wouldn't buy on the spot, we asked for a return engagement that evening in the presence of her husband; this request was often granted, and dead skin was produced on cue again in the evening.

What *was* dead skin? Damned if I know. It might have been lint, pajama tailings, house moss, mattress stuffing, or even, God knows, dead skin itself. Though its identity remained obscure to us, it was the high point of our demos—as we called these playlets in the trade—and most of our few sales were traceable to the housewife's horror at the implied suggestion of uncleanliness.

And so, call by call, day by day, week by week, we perfected our talents at the shell game. Alas, we failed to perfect our batting average. Three or four sales per week turned out to be our upper limit; even with the inflated commissions made possible by the Deshler's inflated price (around two hundred dollars, more than twice the price of a good name-brand vacuum cleaner in those days), we could hardly ever count on more than seventy-five dollars apiece each week, out of which came gas, car expenses, food, and all our other ineluctable overheads. Both of us were married, and both were going broke.

Sitting in the Howard Johnson's one icy day when a dusting of snow made skeins across the streets, we hit upon a plan. Red, aggressive in inverse proportion to his height, suggested we light out for virgin territory—northern Vermont, where he himself came from and where he knew every soul in a twenty-mile radius of St. Johnsbury. Those Vermonters, we knew, had plenty socked away in their dead-skin-filled mattresses; with Christmas coming, couldn't a local boy and his friend persuade them to part with some of it? A stroke of genius in necessity; we shook hands on the bargain and prepared to leave next day.

I packed a bag and left my car in Red's snowy side driveway next to his two-decker apartment house in an unfashionable part of Natick.

L. E. Sissman is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic.*

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Now is the time to stop and think of those things you've heard people asking for all year long.

Introducing the 1974 Volkswagen.

While other car makers are busy taking the wraps off their new model cars, Volkswagen has gone one step further and changed the wraps.

From the minute you drive away in your '74 Volkswagen, you're covered by our Owner's Security Blanket with Computer Analysis.

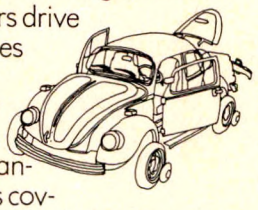
It's not just a warranty. It's a commitment to our owners long after they've signed on the dotted line.

We like to think of it as total transportation because you deserve a car you can count on 365 days a year. And we believe you shouldn't have to keep paying to get what you deserve.

Nobody in the car business has any plan like it. Nobody seems to care enough. Or *do* enough. Except Volkswagen.

If you take a little time to read this, you'll find out how a Volkswagen owner gets the most advanced new car coverage plan in the world free.

Our 12 month/20,000 mile guarantee.



Most car owners drive about 14,000 miles during the first year. So what earthly good is a 12,000 mile guarantee? Volkswagen's coverage is for 20,000 miles—most car companies don't come near that.

This is our guarantee, in plain English:

"If you maintain and service your 1974 Volkswagen as prescribed in the Volkswagen Maintenance Schedule, any factory parts found to be defective in material or workmanship within 12 months or 20,000 miles, whichever comes first (except filters and tires), will be repaired or replaced free of charge by any U.S. or Canadian VW dealer."

We guarantee against more than just defective parts.

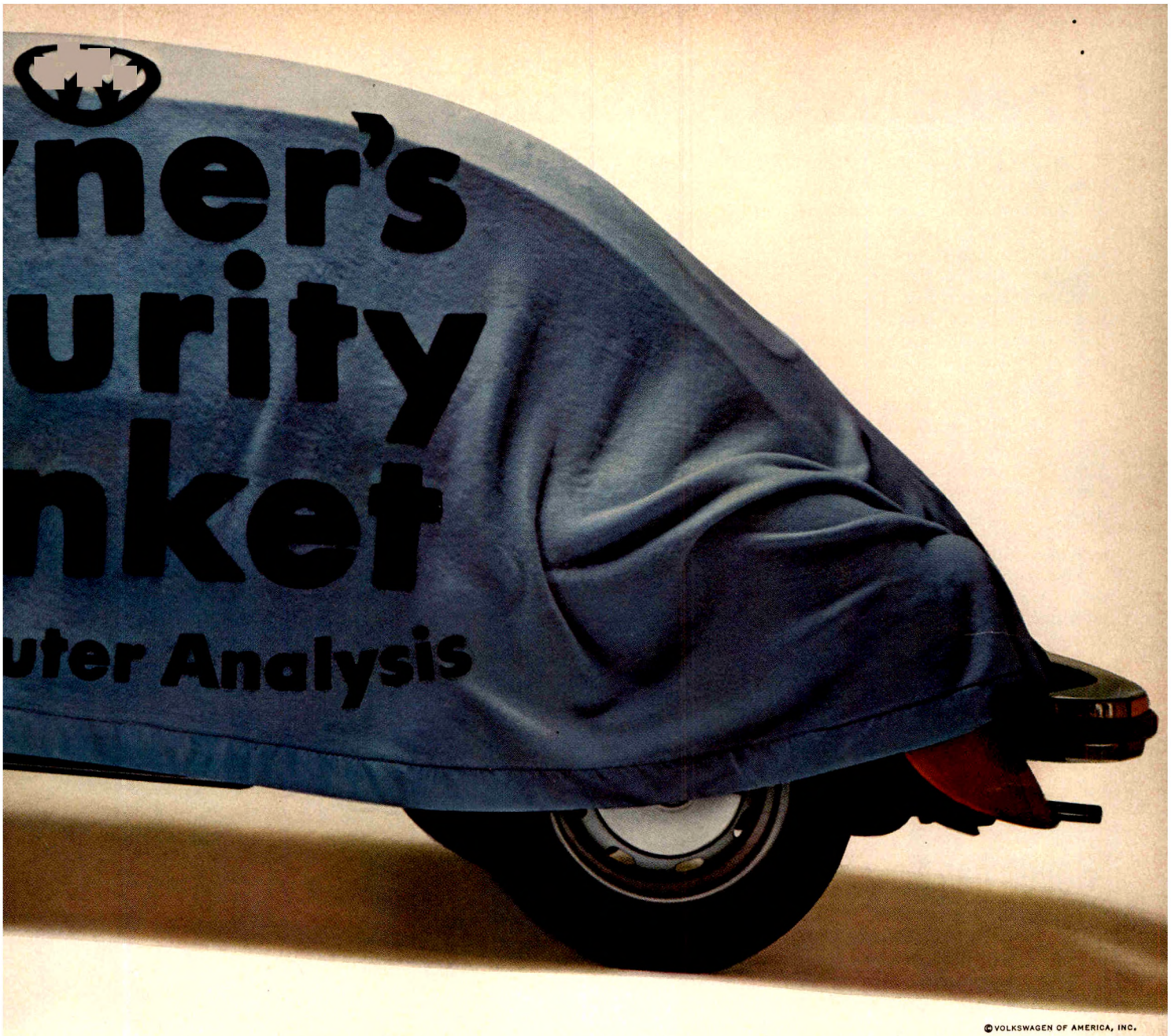
Volkswagen's Owner's Security Blanket goes far beyond just guaranteeing against defects. Most car companies won't replace a windshield wiper if it wears out. We will. They won't replace a lightbulb. We will.

Take things like brake pads and linings. As long as you have them adjusted when your Maintenance Schedule says so, we'll replace them free if they wear out. Same thing goes for clutch linings and batteries.

And spark plugs and points? We change them free at 12,000 miles and we'll honor that no matter how long it takes you to go that distance. This is unheard of in the auto industry.

24 months/24,000 miles.

We've gone one step further with the insides of our engine and transmission. We guarantee them for two years



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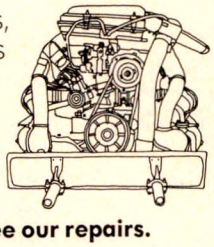
or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first. Of course we don't cover defects caused by lack of maintenance or abuse.

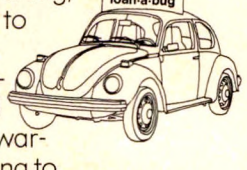


We guarantee our repairs.

When you're running out of warranty, you're still not out of luck. We'll make the repair free and guarantee the parts and workmanship for an additional 6 months or 6,000 miles.

If the repair takes overnight, we'll lend you a car.

Moving right along, we're committed to keep you moving. So if you're a qualified owner and you find that a warranty repair is going to take overnight, we'll lend you a free car by appointment, for as long as the repair takes.



(And we haven't forgotten owners of older VWs. If your car needs a repair and you need a car, we'll rent you one at a nominal price.)

Express care.

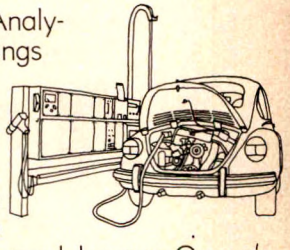
How many times have you heard of waiting two weeks before you can get a headlight fixed? Not at Volkswagen. With Express Care if we can fix something in less than 30 minutes, we'll do it *while you wait.* No appointment needed for these little repairs.

3 free computer check-ups.

No other car maker in the world has anything like Computer Analysis. (They probably will some day in the future.)

Every 1974 Volkswagen can be plugged into a computer and out comes a written analysis of over 50 vital functions. Everything from your engine compression down to your battery voltage.

Computer Analysis can spot things that even a master mechanic might not see. So we can fix these things while you're still covered by our Owner's Security Blanket.



We're in this together.

We made the car. You own the car. So we're in this together. As long as you maintain your new Volkswagen properly we'll do most of the worrying for you. That's what Volkswagen's Owner's Security Blanket is all about–once you're a Volkswagen Owner, we're not going to leave you out in the cold.

The Father of All Scotch

Now you can enjoy the true taste of Scotch as Scotch began:

The Unblended Taste of the Original. The Glenlivet 12-year-old.

In 1824, when all Scotch was straight, unblended Scotch, The Glenlivet became the first distillery in Scotland granted a government permit to distill. Since then, its consistency, purity of flavor, delicate bouquet, mellow body and subtle lightness have made it prized above all.

The Light Heart of All Great Blends.

If your favorite 12-year-old Scotch has "blended" on its label, you may already have had a hint of us.

For we're in most of them, including Chivas Regal.

But now, in limited quantity and at a premium price, The Glenlivet will be available on its own.

The Glenlivet

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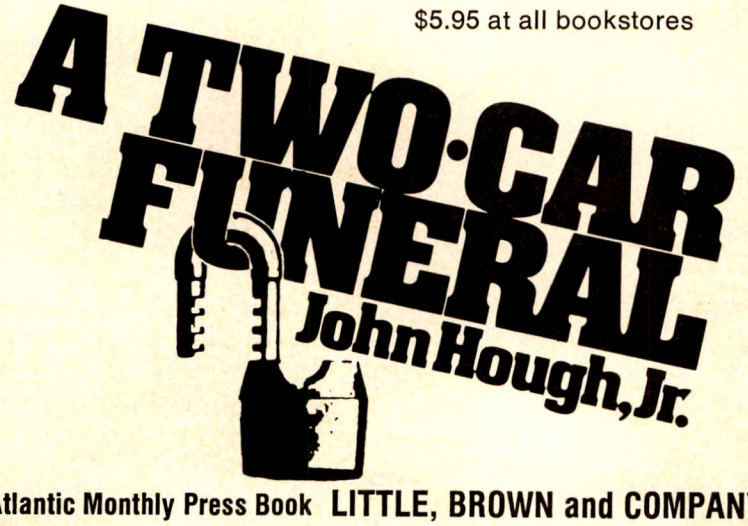
"Hough has New England politics down cold."
—Newsday

Small wonder John Hough, Jr. knows Bay State politics: he's worked as a journalist and an aide to prison-reform groups. He's also written *A Peck of Salt,* the widely acclaimed account of his year in VISTA. His new book is a novel about attempts to clean up a scandalously corrupt reform school—as the *Kirkus Reviews* put it, "a short, sharp lesson in the political verities of our time."

$5.95 at all bookstores



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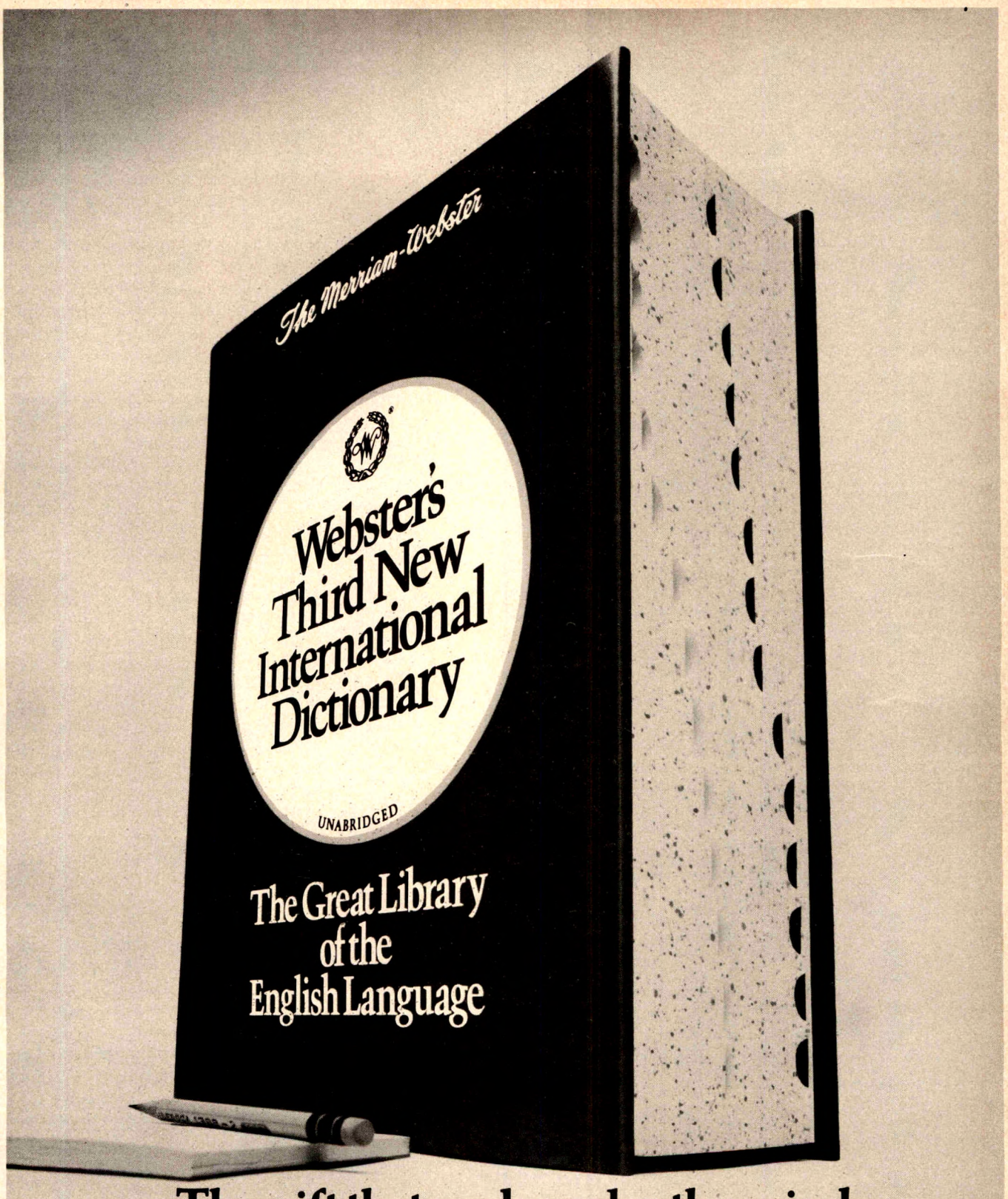
BYSTANDER

We climbed into his spectacularly oxidized, dark blue '46 Torpedo Oldsmobile and were off. This was long before the day of Interstates; most of the roads were winding two-lane byways past miles of tumbledown shacks with dead cars and old Maytags in the yard. This was the postwar fag end of the Depression which still rode New England. It was before the recent era of recovery, and there was little paint or money showing on the houses or in the crabbed towns.

Aldridge, Vermont, was not what I'd expected. It was not a postcard village—all elms and spires and gingerbread houses—but a kind of rustic slum. It served as a dormitory town for the quarry workers in Barre, some twenty-five miles away down Route 302; its mean houses, many of them, were, like Natick's and Waltham's, double- and triple-deckers. Red took me up to a second deck to meet his family: his father, a cadaverous, toothless, gormless old man of forty-five, worn out and phthisic from inhaling rock dust in the quarries; his mother, a fat, pleasant woman who should have looked jolly but looked drained instead. I was to stay with them as a paying guest; they did their decent best to make me feel at home.

But to the hunt. Next day, Red and I unlimbered our Deshler demonstrator and began to call on the modest satraps of the locality. The first week went reasonably well. With Red's entrée and my scholarly exposition of the evils of dead skin, we made four solid sales—all cash, for, as we had supposed, the money was indeed concealed around the house. And these four, concluded with some real goodwill between ourselves and the customers, led to further referrals. We found ourselves calling on Hawkins cousins and Sawyer aunts in outlying towns. And therein lay our downfall. Bucking our way through a middling blizzard one white-on-white morning, Red spun his worn snow tires on a patch of ice and over-revved the weary engine, which promptly registered displeasure by sending No. 2 piston out through the side of the block. Apart from the stiff ex-



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BYSTANDER

pense of the repairs, we were without wheels at the apex of the selling season. And we had miles to go before we slept.

We made the best of this contretemps by listing the locals in Aldridge upon whom we could call on foot—not the meanest of feats, considering that the snow was three feet deep and the thermometer had dropped, after the storm, to a seemingly permanent twenty-four below zero. Walking "over town" to the general store, the breath froze in our noses, and our lungs felt as if they were being pierced with icicles. Nevertheless, we soldiered on, dragging our Deshler and its case of gadgets and hoses behind us through the snow. A couple more sales slowly jelled with repeated callbacks; between bouts of frozen-fingered selling, we languished in the Harrises' kerosene-heated parlor, stoking our personal fires with large, plain meals of cottonwool bread and sticky pasta.

Finally, less than a week before Christmas, we struck at last at our best prospect: a recently widowed Mrs. Willard, the amiable mistress of a large, dust-collecting Victorian ark, who was, reputedly, rich as Croesus. Bracing her in her living room one night, we out-demonstrated our greatest demonstration, forcing the wheezing Deshler to new heights of sanitation. We sprayed moth gas in her closets, cleaned her drapes, waxed her linoleum, beat her old Orientals to within an eighth-inch of their warp and woof. And lo! she was persuaded. We walked out of her house that freezing night with a signed contract and a small deposit, the rest to be collected in a day or two. At last our trip seemed almost worthwhile: we could return to Boston after the holiday with a couple of hundred dollars each to keep the wolf away.

Then trouble struck. When we got back to the Harrises' one evening, we had an ominous message: a call from Mrs. Willard. A friend, it seems, had heard she was about to buy a Deshler and had advised her to consider an Electrolux instead. The Electrolux man, a sleek deity in a new Pontiac Chieftain, was on his way there now. Would we care to match our machine against his in a competitive demonstration? Of course we would; dragging our Deshler like a travois through the snow, we made our way to Mrs. Willard's white house on the hill. She was a bit embarrassed at the confrontation she had caused; but, she pointed out, it was only fair that she should be able to compare the two machines, and we of course agreed.

Then the slow murder began. The Electrolux man unlimbered his sleek blue-green machine with its shining wands and politely asked us to go first in cleaning the living-room rug (which we'd already cleaned a couple of days before). We cleaned mightily; we opened our dust bag and showed a pitiful wisp of dust. The Electrolux man set his shining monster sucking at the same square feet of carpet. A moment later he opened his own dust bag, which had previously been empty, to show a fat roll of fresh dirt. The secret was in the extra suction of his more powerful motor, he said (and we believed); to demonstrate this further, he selected a transparent Lucite wand, produced a large, heavy, chromed-steel ball, and proceeded to pick the ball up with the wand and hold it suspended eighteen inches up the wand. He then invited us to do the same. Manfully, Red and I clipped the transparent wand to the Deshler and applied it to the ball. A hiss and gulp; the ball rose leisurely into the tube and then flopped out onto the floor again. The process was repeated. It was no use. We were skunked, whipped like curs, beaten at our own game, vanquished far from home. We returned Mrs. Willard's contract and deposit and slunk, dragging the tonweight of the Deshler, back down the hill toward home.

The next day was Christmas Eve. Red's car was ready; we got in in utter dejection and drove back to Boston. Our first stop was at the Deshler sales office, where we collected our meager winnings and renounced our calling forevermore, giving the rattled sales manager our considered view of his product in front of a raw group of new trainees.

Then, at the fountain of a nearby drugstore, we drank a last cup of watery coffee and shook hands on our decision to go our separate ways in search of something better than Deshler salesmanship. We'd be in touch again when we got situated, both of us vowed. Shortly afterward, but not in time to make that Christmas or New Year's any happier, I finally got a job I'd been after in an advertising agency, and things started to look up. But, of course, I never laid eyes on Red again, though I've often wondered what happened to him.

Merry Christmas, then, Red, wherever you are; you were a good companion and one feisty guy.

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Goose Down Sox for Men and Women

Tuck these Sox into a travel bag, wear them to bed, enjoy them as slippers or as an inner sox for your insulated pacs or waders. Bauer Goose Down is quilted in soft, tough Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Red, Winter Blue, Taupe, Powder Blue. **Sizes:** Specify men's or women's shoe size and we'll supply proper fit. Pair **$7.95** postpaid. **Money Back Guarantee!**

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79, 81, 83—Barbara Scott

108—Alice Webber

113—J. Seeley

Daddy, what did you do in the war against pollution?

Of course you can always try to change the subject.

But one answer you can't give is that you weren't in it. Because in this war, there are no 4F's and no conscientious objectors. No deferments for married men or teen-agers. And no exemptions for women.

So like it or not, we're all in this one. But as the war heats up, millions of us stay coolly uninvolved. We have lots of alibis:

What can one person do?

It's up to "them" to do something about pollution – not me.

Besides, average people don't pollute. It's the corporations, institutions and municipalities.

The fact is that companies and governments are made up of people. It's people who make decisions and do things that foul up our water, land and air. And that goes for businessmen, government officials, housewives or homeowners.

What can one person do for the cause? Lots of things – maybe more than you think. Like cleaning your spark plugs every 1000 miles, using detergents in the recommended amounts, by upgrading incinerators to reduce smoke emissions, by proposing and supporting better waste treatment plants in your town. Yes, and throwing litter in a basket instead of in the street.

Above all, let's stop shifting the blame. People start pollution. People can stop it. When enough Americans realize this we'll have a fighting chance in the war against pollution.

Keep America Beautiful

People start pollution. People can stop it.

THE MAIL

STRIP-MINING

SIR: I was amazed at the many misstatements and errors of fact in James Conaway's "The Last of the West" (September *Atlantic).*

Mr. Conaway's statement that "a strip mine that produces millions of tons of coal a year can be operated by two dozen men" obviously was written without benefit of research. Western Energy Company's Colstrip mine employed 147 workers last year in producing 5.5 million tons of coal, and that mine will employ 500 or more men by 1976.

Western Energy's reclamation program is devoted to much more than the "ten special acres" to which Conaway refers. Land reclamation research activity began in 1968, before Western Energy mined a ton of coal, and during the last five years, all but 57 of the 347 acres that have been disturbed by mining have been reclaimed.

In 1968, Western Energy Company retained the Montana State University Agricultural Experiment Station to research land reclamation practices at Colstrip and make recommendations as to the best methods of reclaiming mined land. Richard Hodder headed the team of researchers assigned to that program and he has been active—and highly successful—since that time. We are proud to be associated with Dick Hodder and his achievements but, despite Mr. Conaway's implications, we sought him out for the contribution he could make to our land reclamation efforts, rather than him trying to convince us of the value of reclamation.

JOSEPH A. MCELWAIN
The Montana Power Company
Butte, Mont.

SIR: James Conaway several times refers to the nonexistent "Burlington & Northern" railroad. And what on earth is "monium nitrate"?

GERARD CHAPMAN
Mill River, Mass.

James Conaway replies:

Mr. McElwain's statement that Western Energy's Colstrip mine employed 147 workers to mine 5.5 million tons of coal is beside the point. Western Energy's operation is much larger, and has a much higher projected growth rate, than the operation planned for Charter's area of the Bull Mountains which was discussed. The fact is that a profitable mine does not require a great number of men to be involved in the actual mining process. Peabody's Big Sky mine is an example.

I have seen Western Energy's 290 "reclaimed" acres—from the ground, not from the air as have most visitors treated to a company tour. Many of these acres are spread with straw (which looks remarkably like growing grass from an airplane), or pockmarked and planted with sparse and spindly shrubs and exotic grasses. Most of the acres are barren by anyone's definition. The artificiality of the landscape aside, McElwain doesn't address himself to the real problems: that is, when, if ever, will the plant cover prosper and become self-perpetuating, and will the disrupted soil and overburden ever be able to hold groundwater.

I never said that Richard Hodder came to Western Energy and asked them to reclaim their land. I said that Hodder is the *only* man in a vast area working full-time on the problem of land reclamation, and that the mining companies refuse to hire anyone to work along with him to learn what is really required. Instead, they transfer agronomists and mining engineers into reclamation work, and they make dutiful statements as absurd as McElwain's about land being "reclaimed" when it is not.

As is often the case when dealing with spokesmen of mining and utility companies, it is difficult to tell if McElwain is being obtuse or is genuinely uninformed. My article in *The Atlantic* dealt also with the effects of mining upon people living in the area—something McElwain and other industry spokesmen never seem to address themselves to. I would like to ask McElwain why Montana Power fought so hard for permission to build generating plants at Colstrip without an environmental impact study, what he thinks about the outrageous methods used to get land away from reluctant ranchers, and if he thinks Americans have the right to live on land they have worked and owned for years, often generations.

I would also like to ask McElwain and others in Montana's mining industry why almost every issue of the September *Atlantic* containing my and Harry Caudill's articles was bought up in Montana before the magazine reached the newsstands.

Mr. Chapman is quite right: the proper name of the railroad is Burlington Northern. It is my understanding that monium nitrate was a basic composition of fertilizer. I am no chemist, but this seems to be the name miners use for their explosive ingredient.

SIR: Harry M. Caudill states in "Farming and Mining" (September *Atlantic):* "The world's mightiest

If not now, when?

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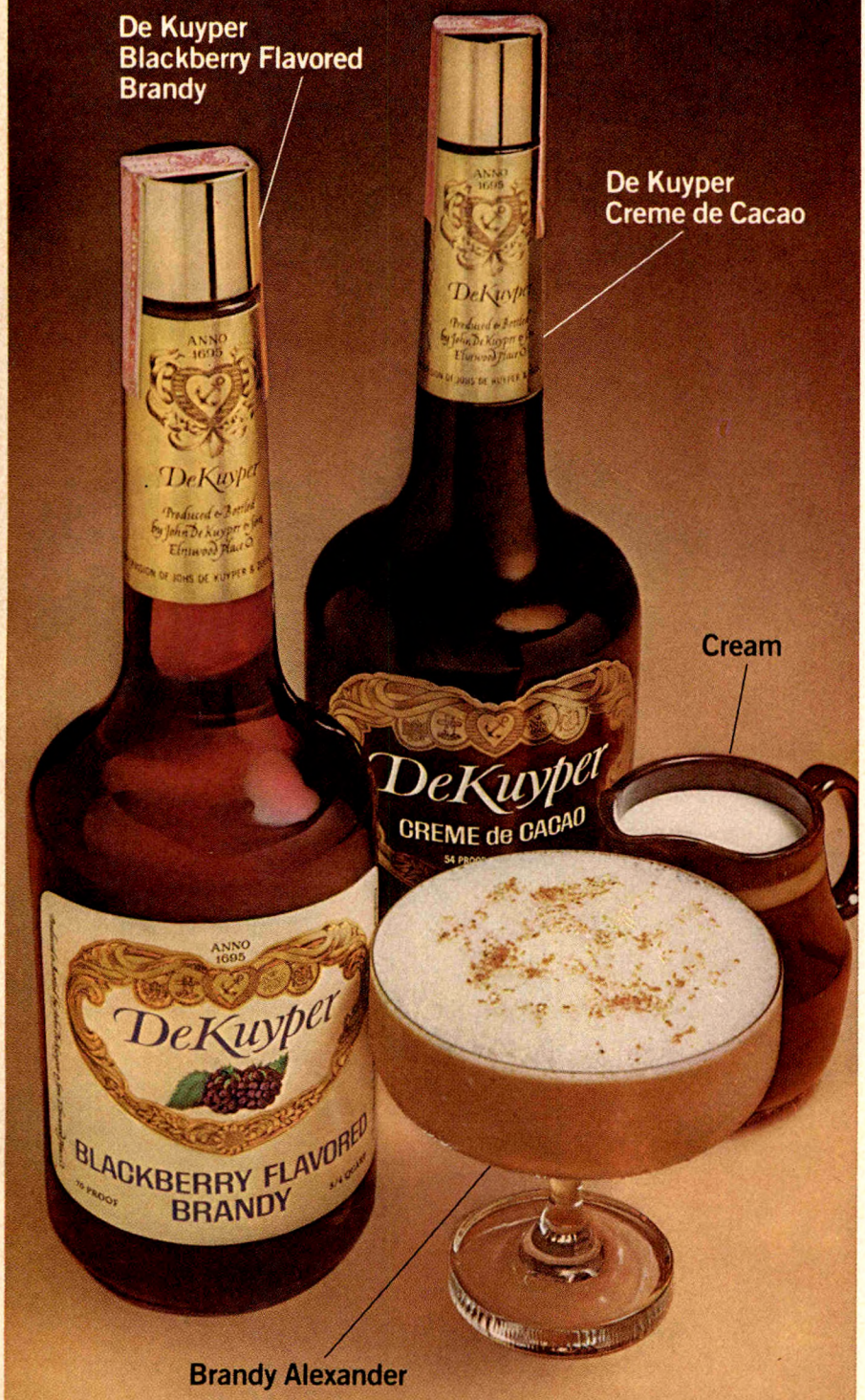

Add equal parts De Kuyper Blackberry Brandy, De Kuyper Creme de Cacao and cream. Shake with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. It goes together like moonlight and romance.

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electric power plant is already operating at Page, Arizona, blackening the continent's cleanest air with smoke plumes hundreds of miles long."

Anyone curious enough to check out this statement would be much surprised to find that the plant (the Navajo Generating Station) has not as yet begun burning coal! The first firing is not scheduled until late fall of 1973. Whether the plant spews smoke, as Mr. Caudill states, is another matter.

LYNN A. ROBBINS
Lake Powell Research Project
Flagstaff, Ariz.

Harry M. Caudill replies:

Lynn Robbins is quite right. The Navajo plant, at Page, Arizona, has not yet "gone on the line." I knew this to be so when the article was written and the first draft, as dictated, referred to the plant at Cholla. This older and much smaller plant is a great polluter and forewarns of the dire things to come. This error is deeply regretted.

SIR: The very interesting articles on strip-mining are a fine example of the necessary information and points of view which must be considered as we attempt to find solutions to the energy problem.

Coal is the obvious near or middle-term solution, but the people of the United States must know of the potential disadvantages of strip-mining in arriving at a decision. Too many times, there is no easy decision or one which can be carried out to no disadvantage.

JOHN A. LOVE
Assistant to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C.

SIR: I am greatly concerned about the effects of strip-mining, and while I do foresee coal as one of the prime potential energy sources of the future, we must ensure that the environment is not destroyed in the process. Your title, "Shall We Strip-Mine Iowa and Illinois to Air-Condition New York?" is most apt and the points made therein are worth serious consideration. There is a need for rearranging our priorities and for the conservation of energy whenever and wherever possible. I hope that your circulation is wide,

because this is an issue to which many people ought to be exposed.

CHARLES H. PERCY
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

SIR: In an effort to assure an orderly development of coal surface-mining activities in New Mexico, our legislature created the New Mexico Coal Surface Mining Commission, which has been given the responsibility of evaluating reclamation plans of mining companies in New Mexico. The first permits to conduct coal surface-mining under the new act were awarded on August 8, 1973. We feel sure that the conditions of the plans as approved will assure that surface-mined areas will be returned to a useful state after mining activities are complete.

BRUCE KING
Governor, New Mexico
Santa Fe, N.M.

HEALTH CARE

SIR: Godfrey Hodgson's article ("The Politics of American Health Care," October *Atlantic*) is an example of subjective journalism at its most striking.

Item: The inflation under Medicare. Roughly 70 percent of hospital costs go for salaries. These were woefully inadequate in the past, and the catching up during the sixties was long overdue. New, lifesaving units, such as coronary care and renal dialysis, became generally available.

Item: Most authors tend to blame our heterogeneous population and the American way of life—with its overeating, inactivity, smoking, tension, ghettos—for our poor mortality statistics. The author blames failure of the medical establishment.

Item: It is well known that our infant mortality statistics include cases of stillbirths which are excluded in many other countries; also that our statistics have shown a marked improvement in recent years, among all races.

Item: The author repeatedly inveighs against the evils of the fee-for-service system, but the only evidence he mentions (which is open to challenge) consists of rates of surgery in various studies.

In actual fact, the bulk of patient care in this country is provided by

If you need it, he'll sell you good luck

"Lucky scrolls" are not something you'll find everywhere in the world. Especially when their lacquer-red and shimmering gold look good enough to frame and hang on your living room wall.

So it's almost a crime to admit that they are commonplace in Singapore's Chinatown.

Chinese letter writers are not only masters of the calligraphic art, they are also adept with the pithy phrase and the pertinent proverb. With these talents they offer an instant 'stenographic' service for business deals, hot notes to cooling lovers, and IOU's that will stand up in court.

There are more than 40,000 written characters in Chinese, a bit more than the 26 letters most of us use.

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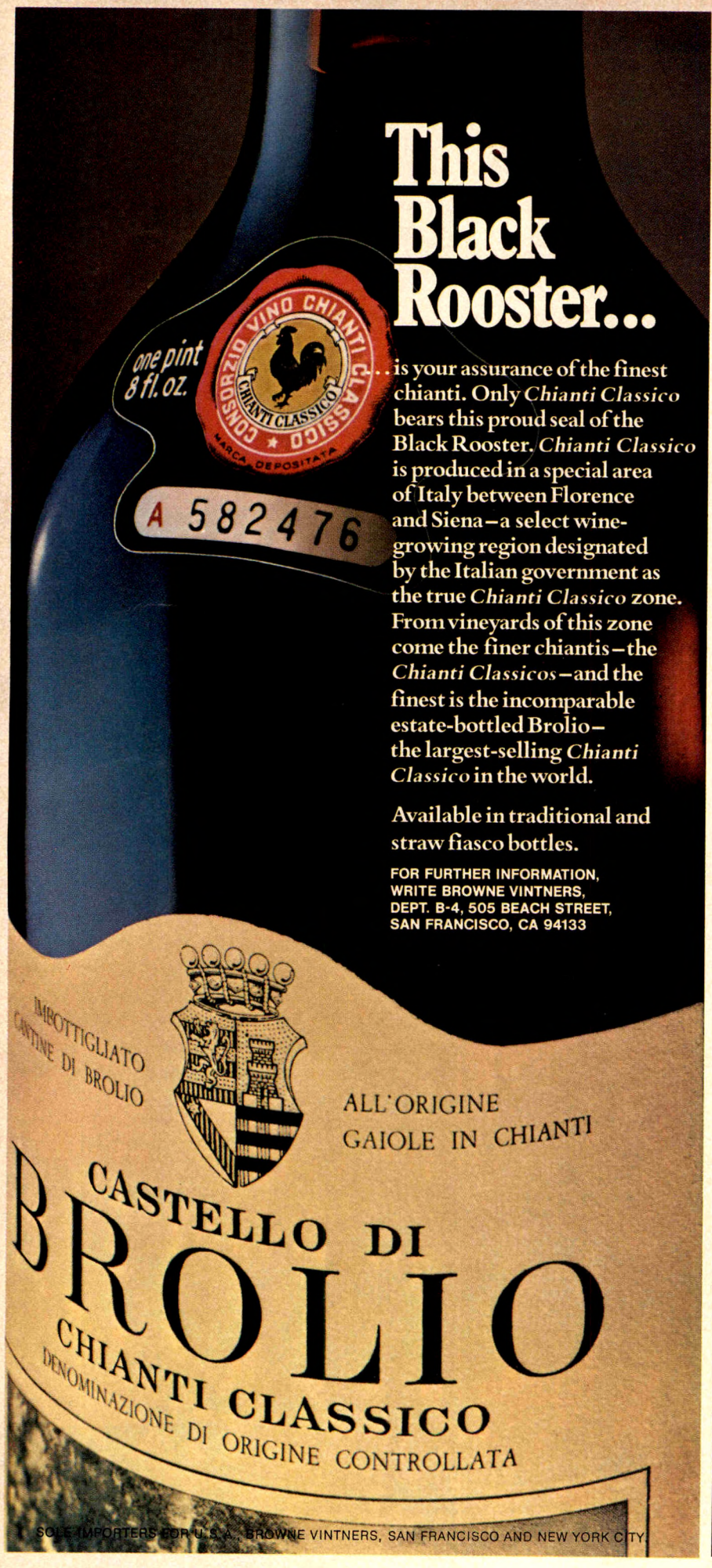

private care physicians—family practitioners, internists, pediatricians, obstetricians. They work a documented average fifty-five to sixty hours per week; according to a recent government study, they provide care considerably more cheaply than the prototype HMO-type centers; many of them have, for years, had their fee structure frozen by the government, and many are falling seriously behind the general rate of inflation.

GERALD L. GLASER, M.D.
Rochester, N.Y.

SIR: Godfrey Hodgson's recent report on "The Politics of American Health Care" may represent the political aspects of this subject accurately, but I must disagree with his thesis that the failure of Congress to pass national health insurance legislation constitutes a "lost opportunity." If, as he points out, Medicare and Medicaid have led to runaway inflation because their eventual effects on the economy were not well thought out, why then should we now trust Congress for a remedy whose method is more controversial and whose implications are no more clearly understood, but far more far-reaching?

Hodgson argues that there is a need for national health insurance because the current health care system is failing, citing in support of this assertion the infant mortality rate and life expectancy for males, both notoriously poor indicators of "health." This argument is weak, inappropriate, and misleading.

The need for national health insurance, in whatever form, stems from the inability of modern, mobile, uprooted, health-conscious (if not always cooperative) citizens to gain convenient, appropriate access to the medical care system, which, like much else today, has become increasingly institutionalized, impersonal, technology-dependent, and expensive. We used to buy groceries from the local store and visit the local doctor; now we buy prepared convenience foods and visit the local multi-specialty clinic or medical center. Health insurance may be seen as an entrance key to as well as a credit card for the health care emporium of tomorrow.

Institutionalizing payment schemes thus seems the inevitable

concomitant to institutionalized medical care delivery. But the delay of current legislation toward this end is not a lost opportunity but rather recognition that if such were passed at this time, it would suffer from the same defects as previous health legislation. And while some form of national health insurance may be inevitable, and even beneficial (because it may aid health care financing), let us not delude ourselves into believing it will necessarily improve "health" or "health care."

RICHARD E. BURNEY, M.D.
New Haven, Conn.

SIR: I am irate at Godfrey Hodgson's reaction to the $1717.80 worth of medical care provided a ten-year-old boy during the nineteen hours of hospitalization preceding his death. I do not know if Hodgson thought it was wrong to try and save this child's life by bringing to bear all the techniques of modern medicine—drugs, X-rays, laboratory tests, inhalation therapy—on his problem. Were it my child, I would certainly want every resource to be used, even though it required the round-the-clock services of skilled professionals and the most exotic of hospital equipment. Such crisis measures cannot help but be expensive, and therefore they are used only in the most extreme of situations. But most of us feel that the cost is justified in these circumstances.

MARY LOU ZOGLIN
Los Altos, Calif.

SIR: Godfrey Hodgson is to be congratulated for writing such a comprehensive yet readable article on the problems of health care in this country. Hopefully, as public awareness of the many factors involved increases, some action on a meaningful program will be taken.

ELLIOT L. RICHARDSON
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Hodgson will reply in next month's issue.

ALKAN

SIR: It is pleasant to see that *The Atlantic,* after so many false starts, has returned to the publication of musicological papers among its other learned essays and articles.

I refer, of course, to "Alkan" by Henry Shultz (September issue), a work of scholarship and astute musical feeling. While Shultz has covered the ground thoroughly and has certainly cast new light into once darkened, indeed forgotten corners, I should appreciate the opportunity to further elucidate, and also perhaps question one or two premises.

To begin with, Shultz gives us no alternative when he states in his opening that ALKAN was perhaps the FALSE DMITRI. I wonder if we cannot turn his thinking around and flatly question whether the FALSE DMITRI was not perhaps ALKAN? By doing so we can also meet head on those critics who deny the very existence of ALKAN and claim that by a distorted biographical quirk ALKAN is simply the remainder of the ALKANE SERIES, which every high school boy knows as aliphatic hydrocarbons having the general formula C_nH_{2n+2}.

Be that as it may, and I shall state that I do not subscribe to such a theory, Shultz is debonair in his total disregard of the cause of ALKAN's death. It is not good enough simply to state as he does, "His bookcase suddenly topples over and snuffs out his life." Medwin, Stanhope, Prof. Marchand, and even Trelawny all give the facts which, simply stated, are that ALKAN reached for a Hebrew dictionary on the top shelf and in doing so pulled the bookcase down upon himself. A rather different circumstance, Shultz will agree, than his view of the affair.

And it is rather late in the day for us to read once again that Sans Souci had 365 harpsichords. Isn't Shultz aware that both Edgar Allan Poe, by ratiocination, and Adele Aus Der Ohe, by observation, proved that Sans Souci had only three harpsichords, but a well-trained body of movers who were always a room ahead of visitors and moved the same three harpsichords in such a way that there was always one to be found in the room about to be entered? In questioning some areas of Shultz's dubious scholarship and awkward history I by no means wish to cast a false light on his valued research. We are all certainly aware of ALKAN's magnificent *Grande Bagatelle Heroique on The Barber of Seville* as also of his *Variations sérieuses d'après le Bar-*

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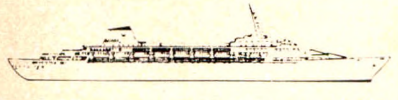

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bier de Seville. But what a peculiar lacuna to refrain from mentioning his far greater works, such as *Réconciliation, petit caprice en forme de Zorcico,* or the *Paraphrase on 'Super flumina Babylonis,'* which is actually Opus 54 and not the *Variations sérieuses* as Professor Shultz mistakenly asserts.

In closing I can give a more vivid picture of the elder ALKAN than Shultz vouchsafes us by quoting a contemporary account of Signor Pietro Gamba in his valuable *Twelve Lessons from the Chinese.* Gamba says that although ALKAN refused to perform in public, he was not averse sometimes to playing for "des dames très parfumées et frou-frounantes."

Can that leave any doubt in our minds that ALKAN really WAS the FALSE DMITRI? I think not.

RALPH BERKOWITZ
Albuquerque, N.M.

SIR: If the article on Alkan was designed to titillate the reader, it fell far short of its mark and did little in my opinion to enhance either Alkan's or the writer's stature. Unfortunately, the name of this remarkably gifted composer is still relatively unknown, even among the *cognoscenti,* and to picture him as a congenital rake tossing darts at can-can girls and handing out exploding cigars to his acquaintances is fabrication of the grossest sort. Alkan was by all accounts a highly sensitive, cultured artist who was greatly admired by his contemporaries and whose compositions contributed much to the literature of the piano.

"The *somewhat* imaginary life and times of the French composer?" Hallucinatory would have been a far more accurate subtitle for this distastefully sophomoric opus.

EDWARD J. FELESINA
Maywood, N.J.

SIR: Henry Alkan Shultz is a man after my own heart.

RAY REEDER
Music Librarian
California State University
Hayward, Calif.

Henry Shultz replies:

With respect to Mr. Berkowitz's emendations, I am only too happy to defer to the superior knowledge of so distinguished a musician.

With respect to Mr. Felesina's Complaint, I was hoping that the publication of "Alkan" would produce at least one such letter, and am therefore much gratified to receive his—the more so as he recognizes the piece as a "fabrication of the grossest sort."

Has nobody written to object that T. S. Eliot was not "President of Harvard from 1888 to 1965"?

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: I devoutly hope The Mail in your October issue relating to John Kenneth Galbraith's "The Economics of the American Housewife" article was not proportionately representative of the views expressed by *Atlantic* readers. If it was, the letter-writing women of America have a lot to learn about logic, to say nothing of day care and the psychology of exploitation.

The Mss. Bumgarner, Hunt, and Schwartzman assert that day care as it exists is a harmful but necessary substitute for deranged mothers. (Surely, this is a sweeping and inaccurate generalization.) They go on to assume no better form of child care is possible.

In particular, Ms. Schwartzman makes no mention of the crucial fact that many kibbutz mothers (according to Melford Spiro, her own source) are unhappy with the very concept of communal child-rearing, perhaps as a result of their heritage of *"Kinder, Küche, Kirche."* This and the desire of the kibbutz pioneers to share the highest form of communal work—agriculture—have undoubtedly contributed to the uncertain success of the child care centers.

Ms. Bowley shares with Ms. Hunt the one-sided view that since some marketplace workers cannot cope with stress, we are all better off at home; she goes on to suggest (in jest?) that her only alternatives to home work are a harem or the front lines in Cambodia.

Mrs. Engel refers to the lovely idea that no work is beneath human dignity. I agree, but Jesus also warned against wasting "talents."

I respect women who choose a career in the home, but I scorn half-baked attempts to limit my horizons.

Vive Jorgensen and Galbraith!!

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EVELYN WAUGH'S LOST RABBIT

by Claud Cockburn

The late writer's cousin and close friend offers a bittersweet recollection of a man whose powers of acid insight were at odds with his need to wall himself off from reality. Beneath the snobbery and satire lay "the sense of inexplicable doom."

When the London *Observer* recently started to publish extracts from the *Diaries* of Evelyn Waugh, a television producer had a flashy idea. The first installments, relating mainly to Evelyn's contemporaries at Oxford in the 1920s, had already achieved a *succès de scandale.* They conveyed to many readers the impression that the lives of those young men had been dominated by alcoholism and homosexual excesses. And who were those people? Some were titled. Many had become figures of national repute or notoriety. Others, identified only by initials and asterisks, were assumed, in some cases rightly, to be well-known public men, with respectable characters to defend and hair-trigger libel lawyers to do the defending.

So why not, the television man thought, approach as many as possible of the survivors of Evelyn Waugh's Oxford, bring them together, fifty years on, in a suitably Waugh-world setting such as a private dining room at the Savoy Hotel where, overlooking the Thames, they would lunch luxuriously and chat reminiscently for the enlightenment of viewers?

There were times when the producer must have recalled George Jean Nathan's warning to playwrights that a great idea for a play is not necessarily an idea for a great play. Two or three of those invited regretted they had to be in Ischia, Barbados, or the Hebrides on the suggested date. Others made cautiously elaborate stipulations about the guest list and the themes to be discussed. One, a former member of the government, repeatedly referred to by initial and asterisks, blatantly denied that he had ever had more than the most casual acquaintance with Evelyn, and would sue for slander anyone who said otherwise. Another, who at first had been willing, cried off when I chanced to mention that I understood the program was to be entitled *Vile Buddies.*

What with one thing and another, only five of us sat down to talk—"intimately and informally," we were urged—as the television lights probed our faces hopefully for whatever traces of dissolute living might still mark them and thus make more real to the viewers the Oxford of the *Diaries.* In his volume of autobiography, *A Little Learning,* published in 1964, Evelyn wrote, "It seems that now, after the second war, my contemporaries [at Oxford] are regarded with a mixture of envy and reprobation, as libertines and wastrels." All present at the Savoy lunch were conscious that publication of the *Diaries* had reinforced that opinion. Several postures of self-defense were visible. And some were clearly trying to recall whether life had really been so uninhibitedly libertine as that.

I have forgotten most of what we all said, but I recall that Tom Driberg, a Labour M.P. and prominent character in the *Diaries,* interrupted some statement I was making to remark, "Of course you know that Evelyn always spoke of you as 'my mad cousin Claud.' " This probably lowered my credibility with the viewers, but it was true, and agreeably illuminating of Evelyn's attitudes.

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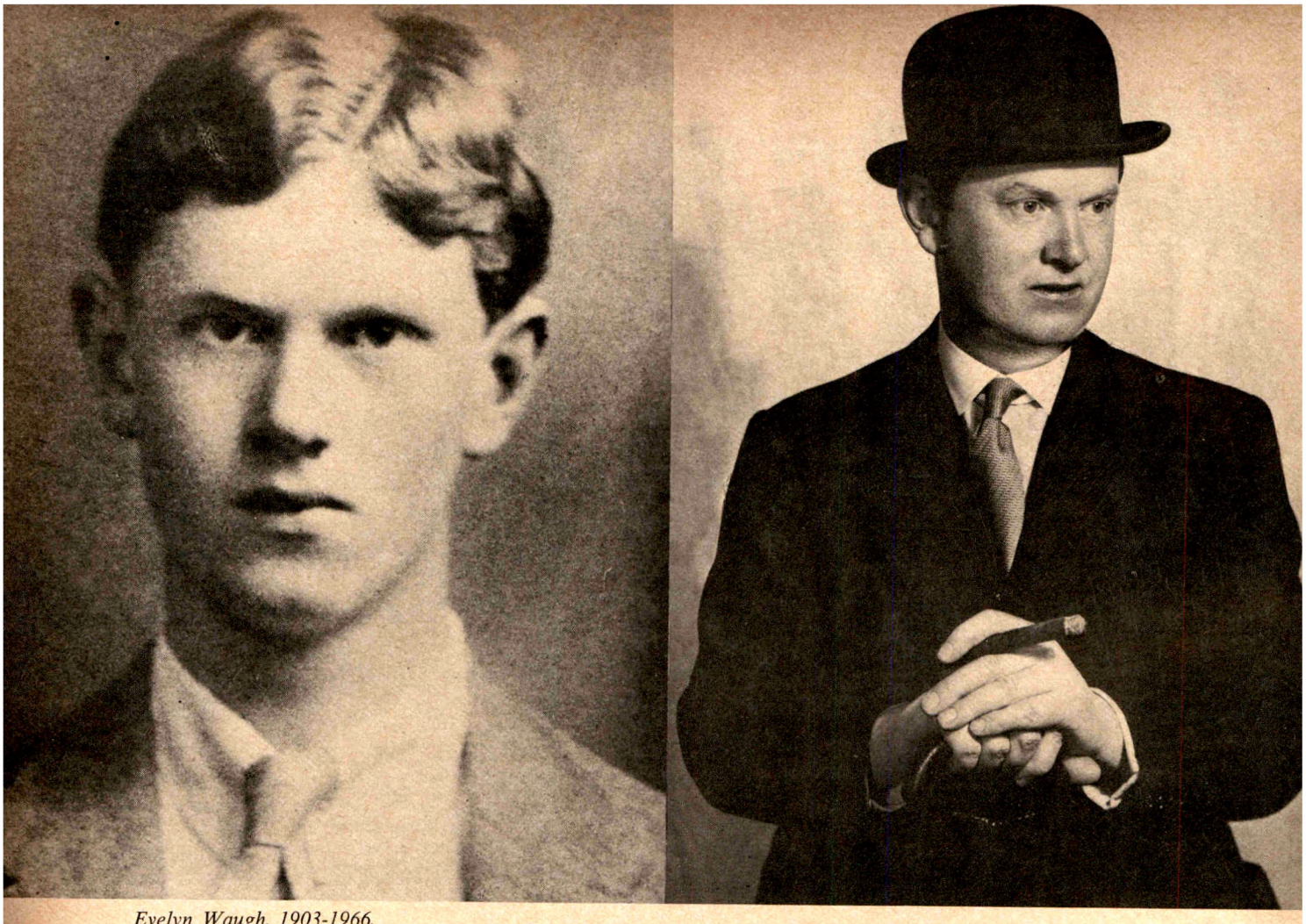

Evelyn Waugh, 1903-1966.

He dubbed me "mad" because I lived, except during Oxford terms, in Budapest. This, as an awkward incident of life, seemed to him explicable, given that my father was in the foreign service. My madness consisted in taking the politics of Central Europe seriously. At our first meeting he said to me, puzzled: "You talk as though all that were quite real to you." His attitude toward what he unaffectedly referred to as "abroad" was only slightly caricatured by Mr. Pennyfeather in *Decline and Fall.* Mr. Pennyfeather thought that Love was like Abroad inasmuch as if people had not happened to read about them both they would have no interest in either. Since in Evelyn's view England, a partially imaginary England, was the center of the world, all un-Englishness, such as finding Abroad real, was, in the literal sense of the word, eccentric: slightly, in fact, mad.

But mad or not, a cousin was a cousin, and he took family relationships and obligations seriously. Just how seriously I realized for the first time one morning as we sat in his rooms in Hertford College, looking at the rain, drinking whiskey against the enervating climate of Oxford, and listening to intrusive sounds of patter and thump from the rooms above. The rooms, Evelyn explained, were those of his enemy, the dean of the college, whom Evelyn, as a blow in the feud, accused of having sexual relations with his dog. "Now he's raping the poor brute. And at this hour in the morning."

"No hope," I said, "of it being just a faulty vacuum cleaner?"

"No, no. You don't know that man as I do. It's him, no doubt of it. How I pity that unhappy dog."

The depression of the climate having momentarily counteracted the cheer of the whiskey, I fell to lamenting my financial condition. Evelyn, a year senior to myself, lectured me gently on my improvidence. I had, he pointed out, made the mistake of not buying enough, on account, from tailors, wine merchants, booksellers, and others. He suspected that when they sent in bills which were beyond my means to pay I had panicked, sought to economize, stopped buying. His own debts were greater than mine: but he kept the creditors quiet in the traditional Oxonian manner of the day by simply ordering more and more goods.

"Naturally," he said, "living abroad you couldn't know about that. And how much do you urgently need?"

I said I thought I could make do with two hundred pounds—a small sum today, but worth in those times at least four times its present value.

Evelyn suddenly brightened.

"If that's all it is," he said, "stop worrying. You

Claud Cockburn, journalist and political commentator, wrote the novel *Beat the Devil* under the pen name James Helvick. He lives in Ireland.

must get it from my brother, your cousin Alec."

I said, "But." I reminded him that I scarcely knew Alec; had met him briefly when I was a schoolboy and he a young soldier on his way to the Western Front of World War I. How, five or six years later, could I suddenly write to him asking for a loan of two hundred pounds?

Evelyn stiffened with an air of surprise and shock such as might be provoked in a priest by a seminarian disclosing ignorance of an article of faith.

"But my dear Claud, he's your *cousin.* Of *course* he must lend you what you need."

"How, if it comes to that, do I know he has two hundred pounds ready to lend me?"

"Of *course* he has two hundred pounds. He writes for the papers—magazines. People publish his books. He *makes money* out of writing."

In the Oxford of the day, that last was a serious charge indeed. It implied vile philistinism, betrayal of all artistic principle. Evelyn, who had feelings of warm affection for his brother, regarded him in this respect the way a delicately nurtured girl might have regarded an elder sister who made good money as a whore. One still was as fond of her as ever. Probably she had done the best she could. But the least she could do was to use the money for the benefit of worthier, finer members of the family.

It has from time to time occurred to me that some assessors of the works and career of Evelyn Waugh are inadequately aware of how potent, how absolute that way of thinking was when he was nineteen or twenty and at Oxford.

Resuming his lecture, Evelyn soon convinced me that it was not only my right as a cousin but my literary duty to get these two hundred pounds from Alec. I would be doing him a good turn by giving him a chance to act in a cousinly way and simultaneously devote to a good cause money got by sordid means.

"You must write immediately."

I did so. And, under the influence of Evelyn's eloquence, my tone was peremptory.

Alec's reply was a brief, courteous, and complete refusal. Reading it calmly by myself I found it natural enough. Why should Alec lend such a sum to a person whose existence he had certainly forgotten in the years since he trained as a soldier at Berkhampstead?

But at the disappointing news Evelyn became first rigid in incredulity, then vehement in outrage. He had a need and a capacity—later vividly displayed in his novels—to see the details of life and human behavior exemplifying the clash of general beliefs and tendencies, virtues and vices, as in a morality play. He felt now, and so stated, that his own brother had monstrously identified himself with Evil. He had not only callously spurned the obligations of family relationship. He had not only

for years betrayed the cause of literature by making money with his writings. He had even refused to mitigate this offense by handing over a small part of his gains to a more deserving and scrupulous person. For although neither I nor Evelyn had at that time published anything other than a couple of small contributions to school or university magazines, it was Evelyn's conviction that we were writers, artists, in the true sense of the word, which could by no means be said of Alec. We had offered that hardened hack a chance to pay out conscience money. He had neglected the opportunity.

"That bald-headed lecher," said Evelyn sternly, "needs a lesson in how a gentleman should comport himself."

Alec in his mid-twenties was, in fact, prematurely bald. Evelyn had picked up somewhere, and pretended to believe, the theory that excessive sexual activity caused a man's hair to fall out. Alec; living the normal life of a reasonably successful young writer in London, had, I suppose, the normal number of love affairs. Evelyn, whose attitude to women was at that time ambiguous, often veering between romantic passion and alarmed contempt, chose to regard his brother's way of life as vulgar, at the best crudely bourgeois. This estimate seemed confirmed by the fact that Alec had a cozy apartment in, I think, Kensington or some equally bourgeois district. In any case, no garret.

Following the refusal of the loan, the lesson in gentlemanly comportment was quickly organized. Evelyn and a couple of friends took to making trips to London for a purpose described as "mocking Alec." They spied on Alec and dogged him. Sometimes they would be lying in wait just as Alec and some young woman got out of their taxi. They would then rush forward shouting, "Boo to Alec the bald-headed lecher!" Once, according to Evelyn, they hid just outside the windows of the apartment, waited until the girl was reclining on a couch while Alec lowered the lights, and then burst in with their offensive slogan.

"Alec's women," Evelyn said, "are the kind apt to be rendered frigid by anything unconventional."

Much later, he wrote of Oxford in his day that "it was a male community. Except during Eights Week girls were very rarely to be seen in the men's colleges. The late train from Paddington was by tradition known as The Fornicator, but it was not much frequented for that purpose. Most men were well content to live in a society as confined as it had been before the coming of the railway, and to indulge in light flirtations during the vacations and deep friendships during the term."

This situation, particularly the deep friendships, naturally caused a lot of loose talk among outside observers. Learning that this kind of talk was harming the interests of a club we belonged to, Evelyn characteristically exerted himself to rebut it. The club was the New Reform. It had been financially founded by Lloyd George, who desired to mobilize the youth of Oxford in the interests of his own wing of the Liberal Party and wreck the old Liberal Club, which supported the Asquithian wing.

Lloyd George, so astute in all other matters, had a strange belief that young men, particularly upper-class young men, were ingenuous and naïve. On letting it be known that he was thinking of releasing substantial sums of money from his secret funds for the purpose of founding a club in Oxford, he was pleased to note the simpleminded, idealistic enthusiasm for his brand of Liberalism displayed by several of the undergraduates who at once hurried to see him. The young men said they felt that such a club was what was needed to regenerate the political life not only of Oxford but of England. They indicated their readiness to dedicate themselves unstintingly to such a cause.

They did not have to ask the indelicate question, "How much?" because, unknown to Lloyd George, they had already found out approximately how much he was ready to put up. It was a lot. Some of these ingenuous and naïve young men immediately started to spend it on obtaining and fitting out commodious club rooms in the center of Oxford, hiring a good chef, and buying the most expensive champagne, this being then sold to members at half price. "To encourage the old boy," as one of the founders put it, a part of Lloyd George's money was secretly used to bribe members of other political clubs to join the New Reform. "No political obligations, of course. Just a question of showing L.G. that the club's a worthwhile investment."

With all these inducements, the club soon became a lively social center, frequented mainly by people who, even if they chanced to be aware of the difference between Lloyd Georgian and Asquithian Liberals, were certainly not going to be of much political use to either.

There were, inevitably, nasty moments when some sneak would report to Lloyd George that he was wasting his money: membership of the club, such reports said, was largely composed of men who had no intention at all of furthering his interests and were a pretty raffish lot anyway. Coincidentally with one of these nasty moments, two elder statesmen of the Lloyd George faction happened to be in Oxford—I think in connection with some University business. One of them was a former Cabinet minister, the other a grim leader of Lloyd George's still large Welsh nonconformist following. Naturally enough they lunched at the New Reform. Someone suggested to Evelyn that their real business in Oxford was to spy upon the club

and estimate the worthiness of its members to enjoy Lloyd George's subsidies.

On being introduced to them after lunch, during which his indignation at their supposed objective had been fueled by at least a bottle of that excellent champagne, Evelyn addressed them sternly.

"I hope," he said, "that you and your leader have not been listening to any slanders brought to you by prurient talebearers concerning the club at which you are at present being entertained." He went on to refute, at some length, any allegations that might have been made regarding frivolity, lack of serious purpose, or excessively high living among its members.

"I have even," he said, "been told that ill-wishers have sought to suggest that this club is a meeting place of homosexuals. Let me tell you gentlemen that there is hardly a man in this room who does not have a complete orgasm every time he passes a woman in the street."

The former Cabinet minister took offense because he supposed this was some oblique, satirical jibe at Lloyd George's own sex life. The nonconformist leader was shocked for more obvious reasons, and both walked out of the club, no doubt to report adversely on its tone.

In his unfinished autobiography, Evelyn describes and documents on several pages the political ignorance and indifference of himself and most of his contemporary friends. He was unaware, for instance, of the Greco-Turkish war, the advance of the Turks across Asia Minor, and the threat of a new world war. "So little did I follow the news that at the beginning of one term I blithely greeted a man in Balliol with what seemed a pleasantry: 'I suppose all your sisters were raped during the vacation,' to which the sad and candid answer was simply: 'Yes.' For he came from Smyrna."

To Evelyn, Smyrna and Budapest, the Middle East and Central Europe, were about equally far from the natural center of things, equally difficult to consider as realities. To read or hear about them was to him like reading a review, or listening to some film fan's account, of a picture one had no wish to see: not, certainly, a picture it could possibly be important to see or have seen. And this more or less contemptuous indifference to serious political events was almost equally evident when the events occurred not Abroad, but at Westminster or in the coalfields, cotton towns, and shipyards of Great Britain.

Older people, whether deploring or excusing such an attitude, agreed in attributing it simply and conveniently to what was called the "aftermath" of World War I. A lot of readers of the *Diaries* have offered the same explanation of the Oxford atmosphere of the period. Several guests at that Savoy lunch explained the frivolous goings-on of Evelyn and his contemporaries by depicting them as a natural reaction of young men brought up amid the horrors and austerities of the war years, a joyous acceptance of the blessings of peace together with a conviction that since it was the serious old politicians who had got the world into that mess, they and their policies were not worth bothering about.

It is an easy-to-serve piece of instant explanation, with some ingredients of truth. But it is a distortion, and one that could be bewildering to any person anxious to understand the lives and works not only of Evelyn Waugh but of a whole range of the young Oxford intelligentsia of his time. For it obscures the realities of that war's traumatic effect upon that generation.

Nobody is surprised by evidence of that trauma in the writings and attitudes of those young intellectuals who fought in the war and survived it. It is to be seen in innumerable novels, memoirs, and poems published in England in the middle and late 1920s. And, as many comments on the Waugh *Diaries* show, there is a wide assumption that the characteristic central fact about young men of Evelyn's age is that they escaped the war. Nobody born in England before 1912 escaped the war. Evelyn and his Oxford friends were not killed or maimed in it. And in that there was, naturally, cause of relief and even rejoicing. But you cannot grow up in a period during which nineteen thousand of your fellow countrymen are shot dead a few miles from your classroom on a single day and escape conscious or subconscious effects. That particular day was July 1, 1916, at the battle of the Somme. By the end of 1918 all the British dead numbered three-quarters of a million. Of his schooldays in 1917-1918 Evelyn recalls, "The boys in authority were too young, the masters too old. Everything was of necessity a makeshift—the clothes we wore, the food we ate, the books we worked with, the masters who should have taught us. We were cold, shabby and hungry in the ethos not of free Sparta but of some beleaguered, enervated and forgotten garrison." And those direct, material impacts of the war were less deeply traumatic than the intangible, pervasive smog of gloom, frustration, reiterated horror shot through with lunatic hopes, which seeps into the lungs of everyone living through a war like that.

The effects remain in the aftermath.

There were certainly loutish types who, unaware of their own conditioning in their childish war years, really did proclaim that the thing to do was to forget the bloody war and have fun. They too suffered, without knowing it, from the trauma of the war. And they were responsible for the coarseness, triviality, and insensitivity which were such marked features of the British upper and middle classes during the 1920s.

But such was by no means the attitude of Evelyn and the majority of his friends, though, one must say, even among them there was a thick-skinned lout here and there. But for sensitive young men of Evelyn's generation—the generation that had, by the skin of its teeth, escaped the carnage of the Western Front—there was no sense of escape, of relief, or of painless return to the imaginary normalities of Edwardian and early Georgian days. Their emotional attitudes were better, and significantly, expressed by Father Rothschild in *Vile Bodies* when, in the midst of a hilarious party scene, he spoke to the ludicrous Prime Minister Outrage of the war to come and the shadow it cast upon the youth of the day. The whole comedy of *Vile Bodies* is played against a backcloth prophesying doom, and its climax pre-views the squalid catastrophe of a Second World War.

Vile Bodies was not written until several years after Evelyn's time at Oxford, and the pre-viewed catastrophe was another few years ahead. But nobody who knew Evelyn at Oxford and in the years immediately following could be unaware of the sense of inexplicable doom to come which so oppressed and strained that sensitive young man, driving him to many extravagances very shocking to his father and some of the elders among his acquaintance.

I never kept a diary, but I did write occasional notes recording sharp impressions made upon me by events or personalities. After my first encounter with Evelyn, I wrote that my cousin, whom I found immediately attractive and stimulating, suggested, with his eager, challenging, yet bewildered stare, a boy who has just been told simultaneously that his pet rabbit has been lost, but that on the other hand it is known for sure that there is a pirate's cave full of treasure somewhere in the garden if one can only find it.

I did not at the time understand the exact nature of the rabbit. Later, the shape and appeal of the creature emerged with increasing clarity from Evelyn's novels and, in its most clear definition, from *A Little Learning.* Like all such largely imaginary creatures, it changed shape from time to time according to the moods and needs of its owner. In its simplest form it was the England in which Evelyn believed himself to have existed as a child. That cleaner, greener land of his exclusive recollection and compulsive imagination bore little resemblance to the England of unprecedented and as yet unparalleled *Stürm und Drang,* in which, by 1914, syndicalist revolution and civil war were but narrowly averted by the outbreak of the international conflict.

Later, the rabbit grew in size and symmetry. During its struggle for preservation in the mind of its original owner, it grew finer fur, longer ears, and taught itself to roll and flash its eyes. That little patch of old England which Evelyn partly knew, and partly invented, became identified with religious and spiritual values: ultimately with civilization.

Any creative artist so vigorous, so dedicated to the techniques and purpose of his art, as Evelyn was, is impelled to seek to impose a pattern upon apparent chaos. It was a peculiarity of British education at that period, and of the general situation of Britain between the wars, that the patterns, the lines to be drawn against chaos, were, in the thinking of most young men, grotesquely limited. To my fellow students in Budapest, so unreal to Evelyn, it would have seemed incredible that there could exist a place such as Oxford where, for instance, Marxism had been barely heard of. That did indeed appear to them an unreal dream world. Whether Marxists or anti-Marxists, Catholics or Calvinists, they, after defeat and civil war, saw the world and the possible patterns of the world in quite other terms than those visible to the dominant intelligentsia of Oxford. They saw more possible locations for the pirates' treasure than Evelyn could possibly envisage.

This sense of England, simultaneously sharp and even ludicrously undeveloped, produced that flamboyant *snobisme* which so often startled, amused, or offended observers. He grew to identify England with the British upper class, and the upper class (more and more rigidly restricted to the Roman Catholic section of the upper class) with civilization.

These fantasies may have been in part the result of a peculiar social insecurity from which he seems to have suffered at an early age. At the age of fifteen he would walk all the way across Hampstead Heath in a snowstorm to mail a letter in order that it should bear the Hampstead postmark rather than that of Golders Green. There was a mailbox a couple of hundred yards from his home in Golders Green. But, at least at that time, Golders Green was deemed grossly, laughably inferior, as an address, to Hampstead.

News of such procedures by my then unknown cousin naturally amazed me, and I asked questions. I was given a strange explanation. I was told that Evelyn, from sources unknown, had somehow acquired the notion that his mother, a connection of the Cockburn family, had, as the saying went, "married beneath" her when she wed Arthur Waugh, who, if one faced facts, was nothing more or less than a publisher: a man in trade. Even then I found it difficult to see how the Cockburn family, half of whom had for a hundred years been coining money out of the port business, could be regarded as so aristocratically superior to people who tried to make some money out of publishing.

Preposterous as the whole notion may today appear, I am inclined to think that this absurd report

of some kind of *mésalliance* really did affect Evelyn as a boy and thus fueled the snobbery which was evident at Oxford and became obsessive in his later life. Evelyn was not attracted by money or power. Indeed, as parts of *Brideshead Revisited* indicated, the merely rich and the merely powerful increasingly repelled him. He saw them as barbarically inimical to truly civilized standards and values. He was continuously attracted and stimulated by people who, however lacking in other qualities, could be seen by the light of his eager imagination as embodiments of an aristocratic civilization and elegant traditions.

This snobbery was feverish. Like a fever, it could have contrary effects. It could heighten his satiric awareness of the nuances and the absurdities of the peculiarly English type of class-ridden society under his observation. It could also (see *Brideshead,* passim) lower his vitality and enfeeble his powers of observation to the point where his vision was clouded by a ludicrous sentimentality: the naked emperor appeared very smartly dressed.

His ostentatious, self-dramatizing rejection of reality required, in middle life, an equally ostentatious symbol. He found it in the form of an enormous ear trumpet. He must, I suppose, have had it specially custom-built. For although in shape and general design it resembled the ear trumpets depicted in Victorian cartoons, it seemed larger than any ear trumpet anyone had ever used before. Whether he was in fact slightly deaf, or even deaf at all, I never knew. If he was, he could have fitted himself out with some unobtrusive modern aid to hearing. But an instrument of that kind would not have suited his book. For the function of the ear trumpet was not simply to assist hearing. On the contrary, it was to emphasize and portray, in an unmistakable physical manner, the laborious difficulty its owner had in understanding any communication the modern world might be seeking to make to him.

It was both an advertisement of his personal attitude, a form of rebuke, and a weapon. I once saw it thus used, inflicting terrible wounds. My recollection of the occasion is one of the last memories I have of Evelyn, for I saw nothing of him during the latter part of his existence as the ghost of an eighteenth-century squire in the west of England. He had come to London to attend some very high-toned literary lunch or dinner. The guest of honor and principal speaker was some pompous statesman, a member, I think, of the Cabinet, with unjustified pretensions as a scholar and writer. It was understood that he was going to use this feast as the vehicle or sounding board for a major pronouncement on the future of civilization or something of that kind. Evelyn, as we drank before lunch, had already spoken to me of "that fellow" with aversion and savage opprobrium.

The chairman's table was richly garnished with celebrities, literary, artistic, and political. But as the meal progressed, the attention of the couple of hundred guests was increasingly concentrated upon Evelyn and his gigantic ear trumpet, which was by some means clamped to his head, leaving his hands free for the business of eating and drinking. The movements of the instrument, as Evelyn turned its gaping mouth this way and that to catch the words of whoever might be addressing him from one side or another, or from across the table, were fascinating and nearly hypnotic.

The chairman spoke briefly, and the trumpet seemed to be devouring his words. Then the guest of honor rose to speak, with all the confidence of a man who had won much acclaim for wit, wisdom, and polished oratory. The receiving end of the trumpet was trained upon him. He had been speaking for perhaps a minute when Evelyn was seen to be unscrewing the thing from his head. He removed it from his ear, placed its great bulk on the tablecloth in front of him, and sat gazing intently at his plate. The guest of honor could have dealt easily with some rude heckler. But the gesture with the trumpet utterly dismayed and discomfited him. He stared at the contraption with incredulity. He paused and slightly stammered. Probably for the first time in decades of public speaking, he lost the thread of his discourse. His pronouncement to the nation rambled almost incoherently. The reporters present stopped taking notes. He sat down after speaking for less than half the time allotted to him. As he did so, Evelyn picked up the trumpet and began adjusting it once more to the listening position. □

Waugh in a BBC broadcast.

THE PRINCIPLE OF TOLERANCE

by J. Bronowski

"There is no absolute knowledge. And those who claim it, whether they are scientists or dogmatists, open the door to tragedy."

One aim of the physical sciences has been to give an exact picture of the material world. One achievement of physics in the twentieth century has been to prove that that aim is unattainable. Take a good, concrete object: the human face. A blind woman runs her fingertips over the face of a man she senses for the first time, thinking aloud: "I would say that he is elderly. I think, obviously, he is not English. He has a rounder face than most English people. And I should say he is probably Continental, if not Eastern-Continental. The lines in his face would be lines of possible agony. I thought at first they were scars. It is not a happy face."

It is the face of Stephan Borgrajewicz, who like me was born in Poland. In the illustration it is seen by the Polish artist, Feliks Topolski. We are aware that the picture does not so much fix the face as explore it; that the artist is tracing the detail almost as if by touch; and that each line that is added strengthens the picture but never makes it final. We accept that as the method of the artist.

But what physics has now done is to show that that is the only method to knowledge. There is no absolute knowledge. And those who claim it, whether they are scientists or dogmatists, open the door to tragedy. All information is imperfect. We have to treat it with humility. That is the human condition, and that is what quantum physics says. I mean that literally.

Look at the face across the whole spectrum of electromagnetic information. How fine and how exact is the detail that we can see with the best instruments in the world—even with a perfect instrument, if we can conceive one? And seeing the detail need not be confined to seeing with visible

Portrait of Stephan Borgrajewicz by Polish artist Feliks Topolski.

light. James Clerk Maxwell in 1867 proposed that light is an electromagnetic wave, and the equations that he constructed for it implied that there are others. The spectrum of visible light, from red to violet, is only an octave or so in the range of invisible radiations. There is a whole keyboard of information, all the way from the longest wavelengths of radio waves (the low notes) to the shortest wavelengths of X-rays and beyond (the highest notes). We shall shine it all, turn by turn, on the human face.

James Clerk Maxwell

The longest of the invisible waves are the radio waves, whose existence Heinrich Hertz proved in the 1880s, and so confirmed Maxwell's theory. Because they are the longest, they are also the crudest. A radar scanner working at a wavelength of a few meters will not see the face at all, unless we make the face also some meters across, like a Mexican stone head. Only when we shorten the wavelength does any detail appear on the giant head: at a fraction of a meter, the ears.

Next we look at the face, the man's face, with a camera which is sensitive to the next range of radiation, to wavelengths of less than a millimeter: infrared rays. The astronomer William Herschel discovered them in 1800 by noticing the warmth when he focused his telescope beyond red light: for the infrared rays are heat rays. The camera plate translates them into visible light in a rather arbitrary code, making the hottest look blue and the coolest look red or dark. We see the rough features of the face: the eyes, the mouth, the nose—we see the heat stream from the nostrils. We learn something new about the human face, but what we learn has no detail.

At its shortest wavelengths, some hundredths of a millimeter or less, infrared shades gently into visible red. The film that we use now is sensitive to both, and the face springs to life. It is no longer *a* man; it is the man we know: Stephan Borgrajewicz. White light reveals him to the eye visibly, in detail: the small hairs, the pores in the skin, a blemish here, a broken vessel there. White light is a mixture of wavelengths, from red to orange to yellow to green to blue and finally to violet, the shortest visible waves. We ought to see more exact details with the short violet waves than the long red waves. But in practice, a difference of an octave or so does not help much.

The painter analyzes the face, takes the features apart, separates the colors, enlarges the image. It is natural to ask: should not the scientist use a microscope to isolate and analyze the finer features? Yes, he should. But we ought to understand that the microscope enlarges the image but cannot improve it: the sharpness of detail is fixed by the wavelength of the light. The fact is that at any wavelength we can intercept a ray only by objects about as large as a wavelength itself: a smaller object simply will not cast a shadow.

An enlargement of over two hundred times can single out an individual cell in the skin with ordinary white light. But to get more detail, we need a still shorter wavelength. The next step, then, is ultraviolet light, which has a wavelength of ten-thousandth of a millimeter and less—shorter by a factor of ten and more than visible light. If our eyes were able to see into the ultraviolet, they would see a ghostly landscape of fluorescence. The ultraviolet microscope looks through the shimmer into the cell, enlarged 3500 times, to the level of single chromosomes. But that is the limit: no light will see the human genes within a chromosome.

Once again, to go deeper, we must shorten the wavelength: next, to the X-rays. However, they are so penetrating that they cannot be focused by any material: we cannot build an X-ray microscope. So we must be content to fire them at the face and get a sort of shadow. The detail depends now on their penetration. We see the skull beneath the skin: for example, that the man has lost his teeth. This probing of the body made X-rays exciting as soon as Wilhelm Konrad Röntgen discovered them in 1895, because here was a finding in physics that seemed designed by nature to serve medicine. It made him a kindly father figure, and he was the hero who won the first Nobel Prize in 1901.

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A lucky chance in nature will sometimes let us do more by a flanking movement: that is, by inferring an arrangement which cannot be seen directly. X-rays will not show us an individual atom, because it is too small to cast a shadow even at this short wavelength. Nevertheless, we can map the atoms in a crystal because their spacing is regular, so that the X-rays will form a regular pattern of ripples from which the positions of the obstructing atoms can be inferred. The method was invented in 1912 by Max von Laue, and was a double stroke of ingenuity, for it was the first proof that atoms are real, and also that X-rays are electromagnetic waves.

We have one more step to take: to the electron microscope, where the rays are so concentrated that we no longer know whether to call them waves or particles. Electrons are fired at an object, and they trace its outline like a knife thrower at a fair. The smallest object that has ever been seen is a single atom of thorium. It is spectacular. And yet the soft image confirms that, like the knives that graze the girl at the fair, even the hardest electrons do not give a hard outline. The perfect image is still as remote as the stars.

We are here face to face with the crucial paradox of knowledge. Year by year we devise more precise instruments with which to observe nature, but when we look at the observations, we are discomfited to see that they are still fuzzy, and as uncertain as ever. We seem to be running after a goal which lurches away to infinity every time we come within sight of it.

William Herschel

The paradox of knowledge is not confined to the small, atomic scale: on the contrary, it is as cogent on the scale of man, and even of the stars. Let me put it in the context of an astronomical observatory. Karl Friedrich Gauss's observatory at Göttingen was built about 1807. Throughout his lifetime and ever since, astronomical instruments have been improved. We look at the position of a star as it was determined then and now, and we seem closer to finding it precisely. But when we actually compare our individual observations today, we are astonished to find them as scattered within themselves as ever. We had hoped that the human errors would disappear, and that we would ourselves have God's view. But it turns out that the errors cannot be taken out of the observations. And that is true of stars, or atoms, or just looking at somebody's picture, or hearing the report of somebody's speech.

Karl Friedrich Gauss

Gauss recognized this with that marvelous, boyish genius that he had right up to the age of nearly eighty at which he died. When he was only eighteen years old, when he came to Göttingen to enter the university in 1795, he had already solved the problem of the best estimate of a series of observations which have internal errors. He reasoned then as statistical reasoning still goes today. When an observer looks at a star, he knows that there is a multitude of causes for error. So he takes several readings, and he hopes, naturally, that the best estimate of the star's position is the average: the center of the scatter. So far, so obvious. But Gauss pushed on to ask what the scatter of the errors tells us. He devised the Gaussian curve in which the scatter is summarized by the deviation, or spread, of the curve. And from this came a far-reaching idea: the scatter marks an area of uncertainty. We are not sure that the true position is the center. All we can say is it lies in the area of un-

certainty, and the area is calculable from the observed scatter of the individual observations.

Having this subtle view of human knowledge, Gauss was particularly bitter about philosophers who claimed that they had a road to knowledge more perfect than that of observation. Of many examples I will choose one. It happens that there was a philosopher called Friedrich Hegel, whom I must confess I specifically detest. And I am happy to share that profound feeling with a far greater man, Gauss. In 1800 Hegel presented a thesis proving that although the definition of planets had changed since the Ancients, there still could only be, philosophically, seven planets. Well, not only Gauss knew how to answer that: Shakespeare had answered it long before. There is a marvelous passage in *King Lear,* in which the Fool says to the King: "The reason why the seven stars are no moe than seven is a pretty reason." And the King wags sagely and says: "Because they are not eight?" And the Fool says: "Yes indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool." And so did Hegel. On January 1, 1801, punctually, before the ink was dry on Hegel's dissertation, an eighth planet was discovered: the minor planet Ceres.

History has many ironies. The time bomb in Gauss's curve is that after his death we discover that there is no God's-eye view. The errors are inextricably bound up with the nature of human knowledge. And the irony is that the discovery was made in Göttingen. Ancient university towns are wonderfully alike. Göttingen is like Cambridge in England or New Haven in America: very provincial, not on the way to anywhere—no one comes to these backwaters except for the company of professors. And the professors are sure that this is the center of the world. There is an inscription in the Ratskeller in Göttingen which reads: *Extra Gottingam non est vita* (Outside Göttingen there is no life). This epigram, or should I call it epitaph, is not taken as seriously by the undergraduates as by the professors.

The symbol of the university is the iron statue outside the Ratskeller of a barefoot goosegirl that every student kisses at graduation. The university is a Mecca to which students come with something less than perfect faith. It is important that students bring a certain ragamuffin, barefoot irreverence to their studies: they are not there to worship what is known but to question it.

Like every other university town, the Göttingen landscape is crisscrossed with long walks that professors take after lunch, and the research students are ecstatic if they are asked along. Perhaps Göttingen in the past had been rather sleepy. The small German university towns go back to a time before the country was united (Göttingen was founded by George II as ruler of Hanover), and this gives them a flavor of local bureaucracy. Even after the military might ended and the Kaiser abdicated in 1918, they were more conformist than universities outside Germany.

The link between Göttingen and the outside world was the railway. That was the way the visitors came from Berlin and abroad, eager to exchange the new ideas that were racing ahead in physics. It was a byword in Göttingen that science came to life on the train to Berlin, because that is where people argued and contradicted and had new ideas and had them challenged. In the years of the First World War, science was dominated at Göttingen, as elsewhere, by relativity. But in 1921 there was appointed to the chair of physics Max Born, who began a series of seminars that brought there everyone interested in atomic physics. It is rather surprising to reflect that Max Born was almost forty when he was appointed. By and large, physicists have done their best work before they are thirty (mathematicians even earlier, biologists perhaps a little later). But Born had a remarkable personal, Socratic gift. He drew young men to him, he got the best out of them, and the ideas that he and they exchanged and challenged produced his best work. Out of that wealth of names, whom am I to choose? Obviously Werner Heisenberg, who did his finest work with Born. Then, when Erwin Schrödinger published a different form of basic atomic physics, the arguments took place. And people from all over the world came to Göttingen to join in.

Werner Heisenberg

It is strange to talk in these terms about a subject which, after all, is done by midnight oil. Did physics in the twenties really consist of argument, seminar, discussion, dispute? Yes, it did. It still

does. The people who met in Göttingen, the people who meet in laboratories still, only end their work with a mathematical formulation. They begin it by trying to solve conceptual riddles. The riddles of the subatomic particles—of the electrons and the rest—are mental riddles.

Think of the puzzles that the electron was setting just at that time. The quip among professors

Max Planck

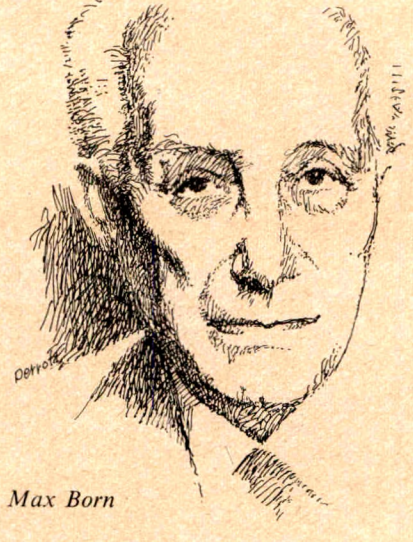
was (because of the way university timetables are laid out) that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the electron would behave like a particle; on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays it would behave like a wave. How could you match those two aspects, brought from the large-scale world and pushed into a single entity, into this Lilliput of the inside of the atom? That is what the speculation and argument were about. And that requires not calculation, but insight, imagination: if you like, metaphysics. I remember a phrase that Max Born used when he came to England many years after, and that still stands in his autobiography. He said: "I am now convinced that theoretical physics is actual philosophy."

Max Born meant that the new ideas in physics amount to a different view of reality. The world is not a fixed, solid array of objects, for it cannot be fully separated from our perception of it. It shifts under our gaze, it interacts with us, and the knowledge that it yields has to be interpreted by us. There is no way of exchanging information that does not demand an act of judgment. Is the electron a particle? It behaves like one in the Bohr atom. But Louis de Broglie in 1924 produced a beautiful wave model, in which the orbits are the places where an exact, whole number of waves closes round the nucleus. Max Born thought of a train of electrons as if each were riding on a crankshaft, so that collectively they constitute a series of Gaussian curves, a wave of probability. A new conception was being made, on the train to Berlin and the professorial walks in the woods of Göttingen: that whatever fundamental units constitute the world, they are more delicate, more fugitive, more startling than we catch in the butterfly net of our senses.

All those woodland walks and conversations came to a brilliant climax in 1927. Early that year Werner Heisenberg gave a new characterization of the electron. Yes, it is a particle, he said, but a particle which yields only limited information: that is, you can specify where it is at this instant, but you cannot impose on it a specific speed and direction at the setting-off. Or conversely, if you insist that you are going to fire it at a certain speed in a certain direction, then you cannot specify exactly what its starting point is, or its end point.

That sounds like a very crude characterization. It is not. Heisenberg gave it depth by making it precise. The information that the electron carries is limited in its totality: that is, for instance, its speed and its position fit together in such a way that they are confined by the tolerance of the quantum. This is the profound idea: one of the great scientific ideas, not only of the twentieth century, but in the history of science.

Heisenberg called this the Principle of Uncertainty. In one sense, it is a robust principle of the



Max Born

everyday. We know that we cannot ask the world to be exact. If an object (a familiar face, for example) had to be exactly the same before we recognized it, we would never recognize it from one day to the next. We recognize the object to be the

same because it is much the same: it is never exactly like it was, it is tolerably like. In the act of recognition, a judgment is built in: an area of tolerance or uncertainty. So Heisenberg's principle says that no events, not even atomic events, can be described with certainty: that is, with zero tolerance. What makes the principle profound is that Heisenberg specifies the tolerance that can be reached. The measuring rod is Max Planck's quantum. In the world of the atom, the area of uncertainty is always mapped out by the quantum.

Leo Szilard

Yet the Principle of Uncertainty is a bad name. In science or outside it, we are not uncertain: our knowledge is merely confined within a certain tolerance. We should call it the Principle of Tolerance. And I propose that name in two senses. First, in the engineering sense. Science has progressed step by step, the most successful enterprise in the ascent of man, because it has understood that the exchange of information between man and nature, and man and man, can take place only with a certain tolerance. But second, I also use the word passionately about the real world. All knowledge, all information between human beings, can be exchanged only within a play of tolerance. And that is true whether the exchange is in science, or in literature, or in religion, or in politics, or even in any form of thought that aspires to dogma. It is a major tragedy that, in Göttingen, scientists were refining to the most exquisite precision the Principle of Tolerance and turning their backs on the fact that all around them tolerance was crashing to the ground beyond repair.

The sky was darkening all over Europe. But there was one particular cloud which had been hanging over Göttingen for a hundred years. Early in the 1800s Johann Friedrich Blumenbach had put together a collection of skulls that he got from distinguished gentlemen with whom he corresponded throughout Europe. There was no suggestion in Blumenbach's work that the skulls were to support a racist division of humanity, although he did use anatomical measurements to classify the families of man. All the same, from the time of Blumenbach's death in 1840 the collection was added to and added to, and became a core of racist, pan-Germanic theory which was officially sanctioned by the National Socialist Party.

When Hitler came to power in 1933, the tradition of scholarship in Germany was destroyed almost overnight. Now the train to Berlin was a symbol of flight. Europe was no longer hospitable to the imagination—and not just the scientific imagination. A whole conception of culture was in retreat: the conception that human knowledge is personal and responsible, an unending adventure at the edge of uncertainty. Silence fell, as after the trial of Galileo. The great men went out into a threatened world: Max Born, Erwin Schrödinger, Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud, Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht, Arturo Toscanini, Bruno Walter, Marc Chagall, Enrico Fermi, and Leo Szilard, who arrived finally, after many years, at the Salk Institute in California.

The Principle of Uncertainty or, in my phrase, the Principle of Tolerance, fixed once and for all the realization that all knowledge is limited. It is an irony of history that at the very time when this was being worked out there should rise, under Hitler in Germany and other tyrants elsewhere, a counterconception: a principle of monstrous certainty. When the future looks back on the thirties it will think of them as a crucial confrontation of culture, the ascent of man, against the throwback to the despots' belief that they had absolute certainty.

Leo Szilard was greatly engaged in all these abstractions, and I spent many afternoons in the last year or so of his life talking with him about them at the Salk Institute. Leo Szilard was a Hungarian whose university life was spent in Germany. In 1929 he had published an important and pioneer paper on what would now be called Information Theory: the relation between knowledge, nature, and man. But by then Szilard was certain that Hitler would come to power and that war was inevitable. He kept two bags packed in his room, and by 1933 he had locked them and taken them to England.

It happened that in September of 1933 Lord Rutherford, at the British Association meeting, made some remark about atomic energy never becoming real. Leo Szilard was the kind of scientist,

perhaps just the kind of good-humored, cranky man, who disliked any statement that contained the word "never," particularly when made by a distinguished colleague. So he set his mind to think about the problem. He was living at the Strand Palace Hotel—he loved living in hotels. He was walking to work at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and as he came to Southampton Row he was stopped by a red light. (That is the only part of the story I find improbable: I never knew Szilard to stop for a red light.) However, before the light turned green, he had realized that if you hit an atom with one neutron, and it happens to break up and release two, then you would have a chain reaction. He wrote a specification for a patent which contains the words "chain reaction," which was filed in 1934.

And now we come to a part of Szilard's personality which was characteristic of scientists at that time, but which he expressed most clearly and loudly. He wanted to keep the patent secret. He wanted to prevent science from being misused. In fact, he assigned the patent to the British Admiralty, so that it was not published until after the war. But meanwhile war was becoming more and more threatening. The march of progress in nuclear physics and the march of Hitler went step by step, pace by pace, in a way that we forget now. Early in 1939 Szilard wrote to Joliot Curie asking him if one could make a prohibition on publication. He tried to get Fermi not to publish. But finally, in August of 1939, he wrote a letter which Einstein signed and sent to President Roosevelt, saying (roughly): "Nuclear energy is here. War is inevitable. It is for the President to decide what scientists should do about it."

But Szilard did not stop. When in 1945 the European war had been won, and he realized that the bomb was now about to be used on the Japanese, Szilard marshaled protest everywhere he could. He wrote memorandum after memorandum. One memorandum to President Roosevelt failed only because Roosevelt died at the very time that Szilard was transmitting it to him. Always Szilard wanted the bomb to be tested openly before the Japanese and an international audience, so that the Japanese should surrender before people died.

Szilard failed, and with him the community of scientists failed. He did what a man of integrity could do. He gave up physics and turned to biology—that is how he came to the Salk Institute—and persuaded others too. Physics had been the passion of the last fifty years, and their masterpiece. But now we knew that it was high time to bring to the understanding of life, particularly human life, the same singleness of mind that we had given to understanding the physical world. The first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima in Japan on August 6, 1945, at 8:15 in the morning. I had not been long back from Hiroshima when I heard someone say, in Szilard's presence, that it was the tragedy of scientists that their discoveries were used for destruction. Szilard replied, as he more than anyone else had the right to reply, that it was not the tragedy of scientists: "It is the tragedy of mankind."

There are two parts to the human dilemma. One is the belief that the end justifies the means. That push-button philosophy, the deliberate deafness to suffering, has become the monster in the war machine. The other is the betrayal of the human spirit: the assertion of dogma that closes the mind and turns a nation, a civilization, into a regiment of ghosts—obedient ghosts or tortured ghosts. It is said that science will dehumanize people and turn them into numbers. That is false, tragically false. Consider the concentration camp and crematorium at Auschwitz, where people were turned into numbers. Into its pond were flushed the ashes of some four million people. And that was not done by gas. It was done by arrogance. It was done by dogma. It was done by ignorance. When people believe that they have absolute knowledge, with no test in reality, that is how they behave. That is what men do when they aspire to the knowledge of gods.

Science is a very human form of knowledge. We are always at the brink of the known, we always feel forward for what is to be hoped. Every judgment in science stands on the edge of error, and is personal. Science is a tribute to what we can know although we are fallible. In the end, the words were said by Oliver Cromwell: "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken."

I owe it as a scientist to my friend Leo Szilard, I owe it as a human being to the many members of my family who died at Auschwitz, to stand by the pond as a survivor and a witness. We have to cure ourselves of the itch for absolute knowledge and power. We have to close the distance between the push-button order and the human act. We have to touch people. □

FEAST DAYS: CHRISTMAS

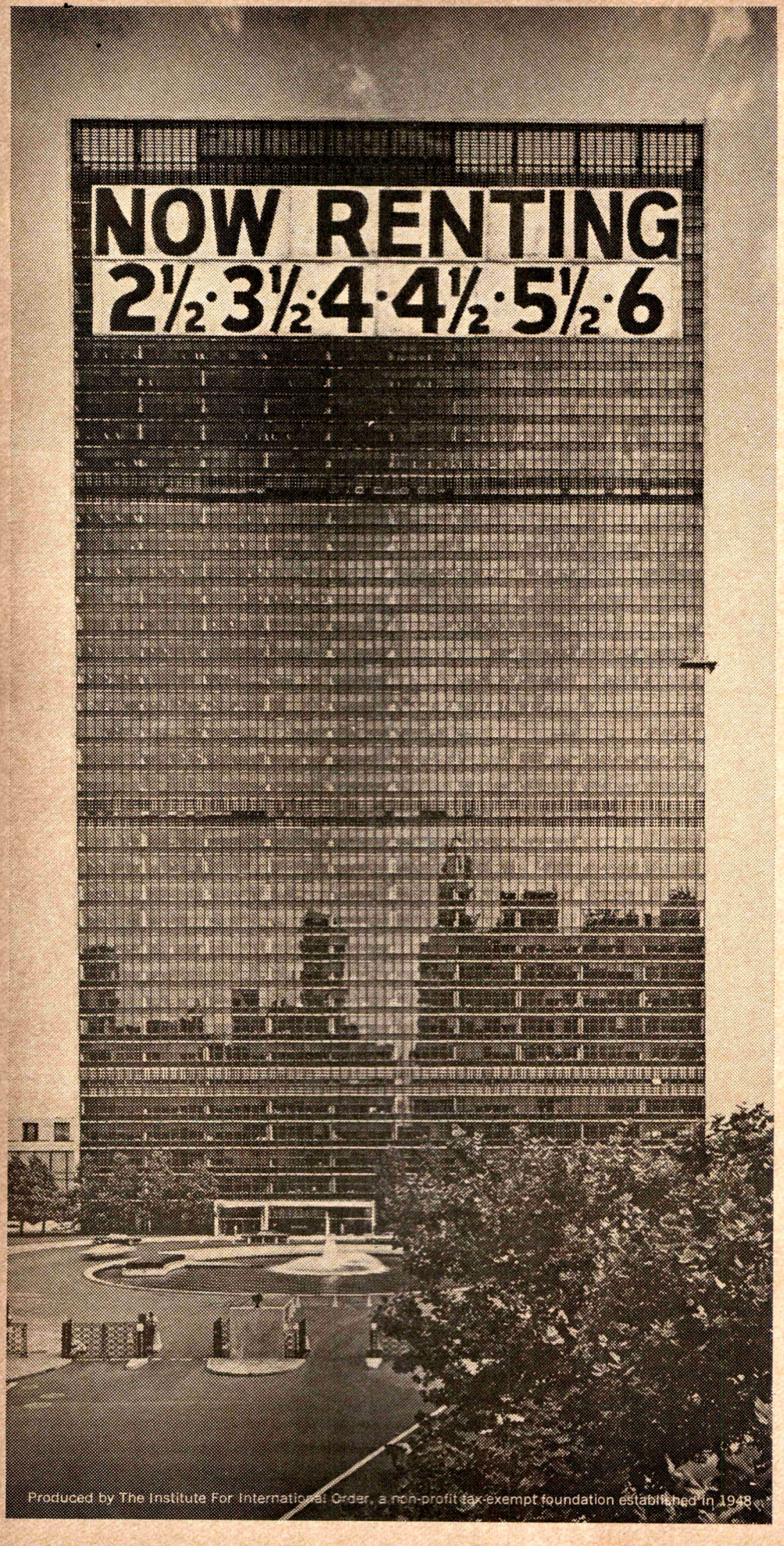
by Annie Dillard

Let me mention
one or two things about Christmas.
Of course you've all heard
that the animals talk
at midnight:
a particular elk, for instance,
kneeling at night to drink,
leaning tall to pull leaves
with his soft lips,
says, alleluia.

That the soil and freshwater lakes
also rejoice,
as do products
such as sweaters
(nor are plastics excluded
from grace),
is less well known.
Further:
the reason
for some silly-looking fishes,
for the bizarre mating
of certain adult insects,
or the sprouting, say,
in a snow tire
of a Rocky Mountain grass,
is that the universal
loves the particular,
that freedom loves to live
and live fleshed full,
intricate, and in detail.

God empties himself
into the earth like a cloud.
God takes the substance, contours
of a man, and keeps them,
dying, rising, walking
and still walking
wherever there is motion.

At night in the ocean
the sponges are secretly building.
Once, on the Musselshell,
I regenerated an arm!
Shake hands. When I stand
the blood runs up.
On what bright wind
did God walk down?
Swaying under the snow,
reeling minutely,
revels the star-moss,
pleased.



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE U.N?

It is still there. And it has not been turned into a tall apartment building. Yet.

But in case you have wondered about the U.N., we can't blame you. The news from there certainly doesn't make the front page every day. But don't let that fool you. The U.N. is still the most viable means for maintaining international peace. And it works.

Experts estimate that 1.5 conflicts will occur every year somewhere in the world. These conflicts can either be controlled by the U.N., as in the Congo, Iran, Greece, Kashmir, Korea, Lebanon, the Middle East and Cyprus—or they can be met as in Czechoslovakia, the Dominican Republic, Hungary and Vietnam—by individual nations.

One way to help make United Nations peacekeeping work is to improve its machinery. And this means providing such help as standby peace task forces and a modern communications system. A tall order, but not impossible.

Is there something you can do about United Nations peacekeeping? Yes. You can be informed. Find out what the U.N. is doing. Get involved. Be critical. Make your voice heard. The U.N. is not out of business. Yet.

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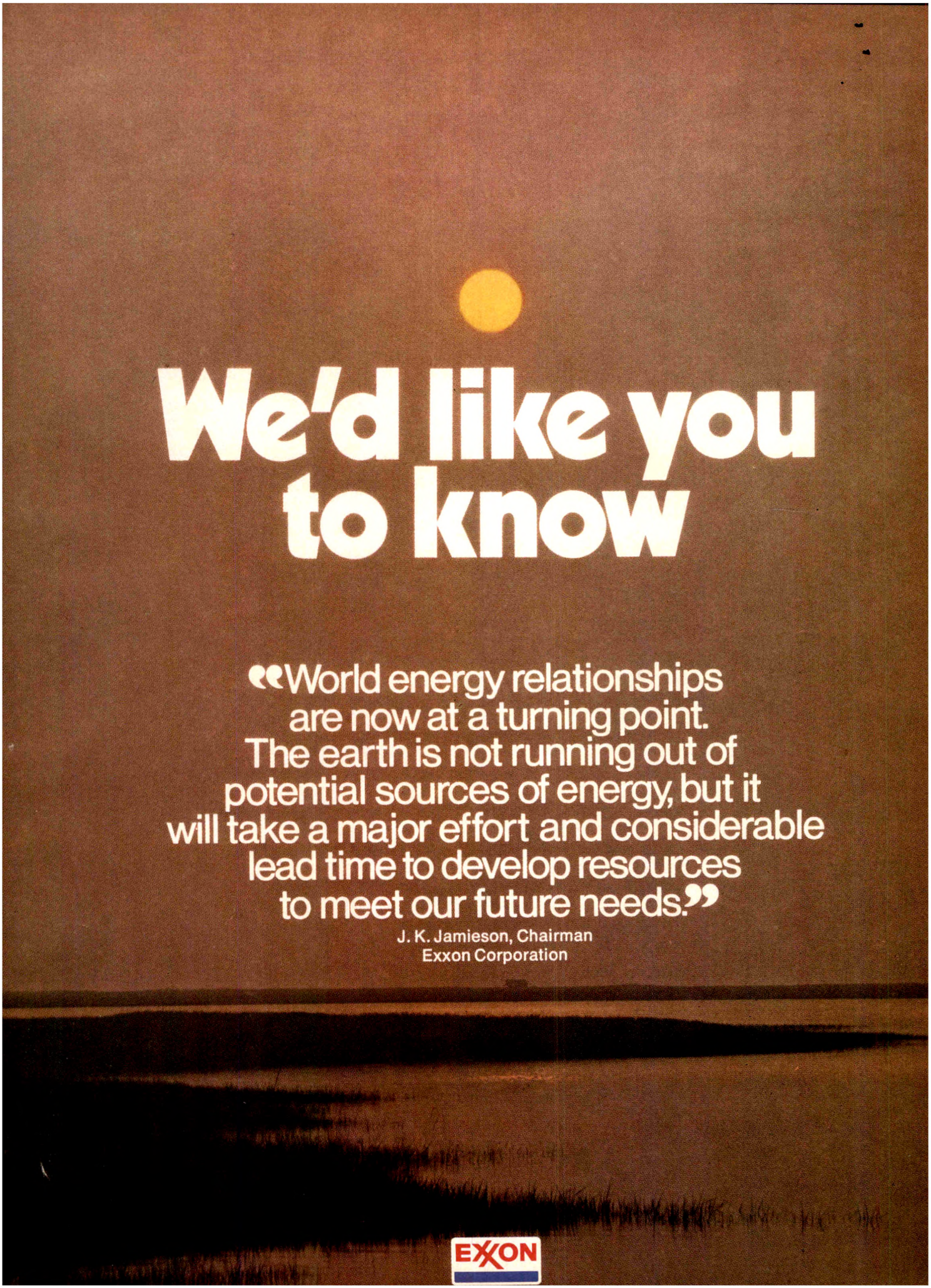
We'd like you to know
"World energy relationships are now at a turning point. The earth is not running out of potential sources of energy, but it will take a major effort and considerable lead time to develop resources to meet our future needs."
J. K. Jamieson, Chairman
Exxon Corporation
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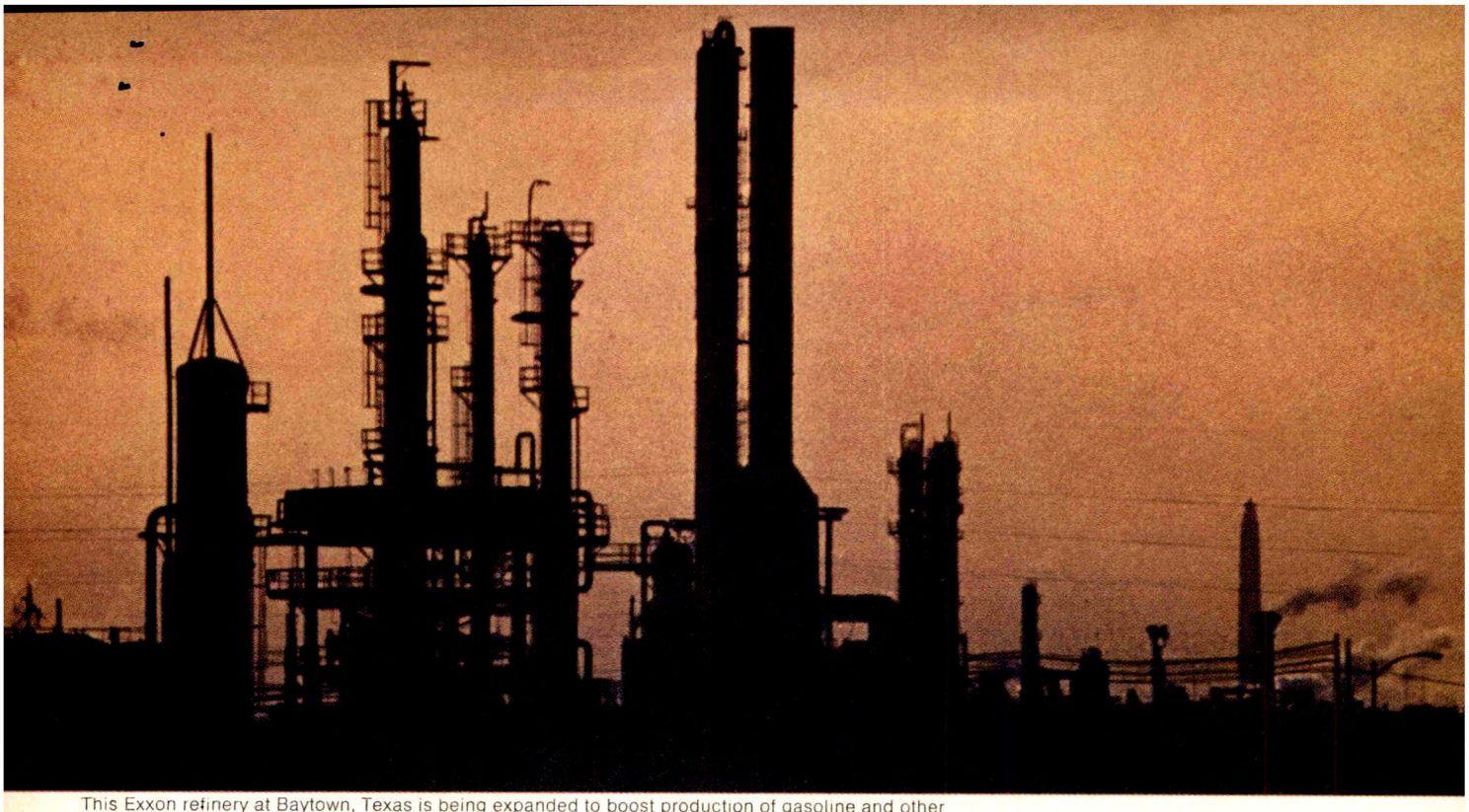


This Exxon refinery at Baytown, Texas is being expanded to boost production of gasoline and other products by 13 million gallons a day. Smaller expansion programs will take place at several of Exxon's other refineries in the United States and abroad.

Almost every American is aware that our country is facing a serious energy problem. But the fact is, the problem is not ours alone—it involves the entire world.

It is not easy to explain in brief how the situation came about. Complex factors are involved—ranging from increasing consumption to disappointing discoveries to environmental considerations to world political relationships. And solutions are not around the corner.

One thing is sure. The earth is not running out of potential sources of energy. But it will take a major effort and considerable lead time to develop resources to meet future needs.

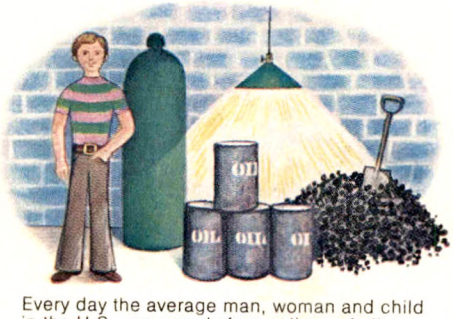
On the following pages we review the energy situation, and tell what Exxon is doing both short-term and long-term to meet the needs of its customers.

We need all the energy we can get.

Looking first at the current supply-demand situation in the United States, it is clear that this country needs all the energy it can get from all available sources.

Exxon has responded to the immediate need by producing domestic crude oil at maximum efficient capacity. We have increased imports of crude oil and petroleum products, and have kept our refineries running at an all-out pace.

Exxon has a major refinery expansion program under way that will increase Exxon's U.S. capacity by almost 15 million gallons a day, or about 30 percent. A small part of the increase will be available soon, and the full amount by 1976.



Every day the average man, woman and child in the U.S. uses nearly four gallons of oil, 300 cubic feet of natural gas, 15 pounds of coal and smaller amounts of other energy. This is substantially more than the average of other industrial countries and eight times as much as the world average.

Until new domestic refining capacity is brought on stream, substantial volumes of imported petroleum products will be required to meet the needs of U.S. consumers. Even with the refinery expansions that Exxon and others have so far announced, it is not certain that the rapidly increasing demand anticipated for the next few years can be satisfied.

Raising U.S. refinery capacity to adequate levels on a basis that satisfies environmental requirements will not in itself end U.S. energy supply problems. Worldwide, crude oil supplies will be tight in relation to the high demand now forecast.

Demand rising 7% a year.

Oil and gas now account for about 65 percent of total world energy consumption, and their relative position is still increasing. Supplies of other fuels have not grown as fast as energy demand, and oil has been called upon to make up the difference. As a result, world petroleum demand, now rising at an annual rate of about 7 percent, could double by 1985.

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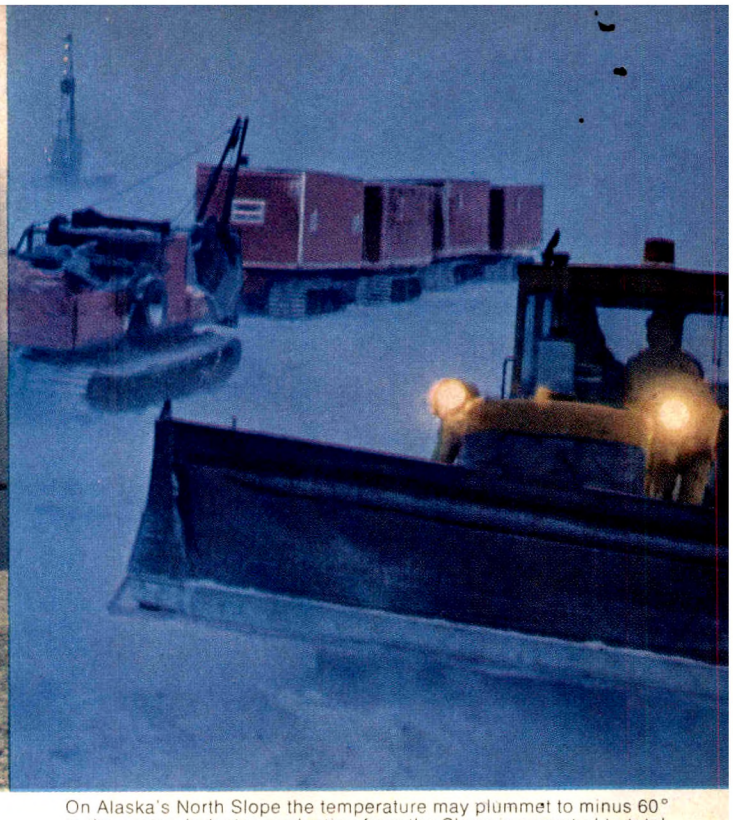
Exxon is looking for oil on land and off the coasts of more than 40 countries around the world. This platform is located in the North Sea where frequent storms bring 75-mile-an-hour winds and 65-foot waves



On Alaska's North Slope the temperature may plummet to minus 60° in the winter. Industry production from the Slope is expected to total about 2 million barrels (84 million gallons) of oil a day.

The United States will remain the largest oil-consuming country during this period, and will become increasingly dependent on imported oil. Discoveries in the U.S. have not kept up with consumption for some time, and production is now actually declining.

An enormous goal.

Present and future demand for oil is massive. To meet the expected growth, the industry would have to add about 4 million barrels a day of producing capacity each year. To produce this much oil, the industry would have to find about 20 billion barrels a year—the equivalent of two fields the size of Alaska's Prudhoe Bay. By 1980, the required amount could be 30 billion barrels a year.

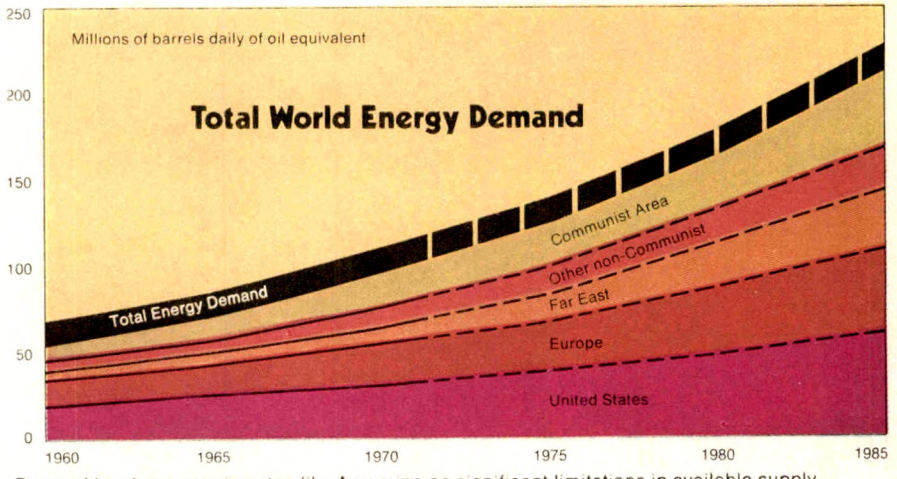
The physical and financial challenge of finding and producing this much new oil each year is enormous.

At the present time, about two-thirds of the world's known oil reserves are in the Middle East and North Africa. About half of total reserves are in the countries bordering the Persian—or Arabian—Gulf.

Despite the fact that significant recent discoveries have been made in the North Sea and other areas, they are small in relation to demand. Therefore the world will necessarily be dependent on the Middle East for an increasing share of its oil supplies for some years to come. Raising Middle East production at an adequate rate will require an all-out effort.

Even Middle East supplies are not limitless, and Middle East governments can be expected to watch closely the rate at which their resources are depleted. Furthermore, continued expansion in the Middle East could be affected by the concern of some Middle Eastern countries over their ability to invest additional income gained from increased oil production.

It is important then to continue our efforts to find oil in all parts of the world. Although the industry



Demand has been growing steadily. Assuming no significant limitations in available supply, the outlook is for sustained growth, almost doubling world consumption by 1985.

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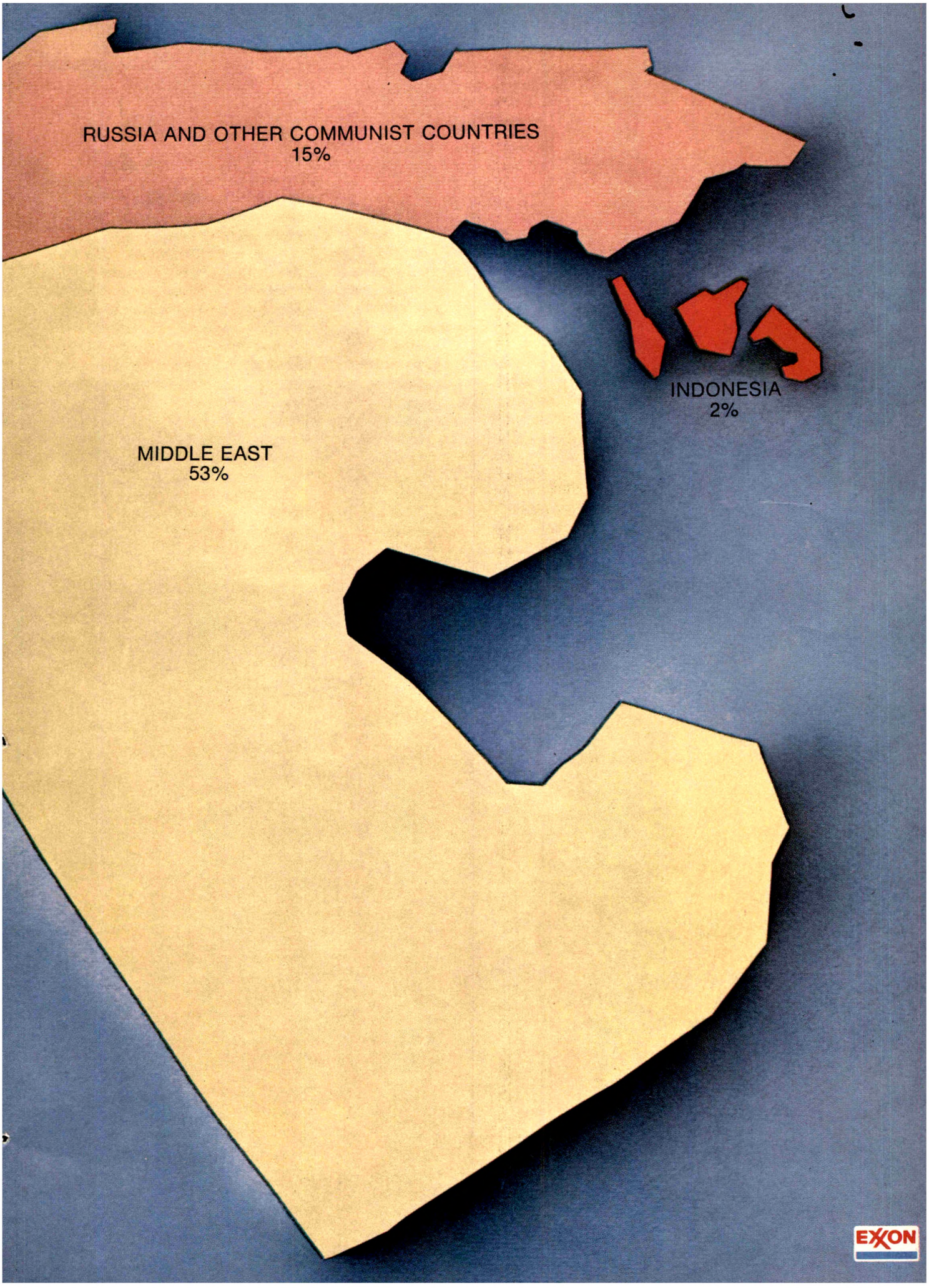
The world of known oil reserves.

Percentages are shares of the world's known, extractable oil reserves in each area.

SOURCE: *Oil & Gas Journal*—December 25, 1972


RUSSIA AND OTHER COMMUNIST COUNTRIES
15%
INDONESIA
2%
MIDDLE EAST
53%
EXXON

Extending beyond U.S. shores is an enormous undersea ledge called the continental shelf. This land mass is rich in oil and natural gas deposits. Some geologists estimate there may be nearly as much oil under this shelf as has ever been found onshore in the history of the U.S. To date there has been active exploration and production only off the coasts of Louisiana, Texas and California.

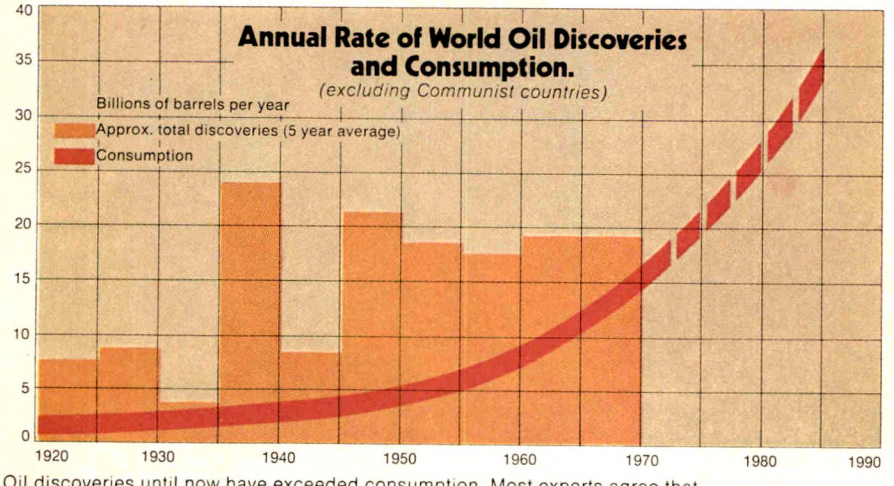
may find itself with a modest surplus from time to time, consumers will probably have to live with the fact that surges in demand, delays in planned oil-producing capacity, unexpected restrictions by governments of producing countries, or any other major supply disruption could lead to shortages in the U.S. and other world markets.

Why it's harder to find oil.

The effort to find new oil has been accelerating in recent years, but it's not as easy as it used to be. Our industry has to search in increasingly difficult environments such as the Arctic and North Sea.

Despite the industry's best efforts, oil findings (See chart below) have held at a fairly constant rate in recent years.

The very large fields of the Middle East represent discoveries whose size is unmatched in the history of oil. It is hard to foresee any other prospective area that could make such a contribution in the future.



Oil discoveries until now have exceeded consumption. Most experts agree that future discoveries are unlikely to keep pace with consumption.

It would thus seem imprudent to plan the world's energy supplies on the assumption that it would be possible to accelerate discoveries of crude oil to parallel the rising consumption. Even if demand growth is moderated—as we believe it must be—we need to face the fact that the world's conventional oil resources will not indefinitely support increases in production.

Two important things we must all do.

To prepare for such a situation, and for an orderly transition into a new energy era, every consuming nation must create a political and economic environment that will encourage energy conservation and speed the development of other conventional and nonconventional energy sources.

The U.S. has wider choices than many other nations because of the scale of our basic energy resources. We have such options as these:

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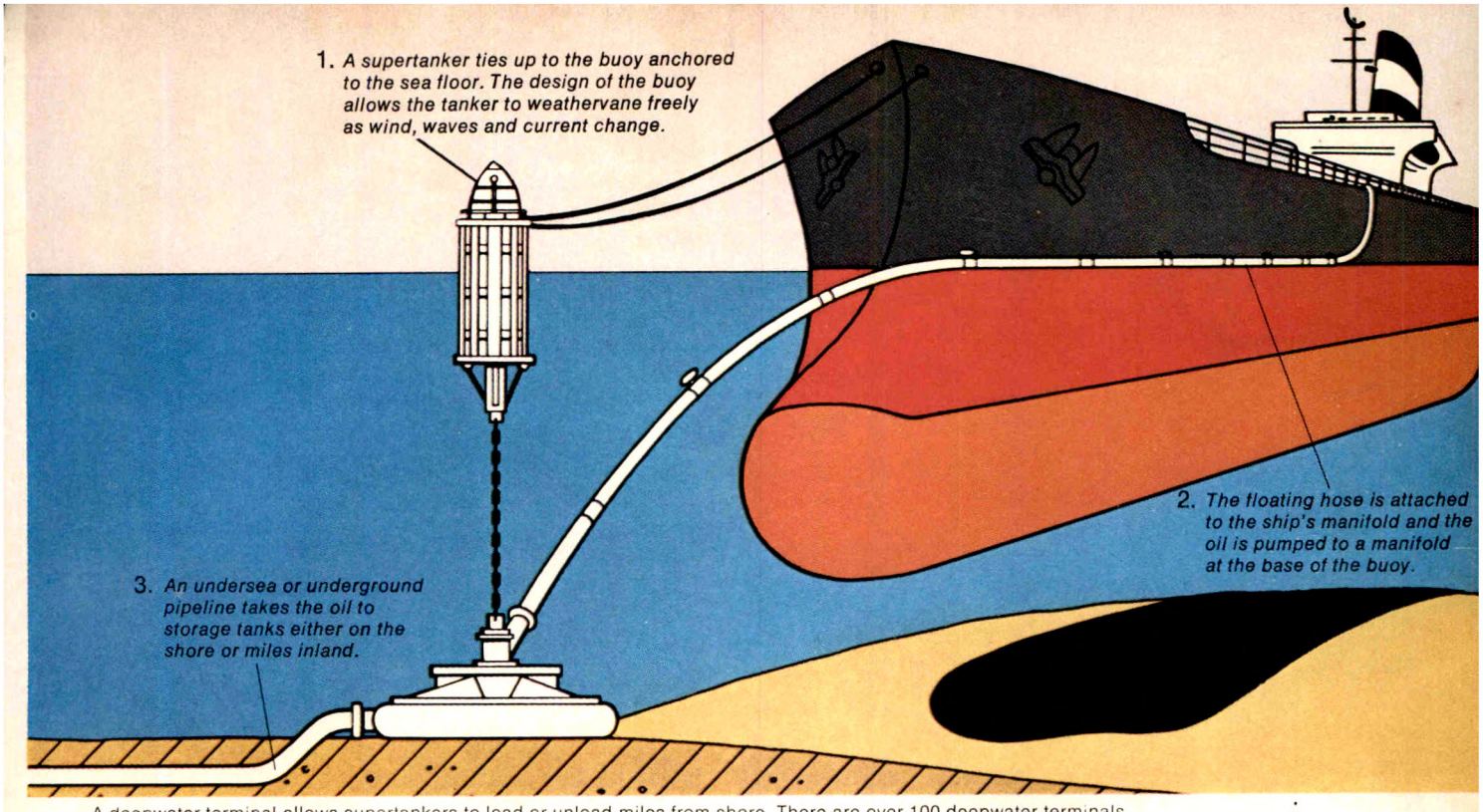


A deepwater terminal allows supertankers to load or unload miles from shore. There are over 100 deepwater terminals around the world. They permit countries that have no deepwater ports to take advantage of the economies of supertankers. Because the U.S. has no deepwater ports, this system is being proposed for sections of the East and Gulf Coasts.

■ Use more coal, both directly and as a source of synthetic oil and gas. America has perhaps a third of the world's coal supply.

■ Speed the pace of nuclear power plant construction. Increase research on more advanced nuclear technology and the direct recovery of solar energy.

■ Implement government programs to advance the commercial development of shale oil. Large deposits exist, but there are long-term technological and environmental problems to be solved.

■ Reduce gasoline consumption through the use of lighter, more efficient automobiles; car pools; better vehicle operation and maintenance; and auto emission controls and other devices designed with fuel economy in mind.

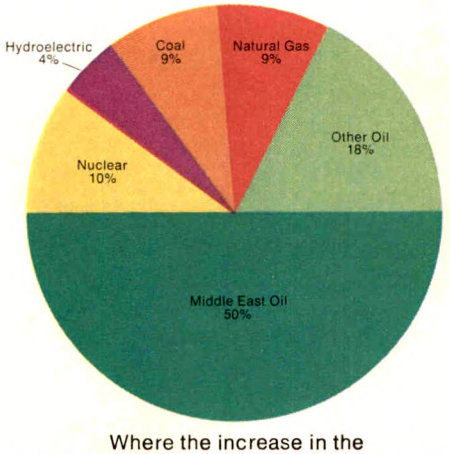
■ Improve rail and bus systems for short to moderate length interurban transportation, to provide a better balance with auto and air travel.

■ Rewrite residential and commercial building standards to save energy used for heating, air conditioning and lighting.

■ Develop new ways to generate power more efficiently, controlling air pollution and energy consumption at the same time.

■ Resolve conflicts between environmental goals and energy resource development through appropriate government processes.

There is no time to waste if the United States and other major energy-consuming countries are to adjust to the changed situation that lies ahead. Government leadership will be essential in setting goals and policies. In the United States a start on an energy program has been made.



Where the increase in the non-Communist world's energy supply might come from between now and 1976

These figures reflect economic, safety and environmental restrictions on the production and use of coal; reserve and transportation limitations on natural gas; and continued delays in nuclear power development.

In this context, the President has directed the council on Environmental Quality to prepare within one year environmental impact statements for exploration and development in the Atlantic and Gulf of Alaska outer continental shelf areas. This is a useful step even though significant production cannot be obtained from these areas in this decade.

This country also needs deepwater terminals to handle—with greater safety and efficiency than existing facilities—increasing amounts of imported crude and heavy fuel oil.

It may be necessary for both American industry and citizens to alter some of the ways they work and live.

In our desire to achieve rapid economic growth and higher standards of living, we Americans have been prodigal with resources that

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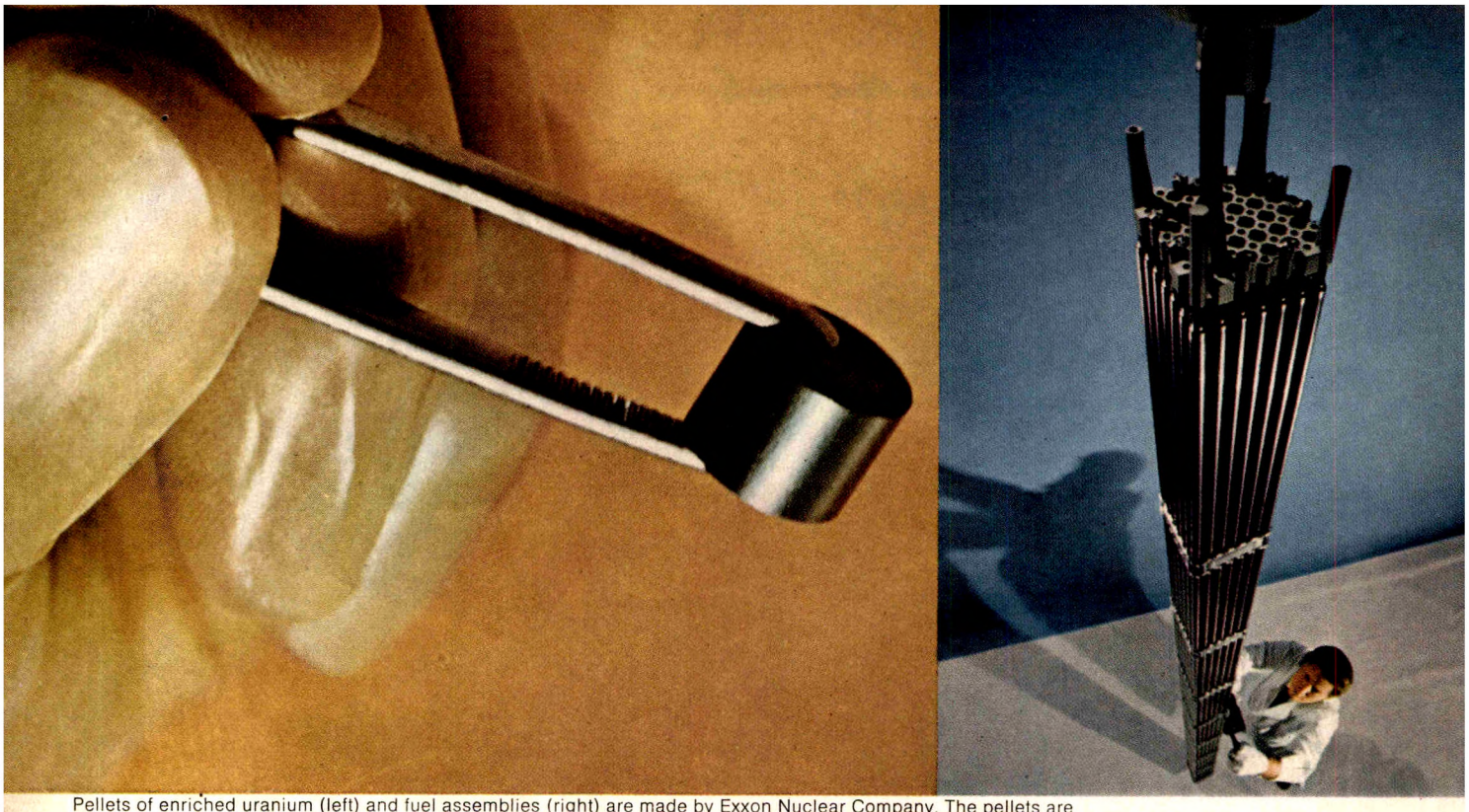

Pellets of enriched uranium (left) and fuel assemblies (right) are made by Exxon Nuclear Company. The pellets are inserted into rods, and the rods are grouped to form assemblies which make up the core or "furnace" of a nuclear reactor. An assembly, like the one shown, can generate enough electricity to run 16,000 average homes a year.

once seemed limitless. Recent developments have made us all more conscious that energy resources, as well as air, water and usable space, are finite.

With new attitudes on these matters, it should be possible to achieve coordinated goals and a balanced, more satisfying way of life—without having to choose between running out of fuel or running out of clean air and water.

What Exxon is doing today for tomorrow.

We have already pointed out what Exxon is doing to increase its output of gasoline and other products for the next several years. Our efforts are also directed at developing alternate forms of energy and synthetic energy sources for the future. To highlight a few of those efforts:

■ Exxon is exploring for uranium in the U.S. and abroad. From our mine in Wyoming, we are extracting 2800 tons of uranium ore a day.

Exxon Nuclear Company is a major supplier of uranium and plutonium fission reactor fuels. We are providing finished fuel and services to ten nuclear plants in the U.S. and to three in Europe.

■ To date we have invested over $20 million in research aimed at converting coal into synthetic fuels. One process turns coal into a gas which can be upgraded to a fuel comparable to natural gas. Work at our pilot plant indicates that this process may be less complex and less expensive than other gasification processes being developed.

Another Exxon process turns coal into low-sulfur fuel oil or synthetic crude oil. This may be applicable to low- and high-sulfur coal.

It will take several years and over $150 million in development costs before either Exxon process is available for commercial use.

■ Exxon is also developing processes that would allow utility companies to use the high-sulfur coal that our country has in abundance. When high-sulfur coal is burned today, it produces sulfur oxides which can pollute our air.

One process, being developed for the U.S. Government, would reduce the formation of sulfur oxides as the coal is burned. The other process, being developed with a major power plant builder and several electric utilities, would remove most sulfur oxides from the flue gas —after combustion but before the gas escapes from the stack.

Again, both processes look promising, and one of them—flue gas desulfurization—is ready to be demonstrated commercially.

These are some of the things Exxon is doing to help expand our nation's energy supplies. We will continue to work on new energy technology and look for more efficient systems for the use of energy.

And we will be cooperating fully with the government and the public in this country, and in all the countries in which we do business, to help build a better economic and human environment.

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We'd like you to know.

If you would like more information, write: Energy, Exxon Corporation, 1251 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020

THE STORY OF A SCAR

A story by James Alan McPherson

Since Dr. Wayland was late and there were no recent newsmagazines in the waiting room, I turned to the other patient and said: "As a concerned person and as your brother, I ask you, without meaning to offend, how did you get that scar on the side of your face?"

The woman seemed insulted. Her brown eyes, which before had been wandering vacuously about the room, narrowed suddenly and sparked humbling reprimands at me. She took a draw on her cigarette, puckered her lips, and blew a healthy beam of smoke toward my face. It was a mean action, deliberately irreverent and cold. The long curving scar on the left side of her face darkened. "I ask *you*," she said, "as a nosy person with no connections in your family, how come your nose is all bandaged up?"

It was a fair question, considering the possible returns on its answer. Dr. Wayland would remove the bandages as soon as he came in. I would not be asked again. A man lacking permanence must advertise. "An accident of passion," I told her. "I smashed it against the headboard of my bed while engaged in the act of love."

Here she laughed, but not without intimating, through heavy, broken chuckles, some respect for my candor and the delicate cause of my affliction. This I could tell from the way the hardness mellowed in her voice. Her appetites were whetted. She looked me up and down, almost approvingly, and laughed some more. This was a robust woman, with firm round legs and considerable chest. I am small. She laughed her appreciation. Finally, she lifted a brown palm to her face, wiping away tears. "You *cain't* be no married man," she observed. "A wife ain't worth *that* much."

I nodded.

"I *knowed* it," she said. "The best mens don't git married. They do they fishin' in goldfish bowls."

"I am no adulterer," I cautioned her. "I find companionship wherever I can."

She quieted me by throwing out her arm in a suggestion of offended modesty. She scraped the cigarette on the white tile beneath her foot. "You don't have to tell me a thing," she said. "I know mens goin' and comin'. There ain't a-one of you I'd trust to take my grandmama to Sunday school." Here she paused, seemingly lost in some morbid reflection, her eyes wandering across the room to Dr. Wayland's frosted glass door. The solemnity of the waiting room reclaimed us. We inhaled the antiseptic fumes which wafted from the inner office. We breathed deeply together, watching the door, waiting. "Not a-one," my companion said softly, her dark eyes wet.

The scar still fascinated me. It was a wicked black mark which ran from her brow down over her left eyelid, skirting her nose but curving over and through both lips before ending almost exactly in the center of her chin. The scar was thick and

black and crisscrossed with a network of old stitch patterns, as if some meticulous madman had first attempted to carve a perfect half-circle in her flesh and then decided to embellish his handiwork. It was so grotesque a mark that one had the feeling it was the art of no human hand and could be peeled off like so much soiled putty. But this was a surgeon's office and the scar was real. It was as real as the honey-blond wig she wore, as real as her purple pantsuit. I studied her approvingly. Such women have a natural leaning toward the abstract expression of themselves. Their styles have private meanings, advertise secret distillations of their souls. Subjectively, this woman was the true sister of the man who knows how to look while driving a purple Cadillac. Their figures, and their disfigurations, make meaningful statements. Such craftsmen must be approached with subtlety if they are to be deciphered. "I've never seen a scar quite like that one," I began, glancing at my watch. Any minute Dr. Wayland would arrive and take off my bandages, removing me permanently from access to her sympathies. "Do you mind talking about what happened?"

"I *knowed* you'd git back around to that," she answered, her brown eyes cruel and level with mine. "Black guys like you with them funny eyeglasses are a real trip. You got to know everything. You sit in corners and watch people." She brushed her face, then wiped her palm on the leg of her pantsuit. "I read you the minute you walk in here."

"As your brother . . ." I began.

"How can you be my brother when your mama's a man?" she said.

We both laughed.

"I was pretty once," she began, sniffing heavily. "When I was sixteen my mama's preacher was set to leave his wife and his pulpit and run off with me to *Dee*troit City. Even with this scar and all the weight I done put on you can still see what I had." She paused. "*Cain't* you?" she asked significantly.

I nodded quickly, looking into her big body for the miniature of what she was.

From this gesture she took assurance. "I was twenty when it happen," she went on. "I had me a good job in the Post Office, down to the Tenth Street branch. I was a sharp dresser too, and I had me my choice of mens: big ones, puny ones, old mens, married mens, even D. B. Ferris, my shift supervisor, was after me on the sly—don't let these white mens fool you. He offered to take me off the primaries and turn me on to a desk job in hand-stampin' or damaged mail. But I had my pride. I told him I rather work the facin' table, *every shift,* than put myself in his debt. I shook my finger in his face and said, 'You ain't foolin' me, with your *sly self!* I know where the *wild goose went;* and if you don't start havin' some *respect* for black women he go'n come *back!'* So then he turn red in the face and put me on the facin' table. Every shift. What could I do? You ain't got no rights in the Post Office, no matter what lies the government tries to tell you. But I was makin' good money, dressin' bad, and I didn't want to start no trouble for myself. Besides, in them days there was a bunch of good people workin' my shift: Leroy Boggs, Red Bone "Big Boy" Tyson, Freddy May."

"What about that scar?" I interrupted her tiresome ramblings. "Which one of them cut you?"

Her face flashed a wall of brown fire. "This here's *my* story!" she muttered, eyeing me up and down with suspicion. "You dudes cain't stand to hear the whole of anything. You want everything broke down in little pieces." And she waved a knowing brown finger. "That's how come you got your nose all busted up. There's some things you have to take your time about."

Again I glanced at my watch, but was careful to nod silent agreement with her wisdom.

"It was my boyfriend that caused it," she continued in a slower, more cautious tone. "And the more I look at you the more I can see you just like him. He had that same way of sittin' with his legs crossed, squeezin' his sex juices up to his brains. His name was Billy Crawford, and he worked the parcel-post window down to the Tenth Street branch. He was nine years older than me and was goin' to school nights on the G.I. Bill. I was twenty when I met him durin' lunch break down in the swing-room. He was sittin' at a table against the wall, by hisself, eatin' a cheese sandwich with his nose in a goddamn book. I didn't know any better then. I sat down by him. He look up at me and say, 'Water seeks its own level, and people do too. You are not one of the riff-raff or else you would of sit with them good-timers and bullshitters 'cross the room. Welcome to my table.' By riff-raff he meant all them other dudes and girls from the back room who believed in havin' a little fun playin' cards and such durin' lunch hour. I thought what he said was kind of funny and so I laughed. But I should of knowed better. He give me a cheese sandwich and started right off preachin' at me about the 'low-life in the back room.' Billy couldn't stand none of 'em. He hated the way they dressed, the way they talked, and the way they carried on durin' work hours. He said if all them tried to be like him and advanced themselfs the Negro wouldn't have no problems. He'd point out Eugene Wells or Red Bone or Crazy Sammy Michaels and tell me, 'People like them think they can homestead in the Post Office. They

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James Alan McPherson is the author of a collection of short stories, *Hue and Cry.* One of his stories, "Gold Coast," was selected for the Martha Foley volume, *The Best American Short Stories, 1973.*

think these primaries will need human hands for another twenty years. But you just watch the Jews and Puerto Ricans that pass through here. *They* know what's goin' on. I bet you don't see none of them settin' up their beds under these tables. They tryin' to improve themselves and get out of here, just like me.' Then he smile and held out his hand. 'And since I see you're a smart girl that keeps a cold eye and some distance on these bums, welcome to the club. My name's Billy Crawford.'

"To tell you the truth, I liked him. He was different from all the jive-talkers and finger-poppers I knew. I liked him because he wasn't ashamed to wear a white shirt and a black tie. I liked the way he always knew just what he was gonna do next. I liked him because none of the other dudes could stand him and he didn't seem to care. On our first date he took me out to a place where the white waiters didn't git mad when they saw us comin'. That's the kind of style he had. He knew how to order wine with funny names, the kind you don't never see on billboards. He held open doors for me, told me not to order rice with gravy over it or soda water with my meal. I didn't mind him helpin' me. He was a funny dude in a lot of ways: his left leg was shot up in the war and he limped sometimes, but it looked like he was struttin'. He would stare down anybody that watched him walkin'. He told me he had cut his wife loose after he got out of the Army, and he told me about some of the games she had run on him. Billy didn't trust women. He said they all was after a workin' man's money, but he said that I was different. He said he could tell I was a God-fearin' woman and my mama had raised me right and he was gonna improve my mind. In those days I didn't have no objections. Billy was fond of sayin', 'You met me at the right time in your life.'

"But Red Bone, my co-worker, saw what was goin' down and began to take a strong interest in the affair. Red was the kind of strong-minded sister that mens just like to give in to. She was one of them big yellow gals with red hair and a loud rap that could put a man in his place by just soundin' on him. She liked to wade through the mail room elbowin' dudes aside and sayin', 'You don't wanna mess with *me,* fool! I'll *destroy* you! Anyway, you ain't nothin' but a dirty thought I had when I was three years old!' But if she liked you she could be warm and soft, like a mama. 'Listen,' she kept tellin' me, 'that Billy Crawford is a potential punk. The more I watch him the less man I see. Every time we downstairs havin' fun I catch his eyeballs rollin' over us from behind them *goddamn books!* There ain't a rhythm in his body, and the only muscles he exercises is in his eyes.'

"That kind of talk hurt me some, especially comin' from her. But I know it's the way of some women to badmouth a man they want for theyselves. And what woman don't want a steady man and a good provider? . . . which is what Billy was. Usually, when they start downgradin' a steady man, you can be sure they up to somethin' else besides lookin' out after you. So I told her, 'Billy don't have no bad habits.' I told her, 'He's a hard worker, he don't drink, smoke, nor run around, and he's gonna git a *college* degree.' But that didn't impress Red. I was never able to figure it out, but she had something in for Billy. Maybe it was his attitude; maybe it was the little ways he let everybody know that he was just passin' through; maybe it was because Red had broke every man she ever had and had never seen a man with no hand-holes on him. Because that Billy Crawford was a strong man. He worked the day shift, and could of been a supervisor in three or four years if he wanted to crawl a little and grease a few palms; but he did his work, quiet-like, pulled what overtime he could, and went to class three nights a week. On his day off he'd study and maybe take me out for a drink after I got off. Once or twice a week he might let me stay over at his place, but most of the time he'd take me home to my aunt Alvene's, where I was roomin' in those days, before twelve o'clock.

"To tell the truth, I didn't really miss the partyin' and the dancin' and the good-timin' until Red and some of the others started avoidin' me. Down in the swing-room durin' lunch hour, for example, they wouldn't wave for me to come over and join a card game. Or when Leroy Boggs went around to the folks on the floor of the mail room collectin' money for a party, he wouldn't even ask me to put a few dollars in the pot. He'd just smile at me in a cold way and say to somebody loud enough for me to hear, 'No, sir; ain't no way you can git quality folk to come out to a Saturday night fish fry.'

"Red squared with me when I asked her what was goin' down. She told me, 'People sayin' you been wearin' a high-hat since you started goin' with the professor. The talk is you been throwin' around big words and developin' a strut just like his. Now I don't believe these reports, being your friend and sister, but I do think you oughta watch your step. I remember what my grandmama used to tell me: "It don't make no difference how well you fox-trot if everybody else is dancin' the two-step." Besides, that Billy Crawford is a potential punk, and you gonna be one lonely girl when somebody finally turns him out. Use your mind, girl, and stop bein' silly. Everybody is watchin' you!'

"I didn't say nothin', but what Red said started me to thinkin' harder than I had ever thought before. Billy had been droppin' strong hints that we might git married after he got his degree, in two or three years. He was plannin' on being a high school teacher. But outside of being married to a teacher, what was I go'n git out of it? Even if we did git married, I was likely to be stuck right there in the Post Office with no friends. And if he didn't marry me, or if he was a punk like Red believed, then I was a real dummy for givin' up my good times and my best days for a dude that wasn't go'n do nothin' for me. I didn't make up my mind right then, but I begin to watch Billy Crawford with a different kind of eye. I'd just turn around at certain times and catch him in his routines: readin', workin', eatin', runnin' his mouth about the same things all the time. Pretty soon I didn't have to watch him to know what he was doin'. He was more regular than Monday mornings. That's when a woman begins to tip. It ain't never a decision, but somethin' in you starts to lean over and practice what you gonna say whenever another man bumps into you at the right time. Some women, especially married ones, like to tell lies to their new boyfriends; if the husband is a hard worker and a good provider, they'll tell the boyfriend that he's mean to them and ain't no good when it comes to sex; and if he's good with sex, they'll say he's a cold dude that's not concerned with the problems of the world like she is, or that they got married too young. Me, I believe in tellin' the truth: that Billy Crawford was too good for most of the women in this world, me included. He deserved better, so I started lookin' round for somebody on my own level.

"About this time a sweet-talkin' young dude was transferred to our branch from the 39th Street substation. The grapevine said it was because he was havin' woman-trouble over there and caused too many fights. I could see why. He dressed like he was settin' fashions every day; wore special-made bell-bottoms with so much flair they looked like they was starched. He wore two diamond rings on the little finger of his left hand that flashed while he was throwin' mail, and a gold tooth that sparkled all the time. His name was Teddy Johnson but they called him 'Eldorado' because that was the kind of hog he drove. He was involved in numbers and other hustles and used the Post Office job for a front. He was a strong talker, a easy walker, that dude was a *woman* stalker! I have to give him credit. He was the last *true* son of the Great McDaddy. . . ."

"Sister," I said quickly, overwhelmed suddenly by the burden of insight. "I *know* the man of whom you speak. There is no time for this gutter-patter and indirection. Please, for my sake and for your own, avoid stuffing the shoes of the small with mythic homilies. This man was a bum, a hustler and a small-time punk. He broke up your romance with Billy, then he lived off you, cheated on you, and cut you when you confronted him." So pathetic and gross seemed her elevation of the fellow that I abandoned all sense of caution. "Is your mind so *dead,*" I continued in a high voice, "did his switchblade slice so *deep,* do you have so little *respect* for yourself or at least for the idea of *proportion* in this sad world that you'd sit here and *praise* this brute!?"

She lit a second cigarette. Then, dropping the match to the floor, she seemed to shudder, to struggle in contention with herself. I sat straight on the blue, plastic couch, waiting. Across the room the frosted glass door creaked, as if about to open; but when I looked, I saw no telling shadow behind it. My companion crossed her leg and held back her head, blowing two thoughtful beams of smoke from her broad nose. I watched her nervously, recognizing the evidence of past destructiveness yet fearing the imminent occurrence of more. But it was not her temper or the potential strength of her fleshy arms that I feared. Finally she sighed, her face relaxed, and she wet her lips with the tip of her tongue. "You know everything," she said in a soft tone much unlike her own. "A black mama birthed you, let you suck her titty, cleaned your dirty drawers, and you still look at us through paper and movie plots." She paused, then

continued in an even softer and more controlled voice. "Would you believe me if I said that Teddy Johnson loved me, that this scar is to him what a weddin' ring is to another man? Would you believe that he was a better man than Billy?"

I nodded my firm disbelief.

She seemed to smile to herself, although the scar, when she grimaced, made the expression more like a painful frown. "Then would you believe that I was the cause of Billy Crawford goin' crazy and not gettin' his college degree?"

I nodded affirmation.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," I answered, "from all I know already that would seem to be the most likely consequence. I would expect the man to have been destroyed by the pressures placed on him. And, although you are my sister and a woman who has already suffered greatly, I must condemn you and your roughneck friends for this destruction of a man's ambitions."

Her hardened eyes measured my face. She breathed heavily, seeming to grow larger and rounder on the red chair. "My brother," she began in an icy tone, "is as far from what you are as I am from being patient." Now her voice became deep and full, as if aided suddenly by some intricately controlled wellspring of pain. Something aristocratic and old and frighteningly wise seemed to have awakened in her face. "Now this is the way it happened," she fired at me, her eyes wide and rolling. "I want you to *write* it on whatever part of your brain that ain't already covered with page-print. I want you to *remember* it every time you stare at a scarred-up sister on the street, and *choke* on it before you can work up spit to condemn her. I was *faithful* to that Billy Crawford. As faithful as a woman could be to a man that don't ever let up or lean back and stop worryin' about where he's gonna be ten years from last week. Life is to be *lived,* not traded on like *dollars!* . . . All that time I was goin' with him my feets itched to dance, my ears hollered to hear somethin' besides that whine in his voice, my body wanted to press up against somethin' besides that facin'-table. I was young and pretty; and what woman don't want to enjoy what she got while she got it? Look around sometime: there ain't *no mens,* young nor old, chasin' no *older womens,* no matter how pretty they *used to be!* But Billy Crawford couldn't see nothin' besides them *goddamn books* in front of his face. And what the Jews and Puerto Ricans was doin'. Whatever else Teddy Johnson was, he was a dude that knowed how to *live.* He wasn't out to *destroy* life, you can believe *that!* Sure I listened to his rap. Sure I give him the come-on. With Billy workin' right up front and watchin' everything, Teddy was the only dude on the floor that would take to me. Teddy would say, 'A girl that's got what you got needs a man that have what I have.' And that ain't all he said, *either!*

"Red Bone tried to push me closer to him, but I am not a sneaky person and didn't pay her no mind. She'd say, 'Girl, I think you and Eldorado ought to git it on. There ain't a better lookin' dude *workin'* in the Post Office. Besides, you ain't goin' *nowheres* with that professor Billy Crawford. And if *you* scared to tell him to lean up off you I'll do it *myself,* bein' as I am your sister and the one with your interest in mind.' But I said to her, 'Don't do me no favors. No matter what you think of Billy, I am no sneaky woman. I'll handle my own affairs.' Red just grin and look me straight in the eye and grin some more. I already told you she was the kind of strong-minded sister that could look right down into you. Nobody but a woman would understand what she was lookin' at.

"Now Billy wasn't no dummy durin' all this time. Though he worked the parcel-post window up front, from time to time durin' the day he'd walk back in the mail-room and check out what was goin' down. Or else he'd sit back and listen to the gossip durin' lunch hour down in the swing-room. He must of seen Teddy Johnson hangin' round me, and I know he seen Teddy give me the glad-eye a few times. Billy didn't say nothin' for a

long time, but one day he pointed to Teddy and told me, 'See that fellow over there? He's a blood-letter. There's some people with a talent for stoppin' bleedin' by just being around, and there's others that start it the same way. When you see that greasy smile of his you can bet it's soon gonna be a bad day for somebody, if they ain't careful. That kind of fellow's been walkin' free for too long.' He looked at me with that tight mouth and them cold brown eyes of his. He said, 'You know what I mean?' I said I didn't. He said, 'I hope you don't ever have to find out.'

"It was D. B. Ferris, my shift supervisor, that set up things. He's the same dude I told you about; the one that was gonna give me the happy-hand. We never saw much of him in the mail room, although he was kinda friendly with Red Bone. D. B. Ferris was always up on the ramps behind one of the wall-slits, checkin' out everything that went down on the floor and tryin' to catch somebody snitchin' a letter. There ain't no tellin' how much he knew about private things goin' on. About this time he up and transferred three or four of us, the ones with no seniority, to the night shift. There was me, Red, and Leroy Boggs. When Billy found out he tried to talk D. B. Ferris into keepin' me on the same shift as his, but Ferris come to me and I told him I didn't mind. And I didn't. I told him I was tired of bein' watched by him and everybody else. D. B. Ferris looked up toward the front where Billy was workin' and smiled that old smile of his. Later, when Billy asked me what I said I told him there wasn't no use tryin' to fight the government. 'That's true,' he told me—and I thought I saw some meanness in his eyes, 'but there are some other things you can fight,' he said. At that time my head was kinda light and I didn't catch what he meant.

"About my second day on the night shift Teddy Johnson began workin' overtime. He didn't need the money and didn't like to work no-how, but some nights around ten or eleven, when we clocked out for lunch and sat around in the swing-room, in would strut Teddy. Billy would be in school or at home. Usually, I'd be sittin' with Red and she'd tell me things while Teddy was walkin' over. 'Girl, it *must* be love to make a dude like Eldorado work overtime. *He* needs to work like *I* need to be a Catholic.' Then Teddy would sit down and she'd commence to play over us like her life depended on gittin' us together. She'd say, 'Let's go over to my place this mornin' when we clock out. I got some bacon and eggs and a bottle of Scotch.' Teddy would laugh and look in my eyes and say, 'Red, we don't wanna cause no trouble for this here fine young thing who I hear is engaged to a college man.' Then I'd laugh with them and look at Teddy and wouldn't say nothin' much to nobody.

"Word must of gotten back to Billy soon after that. He didn't say nothin' at first but I could see a change in his attitude. All this time I was tryin' to git up the guts to tell Billy I was thinkin' about breaking off, but I just couldn't. It wasn't that I thought he needed me; I just knew he was the kind of dude that doesn't let a girl decide when somethin' is over. Bein' as much like Billy as you are, you must understand what I'm tryin' to say. On one of my nights off, when we went out to a movie, he asked, 'What time did you get in this mornin'?' I said, 'Five-thirty, same as always.' But I was lyin'. Red and me had stopped for breakfast on the way home. Billy said, 'I called you at six-thirty this morning and your aunt Alvene said you was still out.' I told him, 'She must of been too sleepy to look in my room.' He didn't say more on the subject, but later that evenin', after the movie, he said, 'I was in the war for two years. It made me a disciplined man, and I hope I don't ever have to lose my temper.' I didn't say nothin', but the cold way he said it was like a window shade flappin' up from in front of his true nature, and I was scared.

"It was three years ago this September twenty-second that the thing happened. It was five-thirty in the mornin'. We had clocked out at four-forty-five but Red had brought a bottle of Scotch to work and we was down in the swing-room drinkin' a little with our coffee, just to relax. I'll tell you the truth: Teddy Johnson was there too. He had come down just to give us a ride home. I'll never forget that day as long as I live. Teddy was dressed in a pink, silk shirt with black ruffles on the sleeves, the kind that was so popular a few years ago. He was wearin' shiny black bell-bottoms that hugged his little hips like a second coat of skin, and looked like pure silk when he walked. He sat across from me, flashin' those diamond rings every time he poured more Scotch in our cups. Red was sittin' back with a smile on her face, watchin' us like a cat that had just ate.

"I was sittin' with my back to the door and didn't know anything until I saw something change in Red's face. I still see it in my sleep at night. Her face seemed to light up and git scared and happy at the same time. She was lookin' behind me, over my shoulder, with all the smartness in the world burnin' in her eyes. I turned around. Billy Crawford was standin' right behind me with his hands close to his sides. He wore a white shirt and a thin black tie and his mouth was tight like a little slit. He said, 'It's time for you to go home,' with that voice of his that was too cold to be called just mean. I sat there lookin' up at him. Red's voice was even colder. She said to me, 'You gonna let him order you around like that?' I didn't say nothin'. Red said to Teddy, 'Ain't *you* got something to say about this?' Teddy stood up slow and swelled out his chest. He said, 'Yeah. I got somethin' to say,' looking hard at Billy. But Billy

just kept lookin' down at me. 'Let's go,' he said. 'What you got to say?' Red Bone said to Teddy. Teddy said to me, 'Why don't *you* tell the dude, baby?' But I didn't say nothin'. Billy shifted his eyes to Teddy and said, 'I got nothing against you. You ain't real, so you don't matter. You been strutting the streets too long, but that ain't my business. So keep out of this.' Then he looked down at me again. 'Let's go,' he said. I looked up at the way his lips curled and wanted to cry and hit him at the same time. I felt like a trigger bein' pulled. Then I heard Red sayin', 'Why don't you go back to bed with them *goddamn books, punk!* And leave decent folks *alone!*' For the first time Billy glanced over at her. His mouth twitched. But then he looked down at me again. 'This here's the *last time* I'm asking,' he said. That's when I exploded and started to jump up. 'I ain't goin' *nowhere!*' I screamed. The last plain thing I remember was tryin' to git to his face, but it seemed to turn all bright and silvery and hot and then I couldn't see nothin' no more.

"They told me later that he sliced me so fast there wasn't time for nobody to act. By the time Teddy jumped across the table I was down and he had stabbed me again in the side. Then him and Teddy tussled over the knife while me and Red screamed and screamed. Then Teddy went down holdin' his belly and Billy was comin' after me again when some of the dudes from the freight-dock ran in and grabbed him. They say it took three of them to drag him off me, and all the time they was pullin' him away he kept slashin' out at me with that knife. It seemed like all the walls was screamin' and I was floatin' in water and I thought I was dead and in hell, because I felt hot and prickly all over and I could hear some woman's voice that might of been mine screamin' over and over, 'You Devil! . . . You *Devil!*' "

She lit a third cigarette. She blew a relieving cloud of smoke downward. The thin white haze billowed about her purple legs, dissipated, and vanished. A terrifying fog of silence and sickness crept into the small room, and there was no longer the smell of medicine. I dared not steal a glance at my watch, although by this time Dr. Wayland was agonizingly late. I had heard it all, and now I waited. Finally her eyes fixed on the frosted glass door. She wet her lips again and, in a much slower and more pained voice, said, "This here's the third doctor I been to see. The first one stitched me up like a turkey and left this scar. The second one refuse to touch me." She paused and wet her lips again. "This man fixed your nose for you," she said softly. "Do you think he could do somethin' about this scar?"

I searched the end table next to my couch for a newsmagazine, carefully avoiding her face. "Dr. Wayland is a skilled man," I told her. "Whenever he's not late. I think he may be able to do something for you."

She sighed heavily and seemed to tremble. "I don't expect no miracle or nothin'," she said. "If he could just fix the part around my eye I wouldn't expect nothin' else. People say the rest don't look too bad."

I clutched a random magazine and did not answer. Nor did I look at her. The flesh around my nose began to itch and I looked toward the inner office door with the most extreme irritation building in me. At that moment it seemed a shadow began to form behind the frosted glass, signaling perhaps the approach of someone. I resolved to put aside all notions of civility and go into the office before her, as was my right. The shadow behind the door darkened, but vanished just as suddenly. And then I remembered the most important question without which the entire exchange would have been wasted. I turned to the woman, now drawn together in the red plastic chair as if struggling to sleep in a cold bed. "Sister," I said, careful to maintain a casual air. "Sister . . . what is your name?" □

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A VISION

by Robert Penn Warren

(To Andrew V. Corry)

1

No, not that door—never! But,
Entering, saw. Through
Air brown as an old daguerreotype fading. Through
Air that, though dust to the tongue, yet,
Like the inward, brown-glimmering twilight of water,
Swayed. Through brown air, dust-dry, saw. Saw
It.

The bed.

Where it had
Been. Now was. Of all
Covering stripped, the mattress
Bare but for old newspapers spread.
Curled edges. Yellow. On yellow paper dust,
The dust yellow. No! Do not.

Do not lean to
Look at that date. Do not touch
That silken and yellow perfection of Time that
Dust is, for
There is no Time. I,
Entering, see. I,
Standing here, breathe the dry air.

2

See
Yonder the old Morris chair bought soon
After marriage, for him to rest after work in, the leather,
Once black, now browning, brown at the dry cracks, streaked
With a fungoid green. Approaching,
See.

See it.

The big head. Propped,
Erect on the chair's leather pillow, bald skin
Tight on skull, not white now, brown
Like old leather lacquered, the big nose
Brown-lacquered, bold-jutting still but with
Nostril-flanges gone tattered in Time. I have not
Yet looked at the eyes. Not
Yet.

The eyes
Are not there. But,
Not there, they stare at what
Is not there.

3

Not there, but
In each of the appropriate twin apertures, which are
Deep and dark as a thumb-gouge,
Something that might be taken for
A mulberry, large and black-ripe when, long back, crushed,
But now, with years, dust-dried. The mulberries,
Crushed and dessicated, each out of
Its dark lurking-place, stare out at
Nothing.

His eyes
Had been blue.

4

Hers brown. But
Are not now. Now staring,
She sits in the accustomed rocker, but with
No motion. I cannot
Be sure what color the dress once was, but
Am sure that the fabric now falls decisively away

From the Time-sharpened angle of knees. The fabric
Over one knee, the left, has given way. And
I see what protrudes.

See it.

Above,
The dry fabric droops over breastlessness.

Over the shrouded femurs that now are the lap, the hands,
Palm-down, lie. The nail of one forefinger
Is missing.

On the ring-finger of the left hand
There are two diamond rings. On that of the right,
One. On Sundays, and some evenings
When she sat with him, the diamonds would be on the fingers.

The rings. They shone.

Shine now.

In the brown air.

On the brown-lacquered face
There are now no
Lips to kiss with.

5

The eyes had been brown. But
Now are not where eyes had been. What things
Now are where eyes had been but
Now are not, stare. At the place where
Is not now what once they
Had stared at.

There is no fire on the cold hearth now,
To stare at.

6

On
The ashes, gray, a piece of torn orange peel.
Foil wrappings of chocolates, silver and crimson and gold,
Yet gleaming from grayness. Torn Christmas paper,
Stamped green and red, holly and berries, not
Yet entirely consumed, but warped,
And black-gnawed at edges. I feel
Nothing. A red

Ribbon, ripped long ago from some package of joy,
Winds over the gray hearth like
A fuse that failed. I feel
Nothing.

Not even
When I see the tree.

Why had I not seen the tree before?
Why, on entering, had I not seen it?
It must have been there, and for
A long time, for
The boughs are, of all green, long since denuded.
That much is clear. For the floor
Is there carpeted thick with the brown detritus of cedar.

Christmas trees in our section always were cedar.

7

Beneath the un-greened and brown-spiked tree,
On the dead-fall of brown frond-needles, are,
I see, three packages. Identical in size and shape.
In bright Christmas paper. Each with red bow, and under
The ribbon, a sprig of holly.

But look!

The holly
Is, clearly, fresh.

I say to myself:

The holly is fresh.

And
My breath comes short. For I am wondering
Which package is mine.

Oh, which?

I have stepped across the hearth and my hand stretches out.

But the voice:

No presents, son, till the little ones come.

8

What shadow of tongue, years back unfleshed, in what
Darkness locked in a rigid jaw, can lift and flex?

The man and the woman sit rigid. What had been
Eyes stare at the cold hearth, but I
Stare at the three chairs. Why—
Tell me why—had I not observed them before? For
They are here.

The little red chair,
For the baby. The next biggest chair
For my little sister, the little red rocker. Then,
The biggest, my own, me the eldest.

The chairs are all empty.

But
I am thinking a thought that is louder than words.
Thinking:

They're empty, they're empty, but me—oh, I'm here!

And that thought is not words, but a roar like wind, or
The roar of the night-freight beating the rails of the trestle,
And you under the trestle, and the roar
Is nothing but darkness alive. Suddenly,
Silence.

And no
Breath comes.

9

Where I was,
Am not. Am
Where the blunt crowd thrusts, nudges, jerks, jostles,
And the eye is inimical. Then,
Of a sudden, know:

Times Square, the season
Summer and the hour sunset, with fumes
In throat and smog-glitter at sky-height, where
A jet, silver and ectoplasmic, spooks through
The sustaining light, which
Is yellow as acid. Sweat,
Cold in armpit, slides down flesh.

The flesh is mine.

What year it is, I can't, for the life of me,
Guess, but know that,
Far off, northeastward, in Bellevue,
In a bare room with windows barred, a woman,
Supine on an iron cot, legs spread, each ankle
Shackled to the cot frame,
Screams.

She keeps on screaming because it is sunset.

Her hair has been hacked short.

10

Clerks now go home, night watchmen wake up, and the heart
Of the taxi-driver, just coming on shift,
Leaps with hope.

All is not in vain.

Old men come out from the hard-core movies.
They wish they had waited till later.

They stand on the pavement and stare up at the sky.
Their drawers are drying stiff at the crotch, and
The sky dies wide. The sky
Is far above the first hysteria of neon.

Soon they will want to go and get something to eat.

Meanwhile, down the big sluice of Broadway,
The steel logs jerk and plunge
Until caught in the rip, snarl, and eddy here before my face.

A mounted policeman sits a bay gelding. The rump
Of the animal gleams expensively. The policeman
Is some sort of dago. His jowls are swart.
His eyes are bright with seeing.

He is as beautiful as a law of chemistry.

11

In any case,
I stand here and think of snow falling. Am
Not here, am

Otherwhere, for already,
This early and summer not over, in West Montana—
Or is it Idaho?—in
The Nez Percé Pass, tonight
It will be snowing.

The Nez Percé is more than 7000 feet, and I
Have been there. The first flakes,
Large, soft, sparse, come straight down
And with enormous deliberation, white
Out of unbreathing blackness. Snow
Does not yet cling, but the tall stalk of bear-grass
Is pale in darkness. I have seen, long ago,
The paleness of bear-grass in darkness.

But tell me, tell me,
Will I never know
What present there was in that package for me,
Under the Christmas tree?

12

All items listed above belong in the world
In which all things are continuous,
And are parts of the original dream which
I am now trying to discover the logic of. This
Is the process whereby pain of the past in its pastness
May be converted into the future tense

Of joy.

THE WEAK ARE THE SECOND SEX

by Elizabeth Janeway

The women's movement has been with us for a decade, but it is still surrounded by confusion, mixed emotions, and a large-scale refusal—on the part of many men—to listen to its central arguments.

The women's liberation movement—Am I boring you already? Do the words turn you off? Then hang on for a minute, because that's what I want to talk about: the current state of mind which doesn't quite oppose "women's lib" but would really rather not hear any more about it at this point in time. It is very like the Silent Majority's reaction to Watergate-and-all-that: something has obviously been going on that should not have been, we admit that. But now we've admitted it (Yes, women should be paid equal wages for equal work. Yes, the President ought to give up the tapes), why don't you go away and stop bothering us?

This is a human and understandable response. The trouble with it is that it doesn't seem to be working. The women's movement surfaced the better part of a decade ago (which is almost long enough, in our era, to make it a candidate for nostalgic revival), and it is still here, still large and lively. It is also still surrounded by confusion and mixed emotions, most signally a large-scale inability to see what all the fuss is about. Complaints about the movement are many: it hasn't defined its issues clearly, it differs within itself, its goals are either Utopian or minuscule and, above all, it traffics in emotion instead of logic. Yet it persists! In fact, its reach and its backing are steadily growing.

It appears to me that we have, in this illogical situation, a very fruitful field for studying social dynamics and social mythology. If the women's movement cannot be easily contained within any set definition nor held to any stated program, perhaps that is because it is both larger and more novel than it has been thought to be. I believe that to be true. The movement seems to me to be a response to profound and irreversible historical forces involving economic, technological, and scientific shifts in our society. No wonder it hasn't yet found itself a satisfactory name or a coherent ideology! And no wonder that the psychological reactions of those who do not feel themselves involved in it are ones of bafflement and exasperation. But the disturbed emotions on one side and the unconscious drive on the other offer a rare opportunity to look at the process of human response to change while it is going on; and this I would like now to do.

Let us begin with the response, which is good clinical practice. What symptoms did the body politic display when invaded by the liberation virus? Demands for equal rights for women have produced, first, a flurry of joking and, next, some irritation and anger, but mainly and fundamentally a determination to pay no attention: a simple, almost animal, retreat into not listening. Not argument, hardly even refusal to argue, but something closer to an instinctive reflex—a refusal to *hear.*

"Playing possum" like this is a defensive mechanism which has often proved a useful tool for surviving. Women have been doing it for millennia as a defense against wanting to act when they are sure they can't, in a situation where raised consciousnesses are liabilities and ignorance is bliss. But if the external situation changes, blissful ignorance grows more perilous as well as more difficult. The peril is certainly not apparent as yet, but the difficulty is here. Most men still don't want to hear about the women's movement, but the buzzing goes on. A little is getting through, willy-nilly.

I think it is only natural that what is heard is largely misunderstood and what is passed on (by the men in whose hands lies the distribution of news) is mostly misrepresented because it is misunderstood. And a good deal of the time, too, the women's movement is still talking to itself. No doubt that's a necessary step in the formation of any movement: intercommunication helps to bond the group together and give it a cohesive identity, and since women are a group who have not, in recent history, had much to hold them together as a

group (except outside pressure) they stand in need of a chance to learn sisterhood. Besides, talking to men who have made up their minds not to listen is a great waste of energy; and I speak as one who has addressed both listening male audiences, and retreating male backs. If we look at men's reactions to the women's movement, we find it described on the one hand as absurd, and on the other as threatening. It will undermine and destroy normal relationships of all kinds, and it will also disappear tomorrow morning by ten o'clock. Its adherents are sex-mad orgiasts who (contrariwise) want to castrate men. It's a hilarious joke with no sense of humor. Women are plotting to turn the tables on men and subject them to hideous indignities; but the whole fuss is really over who washes the dishes. Anyhow, most women don't believe in the "movement" at all; it's the plaything of a handful of highly publicized exhibitionists. Black women and working-class women aren't interested, all feminists are rich, white, and bored, and my secretary likes to make me coffee just as my wife wants to stay home. And if she didn't, I'd (a) fire her and (b) divorce her.

These contradictory descriptions don't attempt serious opposition to the feminist positions. They are, rather, justifications for ignoring the whole thing. I don't set them down to argue with them, for one can't, any more than one can argue with upholders of the Flat Earth theory, if they still exist. Such descriptions are of interest because of their origin. If women are going to respond intelligently, they will need to understand the psychic sources of these disorderly reactions. Where do they come from? Why are they verbalized in these forms? What do they tell us about the distress and uneasiness which women's apparently understandable desire for equality raises in the male breast?

I believe they tell us a great deal about the effect of demands on existing power relationships to alter these relationships, and thus about the fundamental sociopolitical structure of our society. When women ask for equality, this should be seen as an example of what happens when the weak challenge the powerful. I do not believe that one can (leave "should" aside) make a Case for Women and *only* for women, and I believe that until women see this they will waste time and energy fighting all men as if every issue that arises between them were political. In my view, the case for women is a paradigm, a brief in a class action for subordinated groups as a whole against a clumsy, inefficient, and stupidly solipsistic power center. But making a case for women is particularly useful because it is novel, and thus it brings to the surface hitherto undisturbed layers of mythic mental entanglements for our investigation.

The most rational opposition to women's desire to leave their place and move into man's world lies in the pejorative definition of that world as a rat race. This is the premise to quite a good argument, a kind of Catch-23, which goes like this: If women are daft enough to want to get out of the house and into the rat race, that in itself is a very good reason for protecting them from their folly. If they can't tell when they're well off—at home, protected, guaranteed a status, a role, and an identity (while men struggle for all three in the chaotic world of action)—then obviously their tiny minds can't be trusted to handle the work of this world. Leave us men alone in our rat race where we are sacrificing ourselves to keep you women happy.

Quite a few men find this a satisfying formula and it does have a sort of specious plausibility. But *is* the world really a rat race, for the great as well as the weak? If it is, men must be credited with selfless magnanimity. If man's world offers nothing but strain and unpleasure, it seems remarkable that more men wouldn't welcome help in coping with it. When women *do* get out of their place, they are almost universally assigned to the rattiest part of the race, the drudge work. Male magnanimity seems to end at home, and the argument for keeping women there somehow comes to rest on womanly limitations per se, rather than on the unpleasantness of the world they wish to enter.

At once we are back in a contradictory muddle, for the limitations of woman's nature, as usually presented, oppose each other. Women are defined on the one hand as too gentle and fine to do man's work, and on the other as too indecisive, slow, and self-centered. If the two objections are lumped together to say simply that women aren't fitted for man's world, we are still faced with a contradiction from another familiar argument, that their competition will be tough enough to take jobs away from deserving men. This tangle of contradictions suggests that rationalization has usurped the place of reason. When men say, "You don't belong here," they mean, "We don't want you here." I am not surprised that women get angry at that (though it is the first time in history that they *have* got angry at it, which is one reason men are surprised and discountenanced), and their anger will help to reinforce their desire for change. But no one can work effectively for change simply by looking at her own side of the question. If the opposition to equality for women is contradictory, that means its roots run deep, and straightforward argument won't change anything, by itself. If men would be better off listening to women, women would be better off seeing their cause in context.

Elizabeth Janeway, novelist and critic, is the author of *Man's World, Woman's Place: A Study in Social Mythology.*

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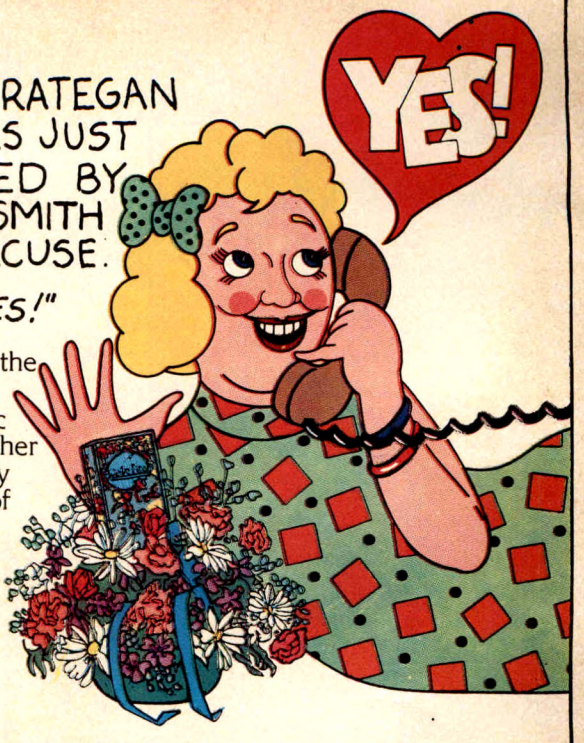

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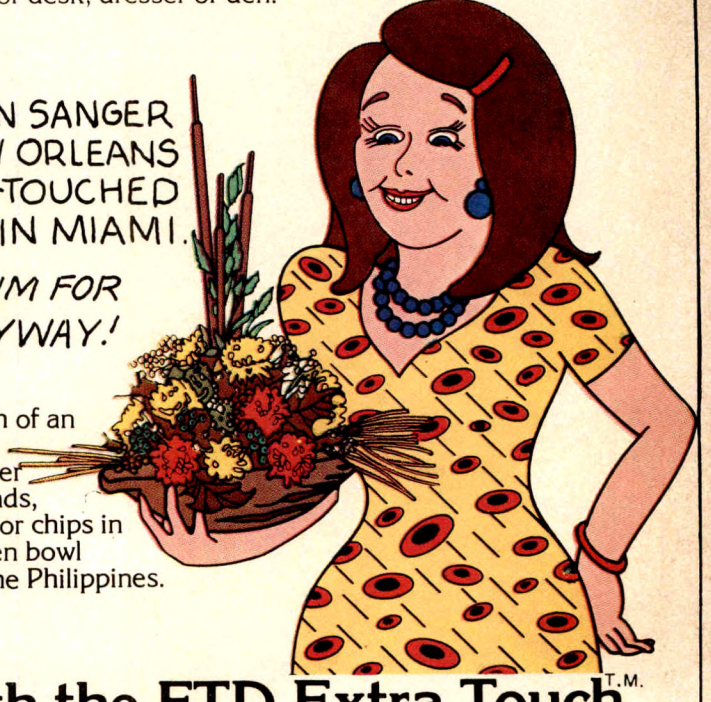

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And, of course, the concept of woman as mystery, woman as "other," is not the only justification in men's minds for their opposition to equality between the sexes. Certainly it's a primary obstacle, as Simone de Beauvoir saw and said long ago. But there's another catch which is less familiar and perhaps less obvious because it is contained within the very term "equality." What does reaching equality mean? For a woman, it is a *step up,* to a level where, like men, she will be in better control of her life and find her ambitions limited by fewer *a priori* barriers.

Unfortunately, and women don't often see this, a step up for women will be seen by many men as a step *down* for men to an inferior level, woman's level. To these men, and they are a vast majority, equality doesn't mean, "A woman is as good as I am"; it means, "I'm no better than she is." Equality *for* women brings more competition, but for those who think of themselves as fair competitors, that isn't shattering. Equality *with* women, however, is something else. If you have been brought up to know that women are inferior—deservedly inferior—how can you accept that? It's shocking, it's insulting, it's UNFAIR.

Worse still—and here we come back to the hidden terror haunting men—doesn't an acceptance of the equality of women cut men off (most men, nondominant men) from the alliance with the powerful which that handy old slogan, "It's a man's world," seems to validate? To divide the world by sex is to bind males—both weak and powerful—together by means of the destiny of anatomy. Take that alliance away, and equate the men who stand outside the elite with women, and you are telling them that they can expect to be treated *like* women, objects, and "others," not doers but done to; and done to, yes, right down to sexual doing. Closing the male/female split means a drastic rearrangement of the barriers between the weak and the powerful. Then not women, but the weak, become the second sex, subordinate, submissive, subject to rape.

Alliance with women removes from men the protection of maleness against rape by the powerful; and though, in our society, the fear of rape by men of men is not often acknowledged, it exists. James Dickey's novel *Deliverance* tapped that fear and gained great force by so doing. The premise underlying this fear is quite clear: if power has no bounds, it will extend to physical misuse. The paradigmatic act of the powerful, performed upon the weak, is rape.

Now, rape need not always be performed by force. In fact, one of the charms of pornography is that it records session after session of guiltless rape in which the powerful are licensed to have their will of the weak because the weak "really like it that way." *Last Tango in Paris* offers a contemporary example which makes brilliant use of currently resonant themes. It is a story of encounter between strangers, which is a fundamental and haunting situation for us today. It is also a situation that invites mythic interpretation because the individual personalities of the man and woman involved are erased, leaving only the central nub of their sexual presence. Only symbolic rape is present here, because the woman accepts subordination and asks for abuse; but we can regard it as psychologically equivalent to physical rape because the relationship involves dominance of female by male to the point which our society usually considers degrading. This is not a matter of moral judgment, but of aesthetics. There is no doubt that the audience is intended to be shocked, and is shocked, by the man's demands and the woman's acquiescence. The heroine—and she is not presented as an individual but rather as a mythic projection of "what they really like"—is depicted as wanting degradation and returning willingly to the male in order to receive it. Even in everyday life, her fiancé is making her the heroine of a documentary film, that is, he's forcing an individual identity on her, and she doesn't like it.

The element of myth is further underlined by the fact that the man has nothing to sustain his superiority except his maleness, which is depicted as his ability to dominate to degradation the girl he meets by chance, and the depersonalized universality of the situation is increased by his insistence on anonymity between them. We are down on bedrock, says this demanding and brilliant film, on physical confrontation outside social norms, a confrontation that can stand for any encounter between man and woman. The lesson of the film is that male superiority is based on dominance of the female, an idyll acted out in a vacuum in obedience to magical law. She is young, beautiful, better-class, indeed, privileged; and none of that matters. In the idyll, in the myth, her pleasure is his power, and his power is shown by her degradation. She wants it that way, just as she does not want the exaltation of her individuality that her filmmaking boyfriend is forcing on her. Incidentally, he is sufficiently male—dominant over her himself—to be doing this without her permission. Either way she is being manipulated.

In the end, as actuality begins to break in with his threat of telling his name and following her home, the truth of the myth is menaced. Life-as-it-is—or rather life-as-it-is according to the film—rises up against life-as-it-ought-to-be. In life-as-it-is, the woman must release herself from the submission she really desires; but she is not strong enough to do so merely by sending her lover away. He is dominant. He won't go. She can free herself only by violence. Even her privileged and protected position cannot make her his equal, and she can win back her autonomy and reassert her identity only by breaking the law which is not strong enough to

protect her from him, by killing him—leaving us with the moral that it is a law of nature that men are dominant over women, and the only means by which women can, even temporarily and willfully, reverse this edict is by murder. Or, to say it the other way around, equality is nonsense, and women who ask for it are liars who will end by slaughtering men.

If we try to sort out this visceral response to the women's movement, I think we can discern three stages of opposition. The first results from the fact that the movement raises the question of power. It is not simply, or even fundamentally, the demand that women be given a share in power that upsets men; it is that this demand forces upon men a review of their own position. If women are announcing themselves ready to storm the bastions of the Establishment, where does that leave the men who have failed to do so? who have settled down to live out their lives in submission and resignation? And that includes, one way or another, the great majority of men. Suddenly, past the doors of their cells, bursting out of the slave quarters, come women-the-inferiors, invading the corridors of power as if, by merely being human, they had a right to be there. But most men have given up that right in return for a quiet life and some sense of security, for government by law as an acceptable bargain between the weak and the powerful. The idea that women are now refusing to accept this bargain acts as a terrifying, a paralyzing, challenge to men. Either they too must revolt or they must acknowledge themselves lacking in the courage and ambition being shown by their traditionally inferior sisters.

Role-changing, I wrote in *Man's World, Woman's Place,* is hard on everyone but hardest on those members of a relationship who have not themselves initiated the changes in the role relations which they share. It's true that role changers have troubles. Today women who are attempting new roles still find it a daunting challenge to value themselves and their experience and ambitions as seriously as they do those of men. Doubting themselves, they can make unnerving mistakes, fall into negation and the mere reversal of old attitudes instead of working out creative new approaches to the demands of changed reality, and sometimes they despair. But men are worse handicapped by the fact that, in today's shifts in sex-roles, they are not the initiators. Women are motivated and often very strongly so. To the extent that they can contain and control the drive and anger they feel, it helps them. Men, however, would rather have had things left as they were; which means that in the present situation they are actually experiencing the unpleasant sensation of being done to instead of doing, and the anger they perceive among women is frightening. They don't understand that it comes out of past frustration and assume, naturally enough, that it is an augury of future dominance. This observation seems still true, but when I wrote it I had not seen the further point I am making now: the changes women demand are compelling men to rethink their relationship not just to women but to the whole power structure of our society. It is a hard and unwelcome task.

Secondly, there is the very real problem that women's demands mean different things to men from what they mean to women. We have seen how that works with the apparently fair demand for equality. The same difficulty dogs another seemingly uncomplicated statement made by women, of their similarity as human beings. We are not "others," say women, we are human beings like you in whom there exists merely a happenstantial sex difference. We acknowledge that difference, but why should it apply to more than sex? Why should it signify across-the-board differences of nature and capability? Anatomy is not destiny; it is simply anatomy. Let us be whole human beings together, accepting differences between us as individual excellences or defects, not determinants of character.

But the ability of women to see themselves as human beings first and females only second is the product of a change in women's life-experience which has not yet, at any rate, been matched by a corresponding change in men's lives. The acceptance by women of a self-image totally different from the male's is diminishing as women's lifestyles become more like those of men. In the last few months I have gone over a mass of newspaper clippings culled from the New York *Times* in the years from the 1890s to the present, relating to women and their activities. The long-term trend reveals a marked shift in the image of women that emerges: women are more and more seen as approaching the capable, active, involved human norm and leaving "otherness" behind. Their interests grow wider. They are assumed to arrive at their own decisions more frequently. They stop being adjuncts of parents or husbands. The jobs open to them shift from the most menial (saleslgirls, domestics working for pittances, seamstresses, factory operatives, addressers of envelopes) toward the white-collar area, and then beyond it. Eighty years ago, marriage was not just the goal presented as proper to every young girl; marriage without parental consent might well involve elopement: which means that a marriageable girl was still something of an object of barter between father and husband. Fifty years ago, a daring middle-class girl could become a secretary without being immediately declassed. The advantage she gained, however, was not independence, but rather freedom from the absolute necessity of accepting the first man who asked her hand in marriage. Her job

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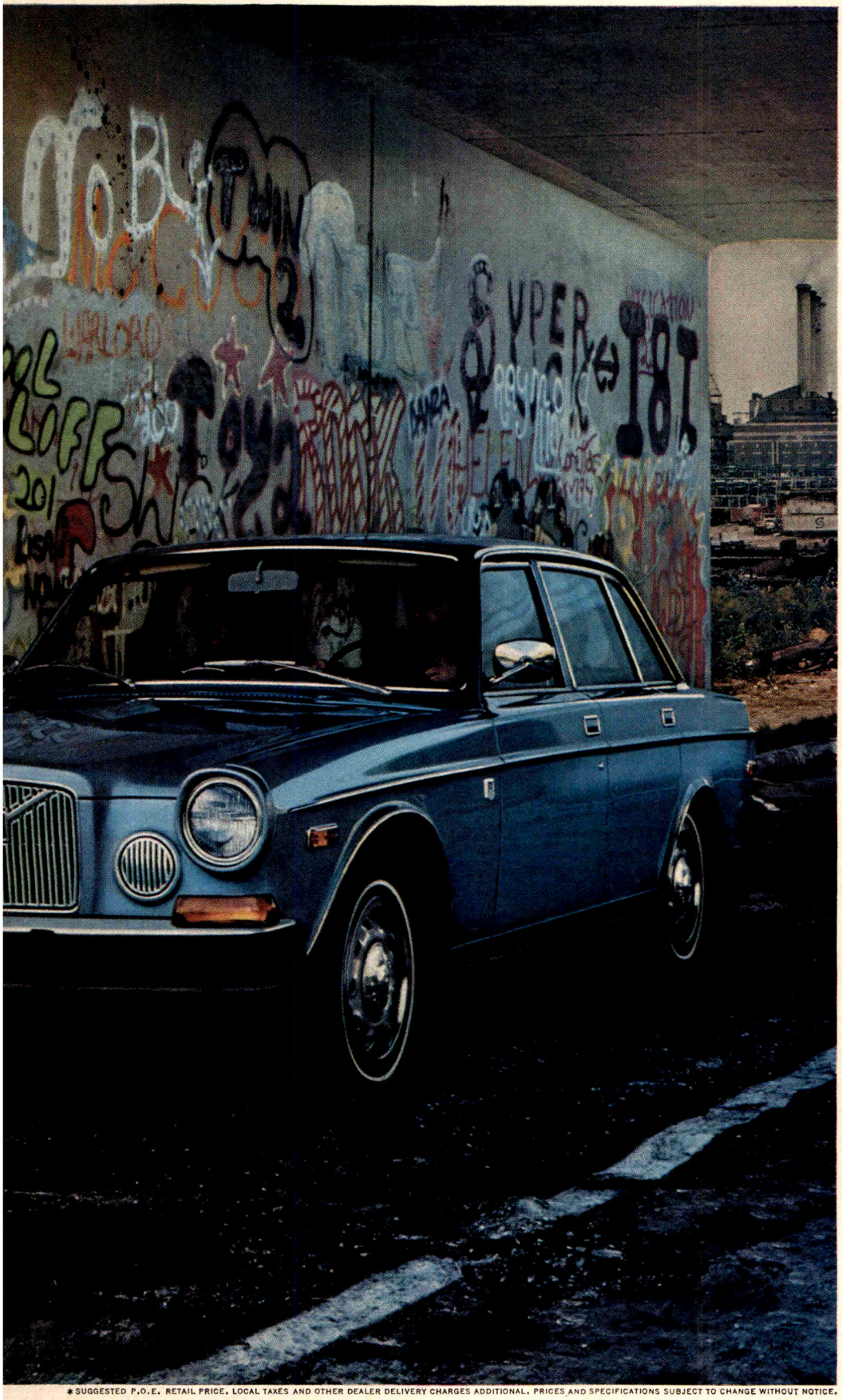

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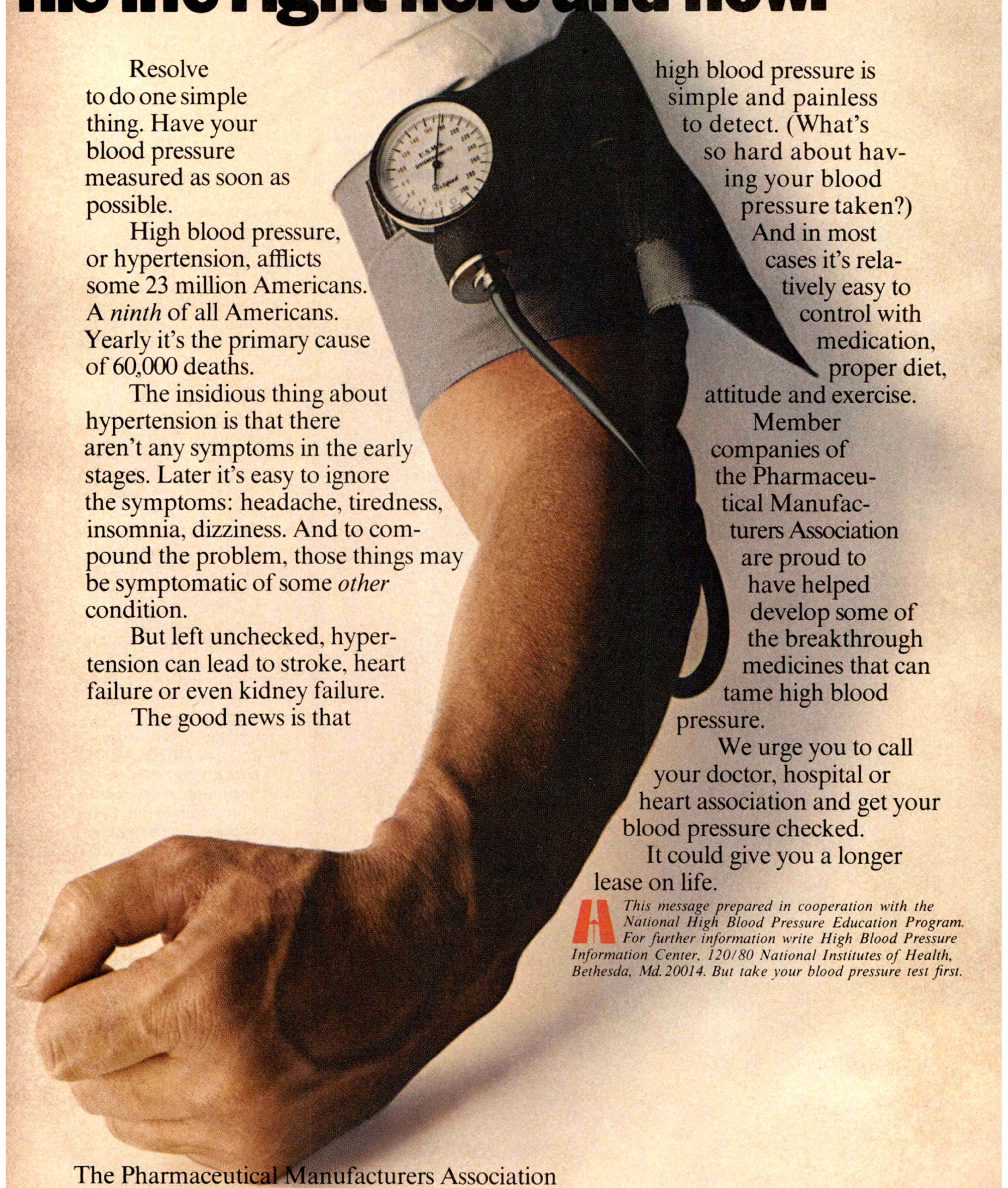

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was not thought of as a career, but as a chance to build up a dowry for herself and gain her a better choice of marriage partner. Career women were things apart, and not expected to marry at all.

Today, middle-class women are very much somewhere else. I have talked to enough of them in the last three years, in cities and small towns across the country, to bear witness to the transformation. If middle-class ideals are still influential, we must factor into American attitudes the idea that growing up and getting married to Mr. Right is now a very old-fashioned dream. It's a nice idea, but it isn't enough. The normal expectation now includes some kind of career-vocation-job which will continue to occupy and interest one throughout life, which is simply to say that women now, more than ever before, see their lives as being much more like the lives of men.

This shift of image is more than mere wishful thinking. The women's movement is a response to fundamental social and economic changes, changes that are long-term, continuing, and which affect women's lives both inside and outside the home. The number and proportion of women in the labor force grow every year. The proportion now stands at 40 percent and gives the push toward upper-level jobs a basis in logic and practice that didn't exist at the time of the first feminist wave. Young women are moving into the professions at a faster and faster clip. The increasing numbers of women law students who began their studies in 1970 are hitting the job market now and will become more obvious every year. Applications to medical school among women have also begun to rise. Young women in industry are less and less willing to be shunted off into lower management jobs, with top-level promotion going to a token few. In politics, women are increasingly active at neighborhood, county, and municipal levels, where they are able to command a power base that is not dependent on tactical appointment by male bosses. In time, they will move up.

This is the experience behind the questioning of happy-wife-and-motherdom as a total goal. Underlining the experience is the reason for it. Most of these women workers are not out in man's world primarily to find self-fulfillment. They are working because their families need the money. Very few men really grasp the fact that working women rarely have an option to work or not. Too many discussions of women at work assume they could all stay home if they wanted to. But six million women are heads of households, and at least sixteen million more bring in the wages that keep their families above the poverty line. With prices of food and fuel and housing and transport and education climbing steadily, more and more families are coming to depend on a second paycheck. Publicly rather than privately, the income of working wives has been a very important source of economic growth in America since the war, perhaps the most important. If a growth economy makes jobs, which is a fundamental tenet of our American creed, these working women are making jobs for men and other women, not cutting men out of the labor force.

It's true that most women at work are working in women's jobs, which are definable as routine, dead-end, and low-paid. But they are jobs in man's world, and that means that women's lives are coming closer and closer to approximate men's lives, particularly, of course, the lives of nondominant men who are also likely to hold the more routine and lower-paid jobs. The effect of this pattern on women is to reduce their sense of themselves as deserving that label of "other." In the workaday world, what distinguishes them from men is not their sex so much as their failure to hold and exercise power, a distinction that seems to bring them closer to the men who fall at the lower end of the power spectrum.

To many men, however, this identification of interests does not exist. Some of the toughest opposition to the equal rights amendment has been mounted by unions, an interesting measure of the depth of repugnance within nondominant men toward the idea of equality with women. Union leaders who *prefer* a divided labor movement to giving women equality (and a shot at overtime pay) are clearly motivated by forces beyond the reach of logic.

The third aspect of the opposition by nondominant men to women's demands is grounded in men's need to retain the image of woman as "other." That's connected, of course, with the idea of woman as inferior, most obviously (as de Beauvoir pointed out) because if you are the *first* sex, you will be the setter of norms, not the deviates who must be defined in "other" terms. But being "other" signifies a great many things besides being inferior, and these aspects of "otherness" quite often seem to men to have positive values. Women who want to be regarded as human beings first, and female only incidentally, upset the old, long-standing value system in what seems to men an ungracious and ungrateful way. This lapse is what provokes all those jokes about opening doors and pulling out chairs and rising when a woman enters the room, for these gestures have been the honorifics, so to speak, of the traditional male/female relationship, pointing up the sex difference. The to-do about minor manners seems nonsensical to rational women, but when we maintain that, we are being simpleminded, not rational. Minor manners could give rise to such a fuss only by symbolizing something else, something important.

Indeed, Professor Laurel Richardson Walum of Ohio State University enlivened the proceedings of last fall's meeting of the American Sociological As-

sociation by delivering a paper on "The Changing Door Ceremony." Professor Walum's students were enlisted to invade public places and deliberately violate the regular ritual of door-opening, in which the female modestly steps aside, "demonstrating frailty, ineptitude and a need for protection," and waits till the male opens the door, thus displaying "the male virtues of physical strength, mechanical ability, worldliness, self-confidence and efficacy." Who would have thought so much could be read from door ritual? But its violation produced confusion and embarrassment, and allowed Professor Walum to conclude that "the hand that holds the door-knob rules the world."

But why do men need to have women accept the role of "other"? What positive value can there be to such a position? I believe that the value lies not just in pushing women out of competition in man's world, but in the fact that this apartness serves to keep alive a different system of values, another set of norms and goods. "Others" (women) serve as repositories for ideals and life-styles which men feel they cannot themselves take on, but which, they suspect, may have some potential usefulness. These values have been significant in the past and sometimes are still given lip service as virtues. And while they haven't much relevance to one's day-to-day activity, one doesn't quite like to kill them off.

Let us glance at one. In an earlier age, most normal human beings (that is, men) were unable to disguise from themselves the fact of their inequality with the power-elite, an unpleasant fact which is rather better hidden today by our relative affluence and our less oppressive political system. When such inequality was a constant aspect of daily life, Christian humility was a socially useful ideal, often preached and sometimes practiced. For the oppressed, it justified their oppression, and thus allowed those who might otherwise have foundered in shame to support lives they could not change.

If it is argued that they could have changed their lives by successful determined revolt, and that Christian humility functioned to keep them from revolting, I can counter only by saying that, in fact, it didn't. Other, millennial Christian ideals nurtured a long series of peasant rebellions, all of which were ultimately unsuccessful. As long as rebellions were doomed to failure, the ideal of humility had the positive value of shielding those who had failed from seeing themselves as failures. At the point when modern times and technology made it possible for rebellions to succeed—sometime in the eighteenth century—humility became a virtue not so much of the weak per se as of women. And since it may become useful once again, at some future date, it remains a part of the female hoard of virtues, stored for safe keeping till needed.

One function of "otherness," then, is social, to preserve archaic attitudes and once useful character traits against a day when they may once more meet a need. Concomitantly, the personal use to men of woman-as-other (and honor again to De Beauvoir for her exposition of the point) is as a locus for projection by the First Sex of its desires, needs, and fears, so that emotions which can't be allowed full play in "real life" can be somehow absorbed or transformed. All wives and most secretaries expect to be dumped on now and then, not just as confidantes to whom frustrations can be reported but as surrogates on whom they can be vented. Not that all the emotions projected onto women by men are angry, any more than they are all lustful urges toward sex objects. Woman-as-other provides a focus for many needs and yearnings: for tenderness, given and asked for, for maternal protection, for divine assurance, for support against forces of depersonalization, for evidence of the existence of self-sacrifice and loving-kindness. Women are thought of by men (and thus they are instructed to be) as upholders and transmitters of high virtues and values. They are validators of emotions and interpreters of experience. To men, this seems a role of great dignity and nobility, an elevation. Why do women refuse the pedestal?

How very hard it is for women to make clear that by becoming a terribly necessary aspect of someone else's life, one ceases to be a person in oneself. To accept that one is "other" rather than human is to deny one's identity *as* a human and feel one's own personality as obtrusive, clouding the mirror one is supposed to be.

And how very hard it is for men to accept women's need to take on the unworthy (it seems to them) everydayness of mere human personality! For if women are simply people, no better and no worse than men, where are men's dreams to roost? Who will forgive them for their trespasses? Who will accept the sins they cannot accept themselves, minister to the needs that shame them, reflect their view of the world back to them unchanged and so make it real, echo their curses and confirm their creeds? Isn't that power? men ask. What more do they want?

To come back for a moment to *Last Tango in Paris,* we should regard it not just as a counter-assertion against women's demands, but as an expression of need. It declares that the acquiescence of women in men's sexual acts—that is, in their desperate reach for transcendence and a connection to the sacred—is the way men validate their sense of themselves, of their very right to exist and enforce demands and be assuaged for pain and anger and frustration, and that this right is paramount, essential to life. The existence of power depends on the right to dominate. Take it away, and men will cease to be men, which means that by "becoming men" women are threatening men with "becoming women"—that is, with having to acknowledge no identity except that shared one of weakness.

The powerful male, of course, dominates easily and is shielded from constant frustration. The weak men, who suffer daily hurt, know what it is to be inferior. For them, women have become the only territory on which their daring and drive can prove itself. And so, for them, woman must be "other," a nameless and faceless creature with the right to say Yes, but not No. We see these fantasies spelled out in *Playboy* and *Penthouse* and the other magazines of this nature. They normalize the premises of pornography and assure their readers that dominance is right, by surrounding these battered egos with a world full of female puppets who can be clothed in dreams and desires without intruding unwelcome personalities. The women's movement can see all that, but what it overlooks is the need behind it, the terrible need to dominate *something.* If your sense of inferiority persuades you that you can't successfully dominate another human being, you are going to try to find a puppet.

In Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where I visited this past flood season, the equal rights amendment was coming up for discussion in the legislature. Its support is largely respectable and middle-class—rational, I guess you'd say. Its opposition runs a gamut, but it certainly reaches beyond the rational. The night before I arrived in town, a furious female opponent had taken to the airwaves and castigated the local chapter of the National Organization of Women (which in Baton Rouge is about as radical as the League of Women Voters) for upholding homosexuality and aiming to castrate normal males. The members of NOW whom I met were almost more astounded by the attack than they were angry, and one saw—as with Nixon's henchmen when Watergate brought them to the surface—how useful the numbing shock effect of calculated effrontery can be. But Madame X was not simply outrageous; she was aiming her outrages well, for she invoked the deep fear that equality for women means that men will be treated *like* women, will be faced with the alternatives of choosing to act the woman's sexual role (homosexuality) or being turned into eunuchs by castration. To admit one's equality with women means taking on membership in the second sex among creatures who are not quite human, who are not protected by bonds of fellow feeling, whose alliance with the powerful has been lost and, with it, their protection against use and misuse, and abuse of all sorts. It means sporting a badge as engulfing of hope and possibilities as the yellow star Jews wore in Hitler's Germany.

Put at its simplest, men whose experience has taught them that equality between weak and powerful doesn't exist find it intensely difficult to imagine that admitting women to equality will not somehow jeopardize their own insecure position. The idea that joining with women to oppose the power structure might be profitable is regarded as ludicrous: how could you profit by taking on an ally weaker than yourself? Your losses, on the contrary, are clear: the only sure security you have is that guaranteed by women's inferior place. Dissolving the sex difference will accentuate the power difference. It will drop you into the limbo where exploitation doesn't just happen, it is sanctioned.

To say these are nightmare fears doesn't make them easier to deal with. Can they be dealt with at all? Or is the nascent women's movement going to spawn a bitter and disruptive backlash that will stop it in its tracks? There is, of course, no easy answer. We are certainly going to get some backlash, though more important than verbal attack will be the continuance of inaction which the attacks serve to justify. The idea that women are going to climb easily into positions of power because fairness demands that they be represented according to their numbers is naïve; and, in fact, few women take seriously government rulings on equal employment as effective in themselves. They will have to be invoked and enforced by repeated court action. But despair over the prospect is also naïve, because so much has already happened. The economic and technological base for a world polarized by sex into dual systems of occupation and behavior began to vanish years ago. The strength of the women's movement doesn't lie in its rhetoric, but in the fact that it is a response (diverse and unorganized still, and the better for it) to changed realities. One such reality is a very different kind of family structure from what we still frame as ideal, much reduced in sheer numbers, reduced in necessary or useful activities, in specialness—the tide of television gives children a common, non–family-related world of experience as soon as they can talk—and greatly reduced in active relations to a wider community. Such relations are now individual, not made as a family group.

Economic needs now pull families apart instead of supporting their existence as working groups. Working mothers and wives aren't new, but today they must leave the home to earn, and though that too began years ago, only in the last generation has support to working mothers from relatives, neighbors, and hired help dwindled to practically zero. The demand for child-care centers, for example, is forced on women by the present situation. For most working mothers the alternative is untrained baby sitters, custodial day care with other untrained women in their homes—or the street and an empty (except for TV) apartment.

Equally, the isolation of the family has reinforced the effort to bring fathers closer into child care and housework. It's a response (good in itself but inadequate) to the lack of community support for the family and to our American social mobility that separates young couples from their families.

Communes and cluster-living may help in time, but they are not only still disapproved socially, they seem to many to involve too great a loss of privacy. To be brief, a great many of our widespread contemporary problems have surfaced first, or in slightly different but acute form, in women's lives because they affect the family drastically. All too often they have been seen exclusively as family problems, personal dilemmas. The isolation of women from one another, each tucked away in her nuclear family, leaves a woman to grope with difficulties that may well have been thrust on her by society in the belief that she can solve them by herself. One real reward that the women's movement has brought us all is the increasing realization that a lot of family upsets are not unique, but instead the result of social dislocations. Understanding the nature of these upsets makes them easier to cope with because it not only brings in the social context, it gets rid of personal guilt.

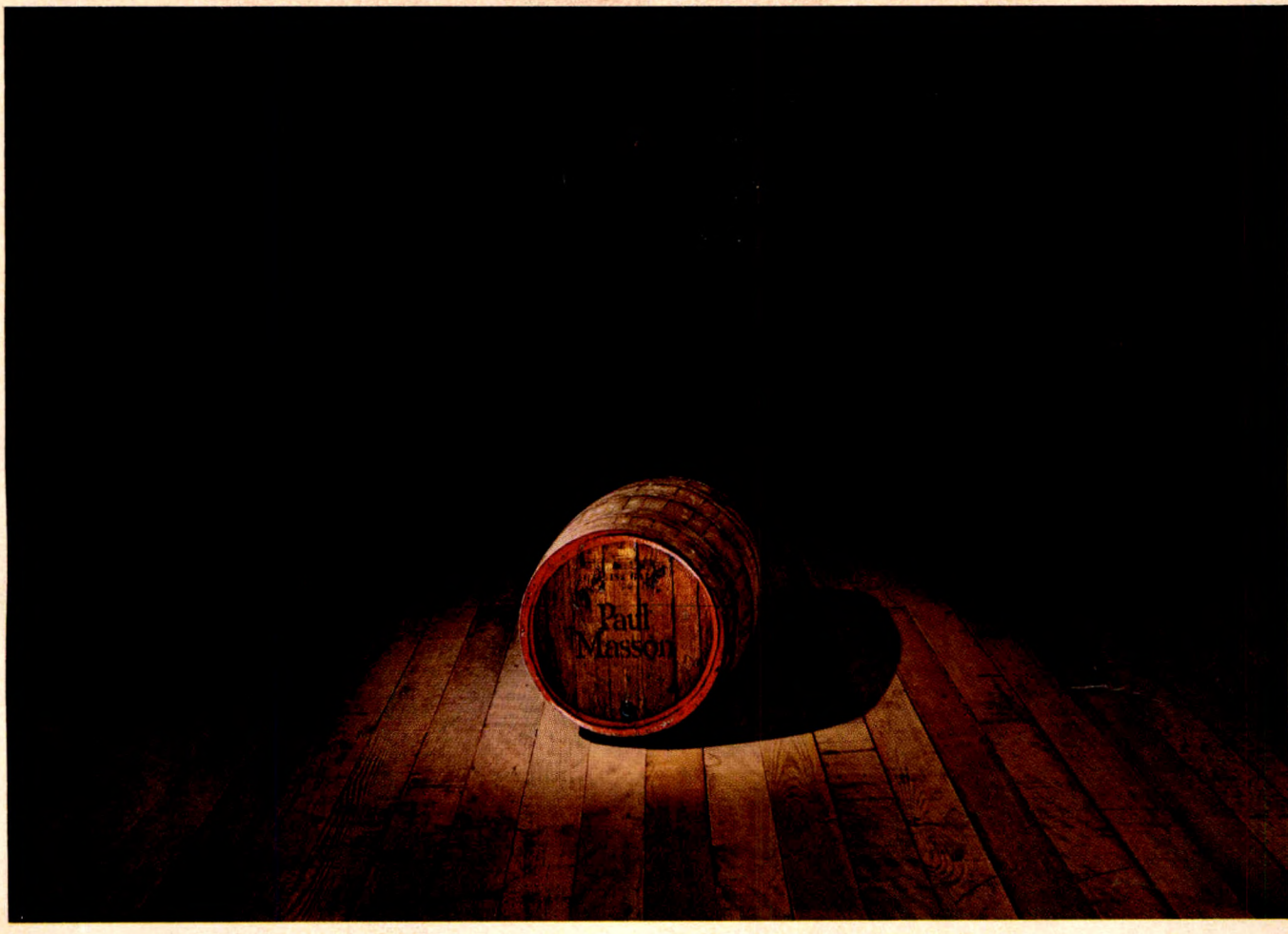
Women can't solve these problems by themselves, or by male/female argument. They are bound up with the accepted social system as sustained by the power structure. But women at least are aware of them. I believe that intelligent men will start listening harder to what women are telling them about the realities they find themselves facing, once they understand that these are offshoots of larger difficulties that show themselves in other areas.

For what it's worth, my own feeling about the future of the sexes is hopeful. Partly my optimism is based on as objective and historical-minded a judgment as I can come to. The fact that men's and women's lives are becoming more alike seems to me to open doors to understanding and affectionate friendship between them. In addition, the increased ability of women to look after themselves as independent beings suggests that when they give love, it will be real love, not a hypocritical sham exacted by their dependence and often hiding secret resentment. I don't at all believe, as Erich Fromm does, that polarization of the sexes is necessary for a sound relationship between them. At any rate, it doesn't guarantee it, or how explain the large amount of homosexuality present in two such polarized societies as Periclean Greece and Victorian England? No, it seems to me that getting rid of sexual stereotypes can only enlarge the variety of *petites différences* which add a spice to affection.

Beyond objectivity, I find myself unable to ignore my old novelist's sense of mood. I have met an awful lot of liberated women in the last three years, and the constant impression they make is sheer enjoyment of life and good-feeling with each other. That is indeed a personal reaction, but it may be worth recording as an offset to the constant recurrence of sad tales about unhappy and lonesome women who have chosen feminism and therefore (!) left their mates, to their everlasting regret. The New York press seems rather to specialize in these cautionary fables; and while I don't agree with Spiro Agnew's view of effete Eastern journalism, it is only fair to say that things seemed different in Arkansas, Wisconsin, Louisiana, Oregon, and Iowa; in Missouri, Florida, Virginia, Michigan, Massachusetts, western Pennsylvania, upstate New York, and some way stations that I have overlooked. Most of the women I have run into and talked with are married, or see no reason why they may not be; lots of them have children, they are coping with jobs or with studies too, and they have been overwhelmingly energetic, cheerful, funny, and good-natured. They were also, those I met, of all ages, many backgrounds, and several colors. Discount my impression by all means, by whatever amount you desire, but it was everywhere the same, and everywhere positive.

Out of this experience and cogitation let me make two recommendations for future discourse between the sexes. I think women would do well to widen the context in which they see their needs and present their demands. A change in sex roles is a challenge to personal dominance and to political power both; to men as individuals and to a male caste which has a stake in separating itself from women, or at least thinks it has. I believe also that women would profit by a study of power and its workings. They might even produce some effective new techniques just because they come fresh to macro-politics, but they also need to see how such political action differs from private tussles over domination in the personal sphere.

As for men, I suggest that more of them listen more to women, and listen with the possibility in mind that some of what women say may not only be serious but even sensible. For the first time in history, perhaps, it is women's experience which is changing faster and more radically than that of men. In itself that bears witness to the profundity of the changes and it might alert men to the value of taking a look at them. Certainly it will not be easy to overcome men's fears of the effects of change in woman's role and image, but these fears are grounded in a mythology that is less and less in tune with social actuality. Mythologies do change as their support falls away, and perhaps we might find some cheer in the fact that men who habitually work with women, as equals in man's world, seem to be less disturbed by the ideas of equality for women than men who don't. In part, men's fear of equality is based on ignorance of how such a situation would work in practice. Our best evidence that the situation can work comes from the experience of those who have been living with it, and that seems to me realistically heartening. □



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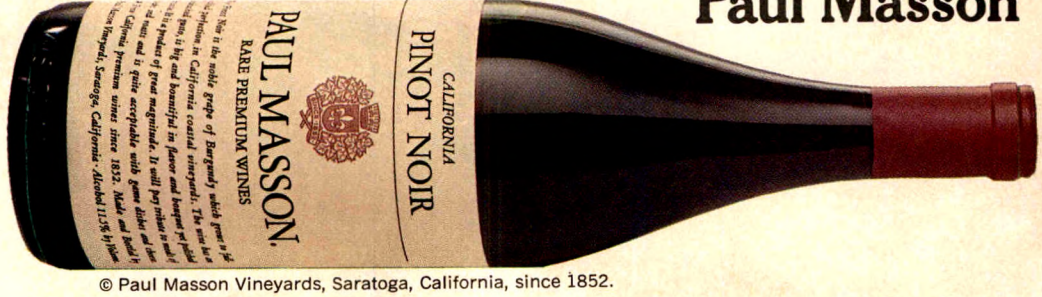

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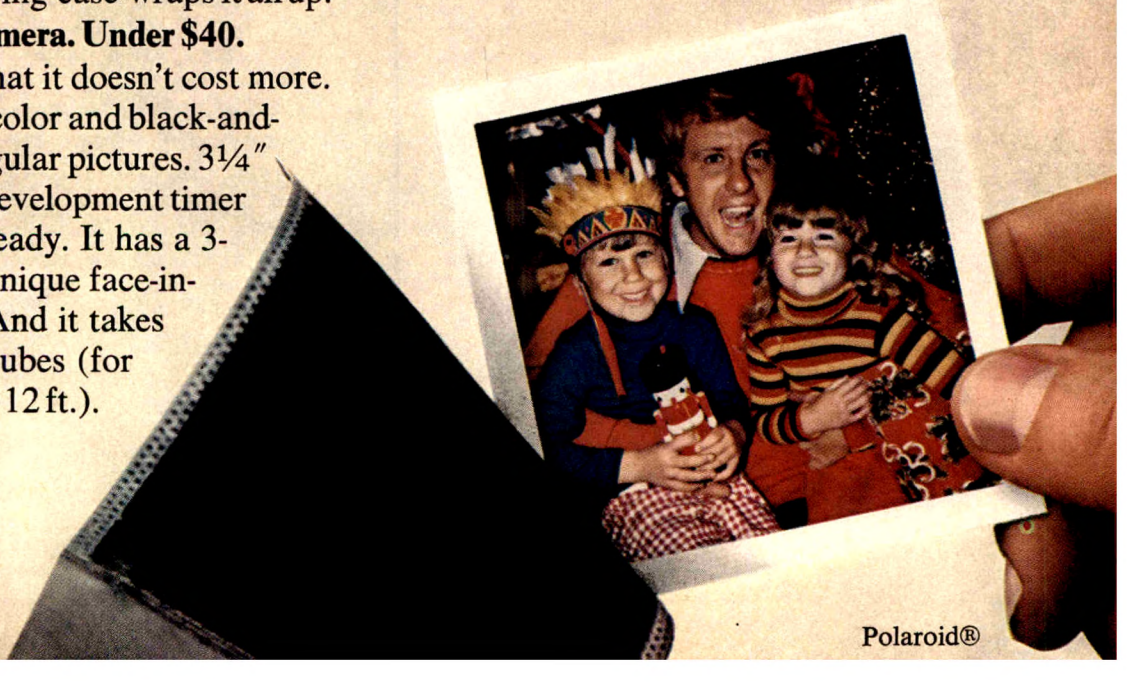

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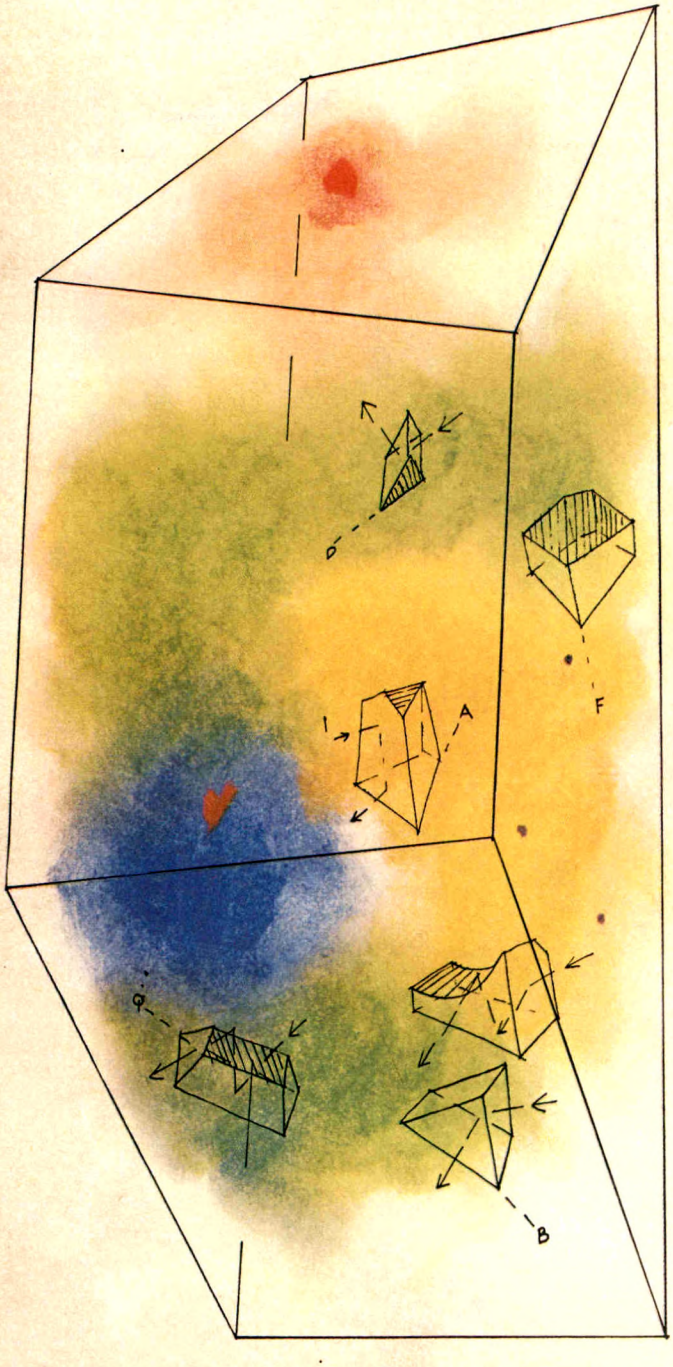
DID MONET SEE WHAT HE THOUGHT HE SAW?

by Alexander Eliot



"To put it bluntly, the fat old man who painted the great water-lily panels was very nearly blind at the time."

Claude Monet altogether dominated the Impressionist exhibition organized by the Arts Council of London last summer. The French master had received his first success in London, and often painted the Thames. He made that drearily mucky, dark-bosomed tidal river wind back and flow new again, liquefied mother-of-pearl. It looked as if Monet had deliberately glamorized the Thames, and other subjects as well.

One honest journalist traveled to the French city of Rouen and took a long, hard look at the cathedral there. Monet had pictured its façade, dozens of times, in canvases which glow with rose and lilac colors. But, said the reporter, the cathedral was nothing but grimy, gray stone. Yet Monet himself claimed to paint just what he saw—not what he saw in imagination, but what he saw with his physical eyes. When he repeated that claim, as he often did, was the painter lying in his teeth? It is not easy to see what advantage Monet might have expected to gain from insisting on a palpable whopper. Perhaps, then, he told the truth as it appeared to him. Does this mean that he suffered some sort of delusions or color hallucinations? Did he imagine that there were colors emanating from the things before his eyes, colors not visible to other people? Was Monet unable to see the world as it really looks? Did he envision it only through a dreamy haze of his own wishes? And can this be what we value in him: a kind of visual fiction?

I say no. In my opinion, Monet did paint what he saw every time; whether from the Thames Embankment, or at Rouen, or in fields of haystacks, or beside the water-lily pond at the bottom of his own garden. He actually saw colors, I believe, which would be invisible to most people.

The world is by no means dull in color. But human eyes, or rather our abilities to visualize, are relatively dull. Here biography brings me up short, however. Monet's physical eyesight was weak. In age, he had to contend with cataracts. To put it bluntly, the fat old man who painted the great water-lily panels at the Orangerie in Paris was very nearly blind at the time. Did he even know what colors he was using? Some critics have seriously asked that question. Yet, like the late quartets of stone-deaf Beethoven, these vast late masterpieces from the brush of fumbling, blear-eyed old Monet represent the culmination of his life's work.

To enter the Orangerie and let one's own physical and imaginative vision swim within the oval wombs of water woven with flowers which Monet designed for the rooms there is an experience of a timeless kind. One seems to be dying back into the

ephemeral, the evanescent, the ever-potential, like a breath released from the body.

Clear it is that Monet remained, right to the end, in full command of his medium. Were it not true, the Orangerie panels would not work such strange enchantment upon visitor after visitor. But the word "medium" must, in this instance, be understood to cover a great deal besides oil paints. Monet's own area of command covered far more than the triangle formed between those filmy, sunken eyes and that dripping brush tip. It also took in a whole gray mountainous continent, valleyed with rainbows, between Monet's eyes and the back of his head.

Vision involves not just the eye but the mind as well. Nobody knows, at least not yet, what happens once the optic nerve has coded the light impressions on the retina and transferred them to the brain. All we can say is that thinking and feeling are involved in seeing, when one pays attention. Looking with attention is not a merely physical function. Perhaps 90 percent of that activity is performed in an area of electrochemical energy interchanges which are entirely beyond the range of present-day scientific measurement. I therefore venture to propose that although the poor, translucent jelly of old Monet's eyeballs was clouded with cataracts, his interior vision was so brilliantly clear as to be able to make marvelous new truth out of the dim signals it recorded.

Imagination, in its first and most important meaning, is simply a technique for apprehending reality. We make an image in the mind of everything outside ourselves which we regard attentively. That is imagination in its simplest sense. Over the hours and years, we store impressions of reality somehow inside ourselves, although the way in which this happens has remained an utter mystery. Imagination makes images from such stored material as well. It constantly combines those images with each other, and with current visual data. These are secondary elaborations of the imaginative function.

There is a third process, difficult to describe and yet fairly easy to perform. One can create images "out of thin air." That happens all the time, when we dream. It can occur in waking life also. When it does, it is not daydreaming but something relatively real. We feel that we perceive directly, without the aid of the sense of sight.

Certain exercises have been designed to develop that subjective process in relation to color. Anyone who practices them will find that in the course of time they do definitely enhance his perception of colors in the external, physical world as well. The proof is in the experience, however. The exercises which I myself find useful, for example, possess no inherent logic. Therefore no one will be convinced of their worth or pertinence unless he takes pains to try one or two.

Put yourself at ease, preferably in a sitting position. You need to be at rest for what follows, yet if you lie down there is a danger of drifting off to sleep. Close your eyes and deliberately tune out the sound-tapes of verbal commentary spinning in your head. Experience silence. Pictures arise inside you; blur them out as well. Paint over them a single blue color. Or let the blue obscure the images that first came to you, as a rising mist might do. There is an infinity of hues and shades, of course, which can be called blue. For example, there is the blue that you used to see when you lay out on a mountaintop in childhood, gazing up into an astonishingly deep-colored, cloudless sky. But whatever the blue which you choose for this exercise, it belongs to no one else and cannot be communicated either in pictures or in words. Let it fill the whole field; let it spread even beyond what seem to be the limits of your vision in imagination. Let it be behind you as well as in front of you; let this blue be all around you. The question arises, what are you now? What occupies the center of the blue nothing or the blue everything which you now seem to be experiencing?

There is perhaps an orange flame, a small one, flickering and glowing at the blue's center. It seems to be about where your own heart might beat, provided your physical self were any part of this meditation. The color of the orange, like the color of the blue surround, is yours and yours alone. No one will ever see it except you. Respect, then, its lonely and flickering integrity. Only you can cherish, or even see, that particular flame in the blue infinite.

Now imagine yellow, in the same way that you imagined blue previously. You will find the yellow spreads more quickly than did the blue, to every horizon of your imaginative vision. Yellow is expansive. Yet then again, it tatters easily. There may be parts of the yellow sphere you are in which turn muddy or dark, as if bruised by the blackness of outer space pressing in upon your bubble of yellow light. Stay in the bubble, though. Create more yellow, imaginatively, to keep outer darkness away. Let yellow light expand in all directions, like the rays of the sun. At the center of this expansion there must be something. What is it? Not a flickering orange spark like that which held the center of blue, but a drifting speck or cinder of purple. This purple, too, is yours and yours only. It stands in complementary relation to the ever expanding air bubble of yellow sunlight which your imagination has made.

Like negative space, a mote of purple seems to move somewhere deep in the bone marrow of

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Alexander Eliot's books about art include *Sight and Insight.*

what would be your physical body, provided your physical body had a place in this meditation. What colors are inside of one's body? What color is the spinal fluid, for example, or the blood? These questions might seem easy to answer at first, but in point of fact they remain unanswerable. Spilled blood is red, plainly; yet who can guess what color it may take while pulsing in the dark of the heart?

Now for a more difficult exercise which follows naturally from the first two. Imagine blue as before, but imagine it arising and spreading at one side of you, not directly in front. Let it come up at your left hand, or your right, whichever you instinctively prefer. Now imagine yellow arising and spreading from the opposite side. The world of blue and the world of yellow meet and merge over your head. They do the same beneath your feet. The blurred band of their merging will be a particular green hue. That green, again, belongs to you. It is a mixture of your own blue and your own yellow; your own darkness and light. Perhaps you have been in an aeroplane at dawn or twilight and seen with your physical eyes a horizontal green band of a similar hue.

The concluding color exercise for the inner eye which I will now suggest is somewhat more difficult than the first three. If you have time and interest enough, repeat your total immersion first in blue and then in yellow. After that, put yourself back in the green refulgence between the two.

Now you are in nature, as it were. If your contemplative effort has been sufficiently and above all quietly sincere, you are sure to feel rather relaxed and even happy at this stage of the proceeding. There is something good about resting in the long grass of this color of yours, poised between darkness and light. What makes the next step difficult, in fact, is your psychological state of comfort. Ask yourself, anyhow, to rise up imaginatively; up through and out of the green that you seem to be in. Go straight up, not looking for anything but feeling the direction which you are taking. Your physical eyes must remain closed, of course, as has been the case throughout each of the foregoing exercises. But now you are not being asked to visualize a color world of any description; you are required to fly blind. The green which you have left behind swirls far below you now like some iceberg-bearing arctic ocean. You have closed the lid of your inner eye. Still, it envisions a vanishing afterglow of green. Meanwhile, your hands or their nonphysical equivalents, stretched out on either side like wing tips, seem almost to touch blue and yellow. You soar in imagination, like some sun-blinded eagle. Now, and only now, when you are quite ready, let the eye of your imagination open. It will see color first, there in the highest infinite emptiness. What color? Only you can answer that.

Exercises like the ones I have outlined are practiced by people of many different religions and philosophies all over the world. For thousands of years, this has been so. Chinese adepts often found that the final color to which they came resembled that of a ripe, glowing peach, a peach upon the Tree of Immortality. A Renaissance alchemist stated, on the contrary, that he arrived at "the blood-red Poppy of the Rock."

We have been talking about contemplative seeing. Intellectual insight is something else again. Some call it a still subtler and higher development of human capabilities. Others disagree. But let's turn now from visionary experience and find out what can be done with more coolly intellectual picturing or "model-building." The strength of this second approach is that it enables one to take in systems at a glance, including color systems. For example:

Think of an equilateral triangle. At its apex, set that "blood-red Poppy of the Rock." Down in the right-hand corner, or the left, put radiant yellow. Let dark blue occupy the final corner. Here you see the so-called "primary colors" laid out in such a way as to represent the diurnal balance of nighttime and daytime, with the red sun of sunrise and sunset at its apex.

Intersect a down-pointing triangle with the one above to create a Star of David in your mind. Fill its corners with the so-called secondary colors which complement the primary ones: green, orange, and purple. The lowest point of the star will be green, between blue and yellow. Orange radiates out between yellow and red, and purple between red and blue. All that is relatively easy to see, once you wipe the words out of your consciousness and look at it directly. There is a Star of David and it scintillates in the deliberate dark of your thoughts. Now spin it. You will see a color wheel, simple and grand.

Isaac Newton possessed, if any man ever did, lucid intellectual vision of the "model-building" sort. He was able to demonstrate that each color has a specific and measurable wavelength. Newton's tool for this experiment was a simple prism. He used that to break the white light streaming in through the shutters of his room at Cambridge University into rainbow bands. Newton was revered until very recently. In our time, the mathematics upon which he relied, and the cosmology which he proposed, have been superseded. We owe a great deal to him all the same. Newton can hardly be blamed because the systems which he offered were limited in various respects. It is in the very nature of rigorous intellectual systems that they must possess strictly defined limits. Conversely, imaginative vision is a vague enterprise, more question than answer. One's own temperament may tilt toward science, or toward art perhaps. The subjective and objective paths are equally valid, and equally frustrating.

Newton "failed to see with the eyes of the spirit." That was the complaint about him which the poet Goethe made. Newton seemed to have closed the books on color research, however inadvertently; and Goethe boldly opened them once more. His own elaborate "Theory of Color" was predicated more upon happenings in the inner eye than upon observable and measurable vibrations of light in the physical atmosphere. For this reason, contemporary scientists laughed off Goethe's intensely serious efforts in the field of external and internal optics. Hence the poet's bitter quarrel with Newton's ghost.

Today, at long last, Goethe is coming to be recognized as the philosophical father of what is called "the psychology of color." There is nothing wrong with the science which he began, psychologists now say; but it really belongs to them. No one can quarrel with their claim, so long as it be understood that the "psyche" in "psychology" is something real as steel and concrete, and not a sheer tissue of illusions to be scissored up.

That essential point was made plain not so long ago in an Oxford lecture by the great physicist Erwin Schrödinger. The world, Schrödinger said, "is given once, not twice." It is single, not dual. No actual split exists, in other words, between the external world which we "see" and the internal world which we "know." Things are not real out there and false inside ourselves. Nor are they false out there and real only in us.

Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth must necessarily embrace both objective and subjective matters on an equal basis. Those two aspects of reality complete each other, like darkness and light, to create a unity, and that unity is the world. One should go further still, however, before bringing the present black and white sketch of color to a halt. There is no perception without a factual side. Similarly, no facts outside the world; nothing totally cut off, unperceived.

We get nowhere near the true nature of color, for example, until we can see it as a continuous flow. There is a dark Thames which divides London, and perhaps a more luminous Thames in the mind of such a man as Monet somewhere; but they are the same river, not discontinuous. Subjective color cannot exist separately from the shades of the river out there. Objective color cannot glow or flow by itself, either.

We speak these days of "spacetime" as a unity available to mathematics and to scientific theory, as it has always been present for human experience. The day will come when we speak of fact-percept in the same way. We still need the terms "objective" and "subjective," it seems. We still require some dichotomy between "science" and "art," even. But only for purposes of discussion. Science and art are not at war. Inside and outside do not disagree. It is we who do battle with ourselves perhaps unnecessarily. Every molecule, atom, and phosphor, in the air and in our minds as well, flows bannered with reciprocal color.

I conclude with the vision of the Prophet Ezekiel. He saw a wheel within a wheel; both were spinning independently and together as well. Such was the shape of his fact-percept, his intuition of a cosmic wholeness which really exists. Now, Isaac Newton also achieved such an intuition, in his own way. Within the wheeling colors he perceived a principle, expressed physically in what a prism can do. The poet Goethe, for his part, combed a new science of color from the seeming white light of thought. And what did Monet do?

The painter laid hold of the big, two-hearted Thames which is reality. Looking through the tip of his paintbrush, he dissolved Rouen Cathedral and built it up again. He set water lilies of color afloat upon the colors of the water lily. All these things proved possible for Monet to do. Why? Because they were not conjuring tricks. They were the sensitive and precise actions of someone who understood color in its very nature. □

NIGHT SAIL

The sail
rattles and opens
cups
fills with wind
balancing
white
a comet
whose tail froths
starless
we come about
heel over
the rail sinks
into silence
I lean
holding a line
daring myself
to be healed
the sail
like a hand
closes
over the moon
we kneel
are baptized
in blackness.

by Judith Minty

VICTOR BLUE

An Atlantic "First" by Ann Beattie

Monday

Took monthly leaf cuttings to send to her friends in the violet association. Other than that, all routine: turning on fluorescent light, usual watering from dish beneath the pot. Store delivered decorative pots. Now the inside pots must be carefully lifted so that none of the delicate leaves snap. A tricky business. My fingers must not touch the leaves. The clay pots must be centered exactly in the decorative pots, then misted from a distance of two feet. Mrs. Edway has inspected them carefully to be certain there are no bruised leaves. After unjust complaint yesterday, put ice water on the violets today to get even. Wilted a little. Shook my head with her as she called the violets "temperamental." Annoyed me by talking about too many articles she'd read in the violet association publication. Made note to discard next issue of the magazine in post office when I pick up the mail. She calls the mails "unreliable." She has been crankier than usual. I suspect her pain is worse, but after years of marriage I know better than to ask. Mrs. Edway has always had her secrets.

Yesterday I began reading *Confessions of Z.* Next to be read are *The Red and the Black* and *The Charterhouse of Parma.* It sounds as though we are literate people. Also in the pile are *The Silver Chalice, French Science-fiction Stories,* and *Man Meets Dog.* Every time I read to her she reminds me how lucky we are that the librarian's mother is her personal friend, so the librarian sends us books by messenger every Saturday at noon, when the library closes. I am not sure whether the books are selected by the librarian or by the messenger, who is a young schoolgirl of racially mixed parentage. Sometimes, as Mrs. Edway called to my attention, we receive a selection of books from authors whose names follow alphabetically: Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Flaubert. Other times there seems to be little method in the selection. Mrs. Edway and I agree, however, that we should be grateful for the service, which began when Mrs. Edway (who had donated half a dozen specimen violets to the reading room of the library) wrote a note to the librarian saying that she would no longer be able to make a weekly inspection of the violets because of her poor health; in fact, she would no longer be able to use the library at all. Our service began the week the note was delivered. On that occasion the librarian came herself, dropping off several anthologies of English and American literature. She declined to stay, although she did wait long enough to be given several Food'N'Bloom pellets.

Something interesting happened: after careful consideration as to whether we wanted a dog or a cat or nothing, we voted secretly, on separate pieces of paper, which we held up at the same time, so that one couldn't change his mind after seeing what the other had written. Each of us had written "cat." Next Saturday I will ask the messenger if any of her schoolmates have kittens they want to give away.

Mrs. Edway sees me writing and asks who I think is going to read all this. She is jealous for two reasons: I am using Xerox paper that Bernie brings me (he brings his father Xerox paper, while he brings his mother nothing), and because I have not begun the afternoon reading yet. I am not much interested in *Confessions of Z* and may call for a vote as to whether we should continue with it. She is cranky today because she did not have a good night, and if she suspects that I am not calling for the vote just out of routine, she is sure to answer "yes."

She is looking through a magazine now, holding it close to her face. I suspect she is studying ads for cat food. The pictures show so clearly which brand contains more liver that it will not be necessary to vote when it comes time. What a coincidence that she received a free coupon for creamy liver dinner in the mail this morning. Is it the same brand pictured in the magazine?

Bernie just called to check on things. Xerox has developed an improved reproduction-machine paper. He is going to a convention to describe the new product to clients. He tells me his mind will be at rest if I persuade her to see a doctor before he leaves town.

The messenger has come and gone. *Romeo and Juliet* was not accounted for when she returned the books we had finished to the library today. She told me the book had to be in this house, because it was not in her house. She described putting the pile on her bureau and removing the pile this morning to return on her way to school. She carried them in a book bag, so she could not have dropped the book. I tried to treat the subject lightly and asked, "Wherefore art thou, book?" as she sprawled to look under the bed. Wanted to ask about the kitten, but she seemed very agitated. Decided to wait until Saturday. She made a thorough search of all but one room, and did not have time to do that because it was her lunch hour, and she had to return to school.

I raised what I thought might be a touchy subject: a charcoal filter for the spigot. She agreed.

Abandoned *Confessions of Z* for *The Red and the Black.* Listened to Brahms. Dinner of crab-stuffed flounder, lima beans, and corn. She went to bed an hour earlier than usual, not feeling well again.

Tuesday

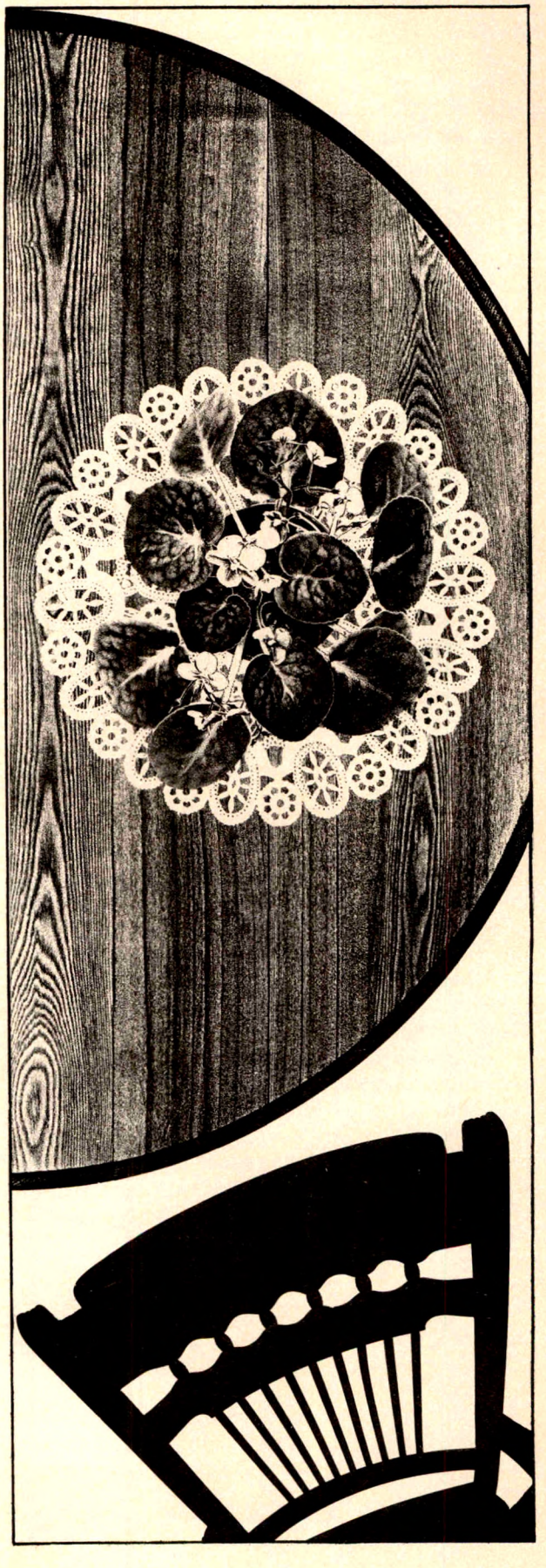
Arose early, prepared pancake batter for breakfast. Wrote two notes: one to the mail-order house for a charcoal filter, the other to Dr. Yeusa. The messenger arrived just as I finished writing. She was distraught and said she must find *Romeo and Juliet.* The search ended in vain at 8:30 when she had to leave for school.

Must call Mrs. Edway's attention to "High Hopes"—two withering leaves.

She slept through the phone call from Bernie, allowing me to tell him that I had contacted the doctor, asking him to stop by unannounced. He thanked me, promised a supply of the new Xerox paper.

When she awakens we will have breakfast and take the Tuesday stroll.

Radio bulletin about a missing two-engine plane.



Ann Beattie is in the Ph.D. program at the University of Connecticut where she also teaches freshman English.

Walked by the frozen pond, where children were ice-skating. One child recognized us, a girl about eleven, and asked if she should stop by with a selection of Girl Scout cookies. A nice little girl—remembered her from last year. Mrs. Edway knew her name, I think, but wouldn't say it in front of me. She points up my deficiencies, such as forgetting names, by not helping out. She knows the messenger's name, too, but won't use it. Am waiting to ask the favor about the kitten because things are still strained between us. Looked for *Romeo and Juliet* myself. No luck. Told the messenger it had to be either here or there. She is convinced it is here and has arranged to stop by with a friend after school. I think her job may be in jeopardy and will suggest to Mrs. Edway that she offer to repay the library for the loss and to assume responsibility.

Mrs. Edway's cousin from San Francisco mailed her a belated birthday gift: an embroidered picture of the Eiffel Tower, *La Tour Eiffel* in black cross-stitch at the bottom. Took a secret vote to see if it should be hung: "Yes." We decided on the dining room without having to vote. Mrs. Edway wrote a note to the librarian offering to replace the book before I suggested it. She leaves the envelopes for me to lick and seal because she doesn't like the taste. Peeked before I mailed it, but the note didn't mention the messenger's name.

Fell asleep in the afternoon after the episode in which Julien wishes he had died in M. de Renal's garden. Dinner was late, and I didn't concentrate as much as usual on the preparation because I was trying to piece together the nightmare I'd had, about a plane circling a garden. Someone had asked questions of me, and the correct answer would allow the plane to land. If Mrs. Edway slept when I did, she didn't say. I awoke to see her examining a magazine close to her face. She always looks over the top of her magazine to let me know she is aware I'm dozing. When she dozes, I ignore it.

She makes a shopping list for Wednesday. I have my own little private joke about the list: she can't see well and lists toothpaste every week, although she has over a hundred tubes in reserve, and I keep buying them, stacking them up so if her vision improves and she sees them we will have something to argue about. We can well afford the toothpaste—no harm done. We spend some time, while the food cooks, making lists of vegetables and meats we will both eat, then buy seven dinners of items we have both agreed upon. She has added a few things to the list when she gives it to me: a hairnet, vitamins, toothpaste (I laugh to myself).

Chicken casserole and tossed salad for dinner. She asks me if it is iceberg lettuce. I chopped it small on purpose, knowing she'd ask. I answer that it is romaine. No argument.

Search parties have gone out for the plane.

Mrs. Edway answers the phone. It is the messenger, who says she was kept after school and hopes we weren't inconvenienced waiting for her. Sensing that things have turned around a bit, I ask for the phone and tell the messenger that we are replacing the book. I inquire about the kitten. She thinks she knows where she can get one and promises to call back.

Wednesday

Pushing the grocery cart back from the store, I see a car parked in front of the house. Dr. Yeusa received my note in the morning mail. He is a thin man with curly, bushy hair and small silver-rimmed glasses. Mrs. Edway and the doctor look at each other over the tops of their glasses. She refuses to stand when asked, and asks him to join her on the couch. I will fix them tea. She is angry with me for what I have done, so surely I will at least fix tea. She allows the doctor to question her. It is a pain in the stomach that usually comes only at night. He takes her blood pressure; she turns her head to avoid looking. She sees the bad leaves on the violet, the ones I forgot to mention, and gets up, the device still wrapped around her arm. On her way back from the violets the doctor blocks her way and examines her abdomen. He takes a blood sample and puts it out of sight in his bag at tea-drinking time. Before he leaves he phones in a prescription for sedatives.

She will not speak to me.

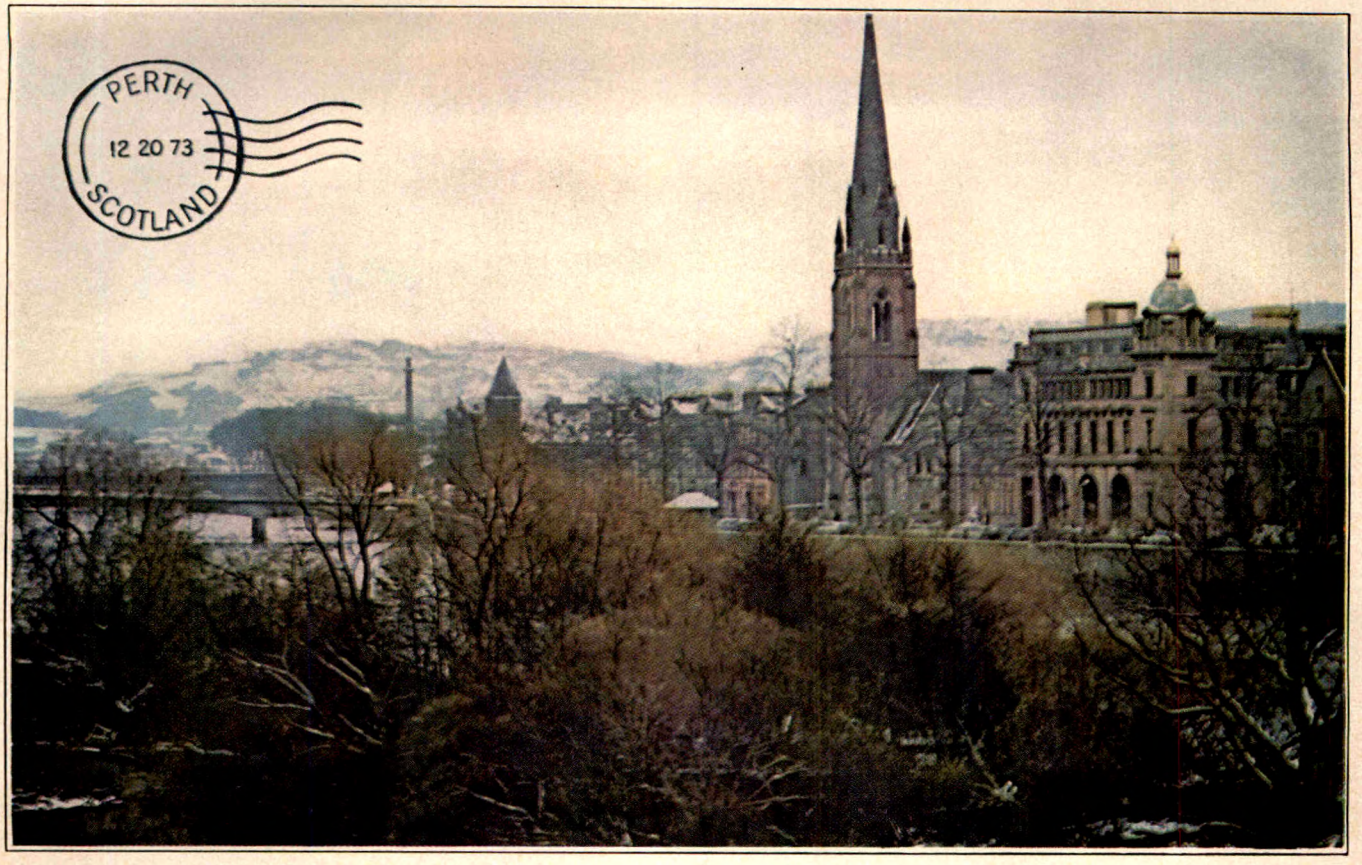
There is a knock at the door. Mrs. Edway says, "I like the mint and the assorted." But it isn't the Girl Scout. It's another girl, and she's brought a basket of kittens, all six weeks old she says. She takes the blanket off. Mrs. Edway and I study the contents. We each write on a slip of paper which ones each likes. Her slip reads: gray and white, all gray, the largest kitten. Mine: gray, multicolored, orange-ish one. We confer; yes, by "the largest kitten" she meant the multicolored one. So it is narrowed down to that one or the gray one. I tell her that either is all right with me. She chooses the multicolored kitten. The girl stares, even after we have chosen. No, she says, they're free, and leaves the house.

I offer the kitten a can of liver, but it seems uninterested and walks off to explore the kitchen.

Dinner: liver and onions, succotash, pound cake. Lately we have been arguing about the necessity of both a green and a yellow vegetable daily, now that vitamin pills are so fashionable. I fix dinner, so she gets both, but the idea of having to eat them for good health gives us something to talk about. To annoy me, she used to finish her vegetables *and* take a vitamin pill. Now, since I shop, I ignore vitamin pills when they are on the list.

On one of my pieces of paper she has begun a thank-you note. I see "Merci, Celeste," but she

Perth sends you its Best for the Holidays



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shades the note with her hand when she sees me looking.

Two cowboys die, shot by another cowboy on horseback. The rest of the movie shows the cowboy's dog walking home without his master, and the wife of one of the dead cowboys standing on the front porch staring curiously at the dog, who slinks under the porch. The wife goes down the stairs to look at the dog. Program interrupted by delivery boy from drugstore. Embarrassed to say I nearly tipped him a nickel instead of a quarter. Usually keep that nickel separate from my other change because it's an Indian head. Mrs. Edway sits stirring the batter for carrot bread. The movie depresses her and she speaks bitterly against Bernie for not calling, wonders what will happen to the inn across the street when it's sold. She asks how many years we've lived in the house, and I tell her fifty. She gets confused when she's tired. She tosses the kitten a ball of yarn that is nearly as big as the animal itself. The kitten circles it. She asks what we decided to name the kitten. No use lying, telling her the name I like; if it doesn't ring a bell, she won't believe me. "Rainbow," I tell her all the same. She nods. I suspect she's not tired, but in pain.

She feels better later and says she doesn't remember discussing the kitten's name. Where is the piece of paper on which we agreed? The pieces of paper are piled next to the Xerox paper, in boxes I bring back from the food store. Of course I can't produce the evidence. She wins her point and goes to bed.

The weather forecast is for snow.

Thursday

Bernie came in the afternoon, brought her a pumpkin pie Mary Louise made and a package of the new paper for me.

Bad news, but Bernie says they won't know how bad until more tests are made.

No snow yet. No decision about name.

Friday

She couldn't see the small illustrations in *Man Meets Dog,* so I copied them on large sheets of paper. Copied four of them. We've enjoyed the book more than *The Red and the Black.* Secret vote revealed that neither was sorry we had a kitten instead of a puppy.

The news has gotten around. She can't blame me because I didn't go out yesterday or today. She had two phone calls, both of them from women offering encouragement. She was polite and didn't talk long, but long enough to find out that it was Mary Louise who told them.

She won't eat the pie Bernie brought. She looked through her cookbooks today and found the recipe for apple, and has made an early store list, including the ingredients she'll need. She doesn't criticize Mary Louise for telling people what the doctor said, but she talks about Mary Louise's Catholicism and complains that she's more narrow-minded than the Pope. How foolish she is to think she'll go to purgatory because she's sterile!

She asks me if I remember the night she tried to talk Bernie out of marrying Mary Louise. I do. We talk about it, careful not to overestimate the extent to which Bernie lost his temper. Bernie never would listen to advice.

An uncomfortable moment when Mary Louise cried on the phone and said she had been to church to pray.

Two new violets have taken root.

Watched the sunset. Sky was very bright before the storm began. The colors disappeared in a second and were replaced by fast rolling clouds and then the snow. Tried to take a picture with the Polaroid, but the sky darkened too fast. Very windy. Didn't stay out long because of the flu epidemic. She watched me from inside the house—face looked like a ghost's because of the fluorescent light shining around her. Used to read ghost stories to each other. For years she hasn't wanted to hear them. She used to get frightened and dive for cover, under the afghan, into the pillows, even though the plots were familiar. Finally cleaned, got rid of the old books last summer. She laughed when she found *The Lives of the Angels* that Mary Louise gave her for Christmas: a whole book filled with drawings of the angelic hierarchy, faint lines made with a thin pen point, pastel colors swirling behind them like the sky before the snow.

Trying not to think about it.

I do all the reading now because the years have proved that I'm the better reader. I cook better too, although she still fixes a few specialties. I'm not responsible for the flourishing violets—only do what she tells me. Keep track of what was done when by making notes on a calendar hanging above the plants, with pictures of specimen violets on it—a bonus from her violet association for subscribing for ten years.

Trivia.

Kitten's ripped up pieces of wool all over the rug.

Maybe it would cheer her up if I told her about the toothpaste.

Glanced at *The Charterhouse of Parma* and am thinking of putting it in the pile to be returned, pretending we've finished the week's reading.

A television special tonight on the astronauts.

Who's supposed to arrange for the tests?

Saturday

When I got back, Bernie's car was parked outside. They were standing in the doorway in their

coats, ready to drive her for the tests. Mary Louise must have seen the pie in the kitchen, untouched. I had arrived home either a minute too soon or a minute too late. Had a nervous conversation with Bernie about paper and the flu epidemic. She left without a word to me. Don't know if she gave them trouble or not. Fat Mary Louise helped her down the walk. Bernie kept looking back at them, pretending to look at me, waving twice.

Wish I had started keeping this book long ago, so I wouldn't look back through it and read only about familiar routines.

Could do something different today, talk to neighbors, take a bus to the zoo, but that would seem disrespectful while Mrs. Edway is being tested.

Could get rid of the book and all the Xerox paper inserts, but I'd miss it, and she'd miss having cause to dislike me because I'm always writing in secret, refusing to show it to her. Would she be disappointed? She probably remembers what the last few years have been like. There aren't any fantasies. I could go back and write endearments in the margins, or at the end of the pages. Ink wouldn't match. She couldn't read the small writing anyway. Calling her Mrs. Edway is a form of endearment, I suppose.

Afternoon: rolled pastry crust for the meat pies. Almost forgot book delivery. The messenger came in spite of the snow, carrying two history books and three novels. She stopped long enough to stroke the kitten. Kitten won't use its box, uses the corners of the dining room. House smells a little bad. Went for some air, dressed very warmly. Nobody at the pond today. Sign still up at the inn. One two three four. We used to keep track of the number of steps it was from one place to another: between the pond and inn, for instance, or from the house to the field on top of the hill. She'd try to confuse me by counting out loud, and she took two steps for every one of mine.

When she was pregnant I stuffed a feather pillow under my shirt and walked around, colliding with her. Maybe that's why Bernie got dizzy when he was a child.

Evening: Mealybug discovered on "Victor Blue" during a routine check. Leave it there? Let all the plants be contaminated? Go out in the snowstorm and catch the flu? Stop answering the door when the messenger comes? Get no grocery list Tuesday night, do no shopping Wednesday? Take the kitten to the Humane Society? Feeling sorry for myself. Mrs. Edway tells me to spray the plant with malathion. She wants to save "Victor Blue" even though she says she will d--.

Night: Bad television reception because of the storm. A secret vote to see if we want to listen to the radio, if possible. Two No's. She calls for a vote about what she said earlier. Hers Yes, mine No.

Sunday

Discovered some of her old samplers: "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall/Jesus Loves Us One and All." Another: "In Heaven There Is Work and Play/Half of Each Makes Up Our Day."

A notice in the mail this morning, signed "Suzie Duncan, Your Girl Scout Representative," informing us that cookies had been re-ordered, but there would be a two-to-three-week delay. A depressing thought: the posthumous delivery of Girl Scout mints.

Mystery of *Romeo and Juliet* solved, book found in old box of signed agreements that had been carried upstairs. Called the messenger, apologized. Mrs. Edway got the number for me. Still don't know the messenger's name. Good she answered and not her parents.

She calls for another vote. Still a tie, of course. Now I have an advantage on my side, though. She came right out and asked if she could read the book I'd been keeping before k------ herself. I told her I'd discovered the old samplers. She was angry and accused me of spying on her because I know she can't climb stairs. I think she wants to read this to find out whether I've secretly loved or hated her all these years. It wouldn't be fair for her to get all this when I'd only have three incidents or facts imparted to me, written on sheets of Xerox paper not large enough to hold much information. It's the best she can do, she says. We take a secret vote on whether we should keep arguing: one Yes, one No. More talk about d---- later in the afternoon. She asks if I resist the idea because I want to see her suffer, smug in her assumption that that's what the book says.

Night. Petite marmite.

A phone call from Mary Louise's priest, who identifies himself as Father Donnelly and explains that he knows we are not Catholic, but that Mary Louise has been very upset and he felt he might offer words of consolation. The words he offers are references to books of the Bible: numbers, suggested psalms. Told him that "In Heaven There Is Work and Play/Half of Each Makes Up Our Day." He had no ready answer.

Keep thinking of what I'd do. Wouldn't want to stay in the house—not just because I'd have bad memories, but because I'm tired of the house. Violets are too much trouble. I complain to her about the problem it would create, and she suggests we d-- together.

Tea and bed.

Monday

Took care of violets. A little worried about "Pledge of Pink," but no signs of mealybugs. Mrs. Edway inspected with a magnifying glass to prove me wrong, but after careful examination no argument resulted.

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How the war was lost but the wine was won

Long, long ago, when knights were bold and kingdoms were personal property, a 15-year-old girl named Eleanor was married to Louis VII, King of France. What she lacked in maturity she made up in her dowry. She was heiress to Aquitaine, an area equal to almost one-quarter of modern France. But even that didn't help, and the marriage was dissolved by the Pope in 1152.

Because she retained her property, Eleanor was very popular and she soon accepted the proposal of Henri Plantaganet, Duke of Anjou. Being a Plantaganet and a descendant of William the Conqueror, it came to pass that Henri became Henry II, King of England.

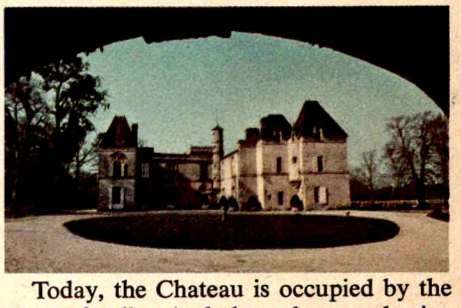
So, Eleanor, who had been Queen of France at 15, found herself Queen of England at 30. This marriage was successful to the tune of ten children, two of whom became kings. One was Richard the Lion Hearted, of Crusader fame. The other was King John and his best claim to fame was that he was forced to sign the Magna Carta.

Meanwhile, the proud French resented having so large a part of their country being held as personal property of a Queen of England. Especially since Eleanor's lands included the thriving seaport of Bordeaux and all the Bordeaux wine region as well.

Finally, after mulling it over for 100 years, the French started the Hundred Years War to get it back. In a last great battle at Castignon in 1453, the English were forced to leave the Continent . . . never to return.

But, all was not lost.

Before the English evacuated Bordeaux, they made sure they "liberated" all the fine wines maturing in the casks at Chateau D'Issan.



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Cruse

On the phone, she refused both further testing and interim treatment. Her doctor or Bernie?

Finish petite marmite.

Gave her the book when she went to bed. She flipped through, held it close to read passages but was too drowsy to concentrate. Bottle of sedatives three-quarters empty.

Just got the book back. Put the light out over the violets and have been watching the sky change color, from pale to dark. Radio says more snow, but there's a ring around the moon. Does that only mean rain?

* * *

One officer to another officer: "The old man says he killed a Mrs. Edway. Waited to come in because Tuesday is his day for a stroll."

The authorities are such young people.

Phone call: Bernie and Mary Louise come to the police station. Mary Louise cries and says I'm innocent. Just like his mother, Bernie is wild to get his hands on the book, but two policemen are reading it in another room. I am allowed to go into the room with Bernie and Mary Louise because they hope I'll talk more. Mary Louise does most of the talking, explaining that her mother-in-law had a terminal illness. Bernie hears a report from another policeman who's just arrived. Suicide. The policemen in the room doubt it and pore over the book. Bernie looks with them. Mary Louise looks all around, crying. They want to find something written down.

"What does this mean?" an officer asks, looking at a page near the end of the book.

Another officer looks over his shoulder, brings the book to me.

I won't do anything more, including talk.

An officer makes a phone call, spells the words to someone on the other end. "It's French," he says. "A vegetable soup cooked with a turkey carcass."

Mary Louise's fat hand patting my shoulder. Remember the day Bernie first brought her home. He was going to marry her. Mary Louise sensed Mrs. Edway's depression, told Mrs. Edway she wasn't losing a son but gaining a daughter. When they left, Mrs. Edway said it looked like she'd be losing twice.

When Bernie was a little boy, we hid Easter eggs and Mrs. Edway directed him: "Warm, warmer, cooler. . . ." Bernie loved it. Days later we had to turn the living room inside out, looking for an unfound Easter egg. Turned out to be the one Mrs. Edway had spent the most time decorating. She was upset, said she wished she was d---.

Don't cry, Mary Louise. Accidents happen. A ring around the moon last night, and today no rain, no snow. □

"NOT YOU I FEAR..."

Not you I fear but that other
who can walk through flesh,
queen of the two dimensions.

She wears a necklace of small teeth,
she knows the ritual, she gets results,
she wants it to be like this:

Don't stand there
with your offerings of dead sheep,
chunks of wood, young children, blood,

your wet eyes, your body
gentle and taut with love,
assuming I can do nothing about it

but accept, accept, accept.
I'm not the sea, I'm not pure blue,
I don't have to take

anything you throw into me.
I close myself over, deaf as an eye,
deaf as a wound, which listens

to nothing but its own pain:
Get out of here.
Get out of here.

by Margaret Atwood

LIFE & LETTERS

COUPLE TROUBLE: MOD & TRAD

by Benjamin DeMott

Can a guide to sexual liberation help us to know ourselves? Will the emergent literature of mod marital life-style—autobiographical fragments, novels, therapists' interviews—be of real service in "placing" the age?

It will indeed, says the California psychologist Carl R. Rogers, provided readers first clear their heads of cant. Critical of people who confront the new domesticity with chatter about decadence and loss of moral standards, the Doctor posits—in BECOMING PARTNERS: Marriage and Its Alternatives (Delacorte, $7.95; paper, $2.95)—a contemporary cultural crisis necessitating the development of wholly new relationships. And he attempts to provide, through extensive interviews with individual experimenters, firsthand information about present-day innovative partnerships—"as perceived and lived and experienced from inside."

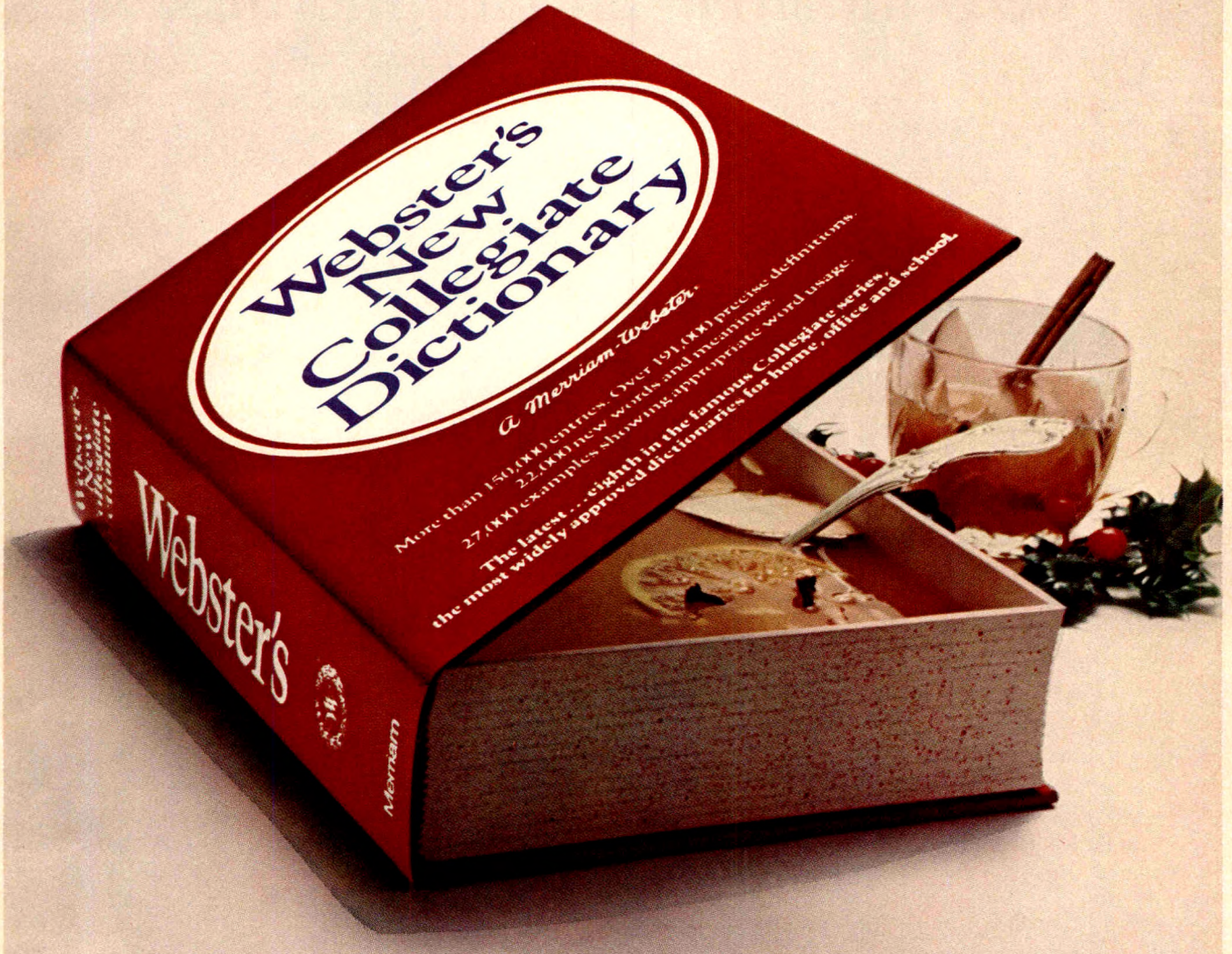
Among the interviewees are an "unmarried-married couple" (youngsters in a highly precarious union), partners in a "now" marriage, a black man divorced from a black woman and about to marry a white, several communards, and a husband and wife married for fifteen years whose union has undergone almost continuous radical transformation from year one. Piquant details of feeling abound in many of the tapes. A young married woman acknowledges that, to her surprise, "it seemed more personal somehow to me to hold hands than just about anything else. You know, more personal somehow than making love." A couple acknowledges that the decision to marry came at the summit of a domestic fight, while they were living together, and constituted an invocation of magic and miracle. A husband discovers what it means to say that roles are "culturally imposed" (guilt about his joblessness began only when the in-laws came to town).

But it isn't details of feeling that establishes *Becoming Partners* as a provocative witness to the times; neither is it the expressed conviction that domestic experiment is the new American frontier ("the risks [these couples] take are just as real as those taken by Daniel Boone"). It's the author's troubling persona. Father of let-it-all-hang-out, Dr. Rogers is an extraordinary relisher of "openness" as a thing in itself, severed from content, freestanding, pure. Several of these interviews recount furies and frustrations; the interviewer not only never loses his cool but invariably responds on an upbeat. "That really hits me," he will say, leaning forward enthusiastically. "This is extremely insightful and very thought-provoking." "I really dig that." "That is really fascinating."

At moments his blessings actually startle. If the tapes transcribed in *Becoming Partners* speak them true, Erik and Denise, radical marriage partners, are a very nearly heart-shaking domestic disaster area. Hunting salvation ("got to find another way of relating"), they've flogged themselves ceaselessly toward the New—"into things like basic encounter groups, into things like drugs—grass, LSD, into things like experimenting with relationships with other people outside the marriage," into "bioenergetics and yoga." And they and their two children have suffered pain and collapse on the way. Denise has had breakdowns stretching over a period of four years. ("I started feeling as though I was getting fuzzy around the edges, unsure of my ego, all kinds of weird sensations.") Erik goes on the sauce, "crawling under the bed, and curling up on the floor and screaming and crying and clawing at the carpet and things, and refusing to do anything." They are in terror that Erik is "going to grow up with two small children and a wife who was nuts." To this day Erik leans hard on grass, and there seems no end to the pair's fearfully exacerbating restlessness—"we're dissolving the structure of our marriage," "selling our home . . . all our properties," "we're leaving our friends, our jobs, professional positions, we're leaving the country we were married in"—a new tangent.

All this is hung out before Doctor Rogers, chaos, crisis, despair—"as perceived and lived and experienced from inside." But, some kind of wonder, the man "really digs" this, too. "Well," he says, concluding the interview, "well, this has been a lot of fun, as far as I'm concerned." The age demands, as it seems, not

was·sail



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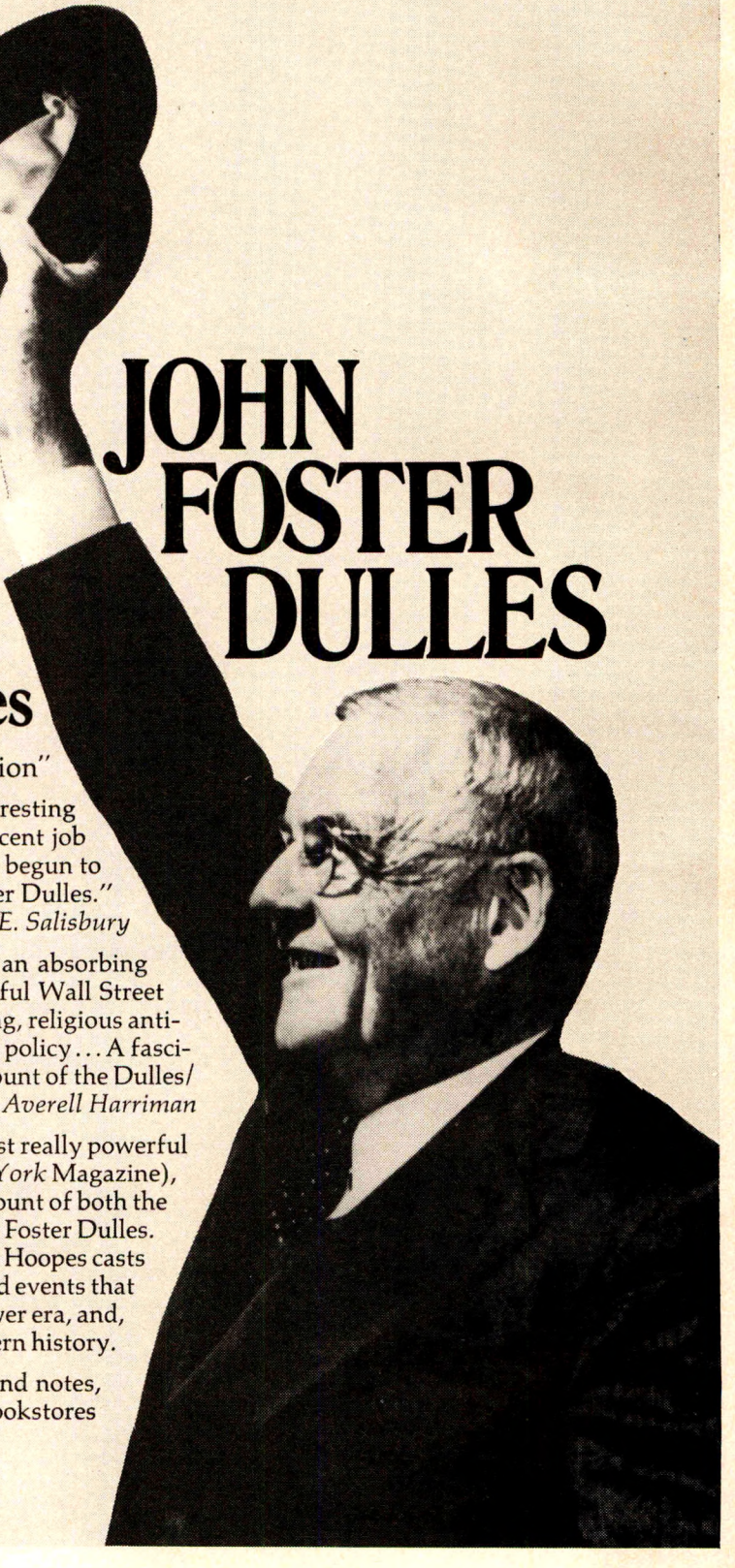

by Townsend Hoopes

Author of "The Limits of Intervention"

"I find Townsend Hoopes' book so interesting that I cannot put it down. He's done a magnificent job and for the first time I feel that someone has begun to come to grips with the phenomena of John Foster Dulles."
—*Harrison E. Salisbury*

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an image of its accelerated grimace but a superlatively impervious good cheer ("must do this again"), smack at the edge of ruin. Ample and earnest in its display of evidence, *Becoming Partners* deserves rank among the more informative works in its field. And the Doctor's frontier metaphor signals he's aware that many "domestic experiments" take place at the borders of hell. But that awareness doesn't restrain him from cheer-leading. As I read it, there's ice at the core of his book.

Isadora & Adrian, John & Mimi

A chill of a different sort permeates Erica Jong's novel FEAR OF FLYING (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $6.95), and John and Mimi Lobells' JOHN & MIMI: A Free Marriage (Bantam, $1.50)—celebrations (more or less) of radical sexual experiment. Isadora Wing, Ms. Jong's heroine, is twice-married, Barnard-educated, under thirty, and (like Erik and Denise) fiercely restless. Attending an international congress of analysts in Vienna with her psychiatrist husband, she meets an English Laingian who instantly arouses her sexually, and subsequently exhorts her to cast off marital ties and live by his self-proclaimed existentialist nonrules. The pair lights out for the European Territory, leaving the heroine's husband behind. And then, after two weeks of roaring about the Continent in a Triumph, coupling with each other and with strangers met in roadside camps, they split: it's time for the English existentialist to rejoin his wife and kids. Spirits intact, Isadora hunts up her husband's holiday digs; finding him away when she calls, she awaits his return (on the closing page) in his tub.

A first-person first novel, *Fear of Flying* is more than a report of an affair. Backflashes tell of the heroine's Manhattan adolescence, first marriage, and dealings (from Boston to Beirut) with her three sisters, who are wedded to a black, an Arab, and an Israeli. (The best of its pell-mell pages recount the fantasies of Pia Wittkin, a superbright, sex-raddled schoolgirl. Haunted from puberty by lust for a Bogart-Olivier "with very savage white teeth," Pia sees the chap making love to her in an "abandoned monastery" in Vermont—a pad fitted with "extremely rustic floorboards," "black satin sheets," and Siamese cats "named things like John Donne and Maud Gonne and Dylan.") In another of its dimensions, the book is a diatribe against marriage—against the dread dullness of habitual, connubial sex, against the paucity of means of reconciling the desire for freedom and the need for closeness, against childbearing. Isadora Wing's opinions, jokes, bawdy brio, and victory over inhibition (this is perhaps the first work of fiction to explore, through a heroine's consciousness, the comedic possibilities of masturbation and menstruation) could win *Fear of Flying* an audience in The Movement.

But the book's primary cultural interest lies elsewhere—in the character of the relationships it depicts. Miss Jong's "lovers" are notable for reverence of the experience of the self and for their achievements in "managed" remoteness; they neither expect nor desire to touch each other's subjective centers, nor, in turn, to be touched in those quarters themselves. Isadora, a writer, repeatedly objectifies her lover as a prospective hero for a novel (or as an item for an alumnae news note); her beloved, for his part, perceives the adventure as a way of providing himself with a contrived, mimetic, semi-genuine experience of existential breakout. In a word, personal creativity—a phenomenon not to be confused with generativity, to use an Erik Eriksonism—is all.

And it also is in *John & Mimi: A Free Marriage,* a "blueprint for sexual exploration that goes far beyond 'open marriage' into a new realm of sexual pleasures." The pleasures, enumerated in brief, naughtily worded chapters, narrated by mod mates John and Mimi, stress "total freedom" and the "excitement of a forbidden joy made accessible." (The activities often consist only of probes of neglected bodily apertures by accomplished hetero-homo teams.) The book is heavy with oversimplifications traceable to idealization of self-indulgence, dimness about the relation between freedom and discipline, and dread of socialization—fear that any commitment to

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another entails a violation or reduction of self:

> It feels wonderful to give another person freedom, and it feels horrible to restrict it. [Is freedom awarded true freedom? Do restrictions leading to self-mastery really restrict?] People who restrict their loved ones out of insecurity and suspicion never know if the love they receive is given by choice or because they demand it. [After such knowledge, what forgiveness?]

The Lobellian dogmas about trust flow more directly from longing for escape from the entanglements of full response to another, than from concern for the quality of moral relationships between persons. For John and Mimi are performers to the end, stars in sex-art shows, films, and the like that serve to objectify their feelings for each other. They are also on the prowl for aesthetic foundations, ways of linking the swinger's life-style to the taste for complexity and contradiction in the fine arts. (They quote various architectural credos—"more is not less"—in building their case.) And they regularly seek metaphorical release from the obligation to "interact" as consciously responsive persons. ("I can see our lives. We are like two liquid films floating on an endless field reflecting all the rainbow . . . continuously slowly shifting . . . free to slip apart and float off. . . .")

The thoughts of John and Mimi on freedom, children, security *et alia* don't quite warrant solemn address—too much porn and uplift in the mix. And it's proper to note that these opinions, like those of Isadora and Adrian and Erik and Denise, are products not of personal invention but of social and economic structural change. As an image of the new styles of absence-within-presence in man-woman relationships, however, and also as an intimation of ideologies of remoteness to come, the book repays a glance.

Divorcing Novels

In the context above, the season's two divorcing novels—Richard B. Wright's IN THE MIDDLE OF A LIFE (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $7.95) and Richard Stern's OTHER MEN'S DAUGHTERS (Dutton, $6.95)—look

like works of "conventional domesticity." But oddly, the problem of detachment from feeling surfaces in these pages too. Messrs. Stern and Wright have shown in previous outings a satirical edge (tenderer in Mr. Wright's first novel *The Weekend Man* than in Mr. Stern's memorable *Golk*). Each writer is, at his best, stylish and witty. But neither—this is the matter of substance—can summon intensity in an address to domestic feeling. *In the Middle of a Life,* set in Toronto, tells of a moderately successful, determinedly low-key effort, by a middle-aged divorcé named Freddy Landon, to resume work life and sex life as a single. *Other Men's Daughters,* set near Harvard Square, tells of a moderately successful, equally low-key effort by Robert Merriwether, a bland, middle-aged, Shakespeare & Chablis professor, to shuck his wife of decades, and win happiness with an undergraduate beauty named Cynthia. Both heroes are likable, and while Stern's Cambridge seems sanitized, neither landscape is unrecognizable, and a quantity of civilized intelligence is kept steadily in view.

But the start of a new life in the one book and the end of an old life in the other seem equally unmomentous. Vague nostalgia and vague melancholy are the central emotions here, and only at wide intervals do they become affecting. Mr. Stern's divorced couple produces, jointly, after the day in court, a gorgeous family Christmas; no bitter phrase is spoken. Once, while lecturing, the husband thinks: "This is the last day of my married life"—and he resumes, barely missing a beat (the subject is the formation of the genetic nucleus). Mr. Wright also ends with a dying fall—"sad affection" between the new mates, easy comparisons between beat-up machines and beat-up hero. ("There was much to repair in his car. In his life, too.")

Dim lights of life living on their length of years, these characters are insufficiently energized even in love-making to be studied for general meanings. But the hint in their life stories that heavy weather about marital choices leads (in novels) straight to soap opera does connect with assumptions on fronts that are farther out. And both books bid, therefore, like the wilder tales of swingers, for regard as cultural symptoms.

"Now" Rituals

Heed only the works just cited and you'd conclude that fullness of human feeling isn't long for the Western world. Lightness about rupture of relationships, and endorsements of remoteness as a value seem in process, in letters, of becoming conventions. But, as nobody needs telling, pain and tormented connectedness persist in life, and so too do authors disposed to credit their reality. A different disposition seems implicit, to be sure, in the title of Mel Krantzler's forthcoming book CREATIVE DIVORCE: A New Opportunity for Personal Growth (Evans, $6.95). And the author, a divorced "divorce therapist," isn't above discourse about "The Promise in the Pain," or reliance on the staples of self-help manuals (the invented alliterative disease—"separation shock"; the numbered list—"Avoiding the Nine Emotional Traps of the Past"). But Krantzler does have a darker, decent side, and people for whom the suffering of a divorce is still raw could find help in his book. The reason is that Krantzler's self-help chapters are lighted by an authentic imagination of pain, awareness that only fools allow the belief that divorce *can* foster growth to overwhelm consciousness of the immediacies of the experience itself. The author knows that the tribe of Johns and Mimis is multiplying; he also knows that most ordinary men and women can't be jokey about deaths of relationships, and aren't encouraged to try to be by authority. (Krantzler quotes interesting documents from Conciliation Court services to back his contention that the "official judgment society lays on the divorced man or woman [is that] you are a failure.") A reader in search of confirmation that human beings still buzz with contradictions, vulnerabilities, and intensities could be comforted by the descriptions in this text of states of feeling among the recently divorced; so too could people recovering from the collapse of a marriage.

Viewed as a document in social history, *Creative Divorce* is most provocative for its drafts of scenarios, strategies, and techniques for putting a marital relationship to death, insuring that divorce means The End. No previous period can have been called upon to codify and test rituals of mourning in this mode. But Mr. Krantzler deserves better than to be ticked off as an evidential snippet. Smutched by gimmickry, his book attempts to deal seriously with a serious thing, speaks kindly and realistically, and, best by far, presupposes the continuance of complex affective life.

That life is abundant in Joyce Carol Oates's newest novel, whose subject is a married woman's ascent to a measure of consciousness of her situation, of the characters of her husband and lover, and of the complications of her feelings for both. Like many of this author's previous works, DO WITH ME WHAT YOU WILL (Vanguard, $7.95) is ungainly—an outpouring without a shape. The social observation is less pointed than in, say, *them.* And several defects visible in earlier books have yet to be overcome—density of viewpoint that obscures a denouement, shrill patches of italics signifying the Subconscious on The Boil, jumbles of pretentious narrative short takes (here called "Unrelated Time Durations").

But if this edifice rumbles and teeters over various abysses (melodrama among them), it is a restorative volume even so. And that is because Ms. Oates's people, like those shadowed forth in the divorce tract just mentioned, aren't simply bundles of *odi et amo,* confused and confusing; they're absolutely incapable of denying or neutralizing the feeling that drives them. They can be shattered by an outward spectacle or tortured from inside; they register their crises not as "lots of fun"; they seldom thin themselves out into films. Hope goes forth ever for a keenly reflective, proportioning intelligence destined to order contemporary domestic affairs in a shapely work rich with truth about where we are. But while we wait, we need voices that keep us in contact with our unreduced selves, that insist on the range and force of human feeling, that can't be conned into calling "loss of affect" a new frontier. Luckily, such voices exist; Ms. Oates is important among them.

HAPPY MARRIAGES ARE NOT ALIKE

by William Abrahams

PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE
by Nigel Nicolson
Atheneum, $8.95

Until the deaths of the three principal figures in the story, the publication of this extraordinary book by Nigel Nicolson about the marriage of his parents, V. Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson, would have been unthinkable. Vita (I will follow Mr. Nicolson's practice of first-naming his characters) died in 1962. Harold, the husband whom she had tenderly loved through a half-century of marriage, died in 1968, not long after the publication of the third and concluding volume of his *Diaries.* (Edited by Nigel, and perhaps the best known of Harold Nicolson's many books—though not, I would say, the best, dividing that honor between *Some People* and his biography of King George V—the *Diaries* gave no hint of the emotional drama encompassed in the present work.) Violet Trefusis, the third principal, died in 1970.

It was Violet whom Vita had passionately loved between 1918 and 1921; with her, at the climax of their affair, she had briefly eloped; and for her, she had come dangerously close to abandoning Harold and their two sons. In the end, however, tenderness won out over passion. Vita discovered that she could not bear to hurt Harold by leaving him, whereas the thought of hurting Violet by not going off with her was a more manageable guilt—"hurting Violet" had been an exciting element all along in the extravagant course of their affair, no matter how much they adored each other. When Harold, in an unexpectedly positive gesture (for him), hired an aeroplane and came in pursuit of his wife to France, she decided to return to him, and broke permanently with Violet, who returned to her own husband.

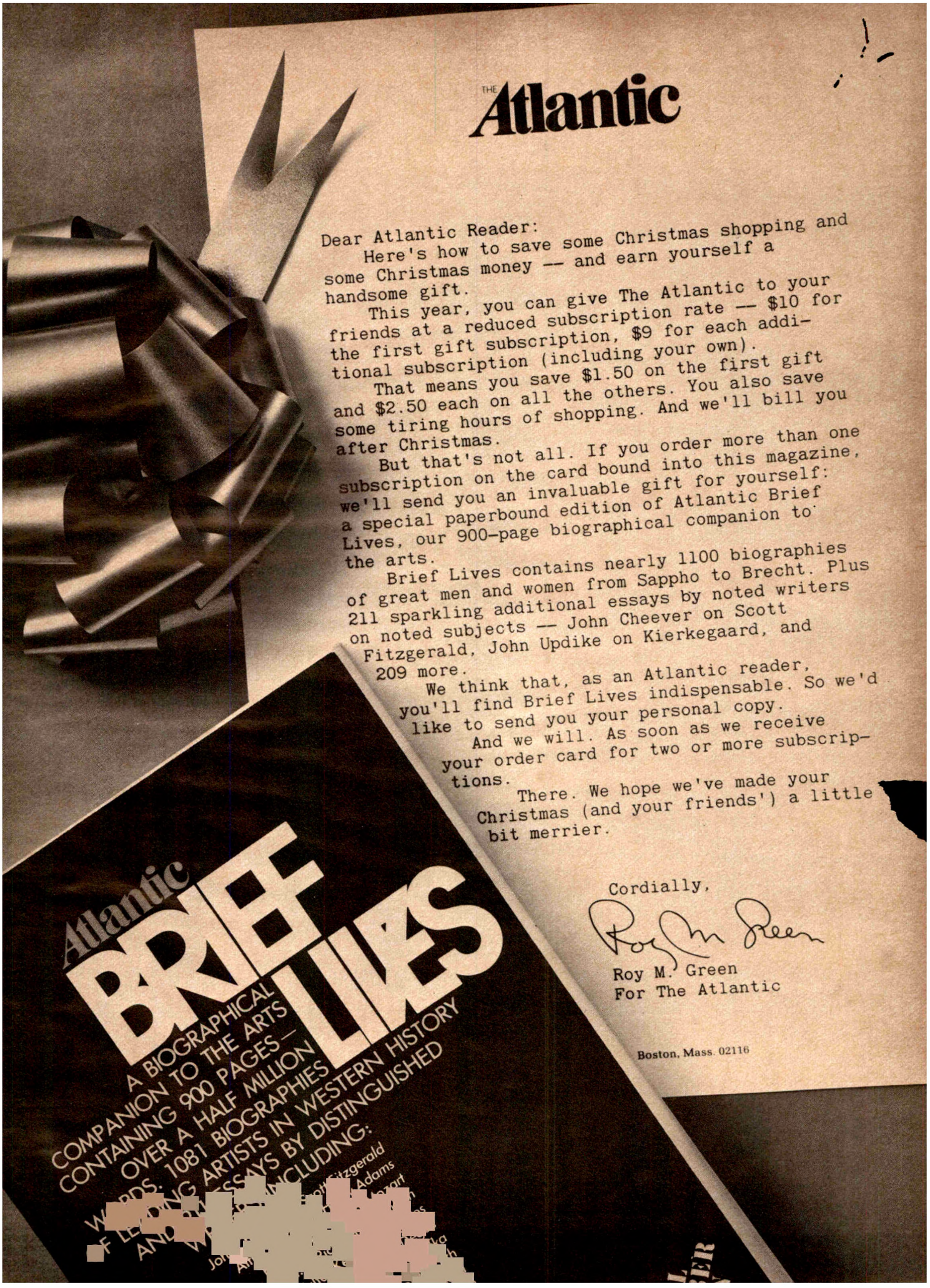
With the death of Violet—but how vividly she springs to life again here, a latter-day Caroline Lamb!—the way was clear for the story to be told. Nothing remained to be resolved but questions of privacy and propriety, which Nigel had been pondering for almost a decade. After his mother's death he had, as her executor, gone through enormous quantities of her personal papers in her sitting room in the tower of Sissinghurst Castle—a room he had entered "only half a dozen times in the previous thirty years"—and then, as he was finishing his tasks, he came upon a locked Gladstone bag in a corner. "The bag contained something—a tiara in its case, for all I knew—and, having no key, I cut away the leather from around its lock to open it."

What he discovered in the Gladstone bag was a notebook in which Vita had set down her own account of her affair with Violet, virtually as it was happening, an eighty-page document of quite exceptional candor and power, in many respects superior to anything else she was to write in a long, productive literary career that included poetry *(The Land),* biography *(Saint Joan of Arc),* and fiction *(The Edwardians, All Passion Spent).* Although she had put the manuscript away and shown it to no one as long as she lived, it was evident to her son, sitting at her writing table in 1962, and it will be evident now to anyone who reads it in the setting he has so skillfully devised for it, that she did expect that *someday* it would be discovered and published. But someday is one thing, and now is quite another—and to decide, as Nigel has done, to publish the whole story, must have been painful in the extreme: after all, these were not invented or disguised characters in a novel but his mother and father that he was about to reveal in all their peculiarity.

Of course, anyone who has read Quentin Bell's biography of Virginia Woolf will already be acquainted with one of Nigel's central disclosures: that Vita was not only beloved by Virginia and the inspiration for Virginia's *Orlando,* but she was also, in the words of Quentin Bell echoing Mrs. Woolf, "a frank and unequivocal Sapphist." (Nigel confirms this, but on the actual relationship between Vita and Virginia there are some differences between his and Quentin Bell's accounts: the emphasis by Nigel is on the nature of his mother's feelings for Virginia—more idealized love than physical passion, he argues convincingly, and he is forthright in his belief that "it is a travesty of their relationship to call it an affair.")

We have arrived at a point in time when a marriage between a man and a woman in which one or the other is homosexual (frankly and unequivocally; or furtively; or, as it were, unconsciously), though unusual, begins to suggest the dilemmas of tomorrow's soap operas—yet one more conventional unconventional "problem" that a marriage counselor, writing for a large, middle-class public, is now ready to deal with, ever so glibly and sympathetically. But there was nothing of the conventionally unconventional about Vita and Harold. About them there was no touch of the "bedint" (in family usage a word for the middle class). Vita's father was the third Lord Sackville; she grew up at Knole, one of the great, historic houses of England, "larger than Hampton Court," as her mother remarked. Harold's father, Sir Arthur Nicolson (later, Lord Carnock), was permanent under-secretary of state at the Foreign Office; Wellington was his public school, and at Oxford he was at Balliol. From the time of their first meeting, at a small dinner party in the summer of 1910, Vita and Harold moved in the same world, and for all their differences of character—Harold bland and Vita passionate—they were alike in the kind of aristocratic self-assurance and disregard for the multitude with which they resolved the "problem" inherent in their story. As Nigel sums it up in a rather heady prefatory statement:

> It is the story of two people who married for love and whose love deepened with each passing year, although each was constantly and by mutual consent unfaithful to the other. Both loved people of their own sex but not exclusively. Their marriage not only survived infidelity, sexual incompatibility, and long absences, but also became stronger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December Report on

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A NATURAL DEATH

by Nancy Price

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LITTLE, BROWN

and finer as a result. Each came to give the other full liberty without inquiry or reproach. Honour was rooted in dishonour. Their marriage succeeded because each found permanent and undiluted happiness only in the company of the other . . . the strangest and most successful union that two gifted people have ever enjoyed.

Certain facts need to be adduced as a counterweight here. Harold and Vita were married in October, 1913, and there is considerable evidence to justify Nigel's claim that in the early years of the marriage they were "sexually compatible." Their first child (a son) was born in August, 1914. A second child was born dead in November, 1915. Their third child (Nigel) was born in 1917. "After 1917—" I am quoting from Nigel again; somehow the feeling that one is invading the privacy of these gifted people is diminished by doing so—"it gradually became clear that their mutual enjoyment was on the wane. . . . When I myself married, my father solemnly cautioned me that the physical side of marriage could not be expected to last more than a year or two, and once, in a broadcast, he said, 'Being "in love" lasts but a short time—from three weeks to three years. It has little or nothing to do with the felicity of marriage.' Simultaneously, therefore, and without placing any great strain upon their love for each other, they began to seek their pleasure with people of their own sex."

The style is so fluent here, it hardly allows for questions—but one does draw back for a moment at that inevitable-sounding "therefore." Vita, as we encounter her in these pages, especially in her own memoir, was a woman of ardent temperament, as innocent and demanding as a loving animal in her physicality. Suppose, for example, Harold had been a more passionate lover than he was, not "so physically cold," as Vita remarked to her mother, mightn't things have taken a different course? Idle to speculate, since that is not how things arranged themselves, but it is not uninteresting that Vita's next affair, when she had returned to Harold and given up Violet, was with Geoffrey Scott, the author of *Portrait of Zélide,* a man of forty who was, as

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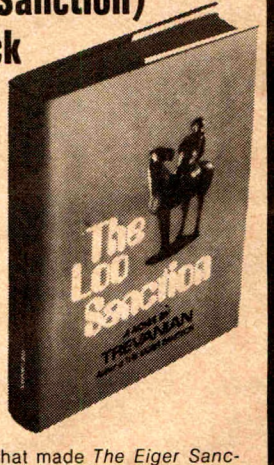

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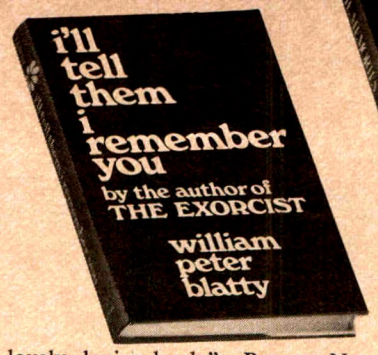
Vita yet again confided to Lady Sackville, "very passionate."

In any event, from 1919 on, theirs was a marriage in which the sexual relation played no part at all; and once the perils of the Violet episode had been survived, their separate, temporary connections outside the marriage in no way endangered it; indeed, it may even have become, as Nigel asserts, "stronger and finer as a result."

In a society such as ours where a continuing, not to say nonstop, sexual relationship is held to be the prime ingredient in a successful marriage, and where even septuagenarian marital partners are concerned with the quality of their orgasms, the strangeness of the Nicolsons' marriage is more likely to be accepted than its success. And yet I don't see how anyone reading this book (unless he chooses to disbelieve the evidence of Vita's and Harold's letters, and Nigel's remarkably specific statements supporting them) can doubt that their marriage was *successful for them*—it worked!—and by what other standard, so far as its protagonists are concerned, is a marriage to be sensibly judged?

That the marriage portrayed here is an exceedingly different one from the conventional stereotype goes without saying. Yet, reflecting upon it, one is tempted to suggest that the difference is a matter of degree. Any successful union of two people determined to live together for all their lives will have its elements of the mysterious and unexplained. It is hardly surprising that we should know more about the couples who live in fiction—the Bovarys, the Karenins, the Leopold Blooms, the Dick Divers, the Dodsworths—than we do of the couples who live down the street. Once the door of the bedroom closes, all is darkness within, and statistics and answers to sexual questionnaires are inadequate to the mystery it contains. Yet beyond the bedroom there are other rooms and settings where the lineaments of a marriage are to be discerned, and at Sissinghurst—the Elizabethan ruin which the Nicolsons bought in 1932 and proceeded over the years to make habitable—one looks to the garden.

The property, which is still Nigel Nicolson's home, has been given to the National Trust, and is open to



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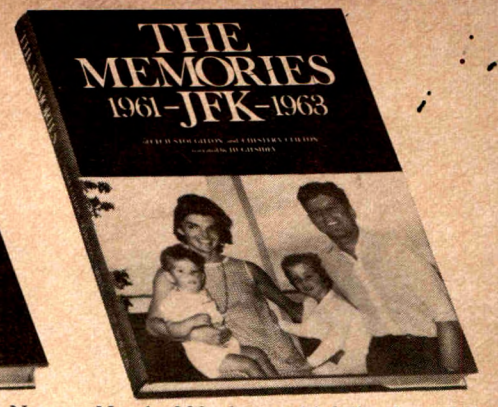

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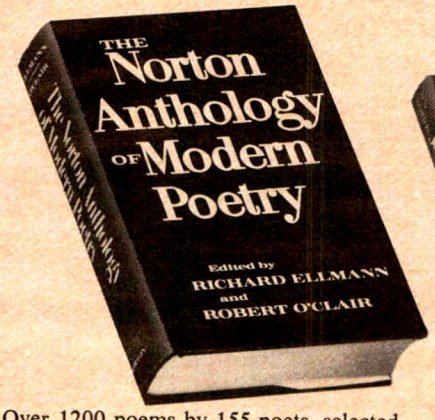

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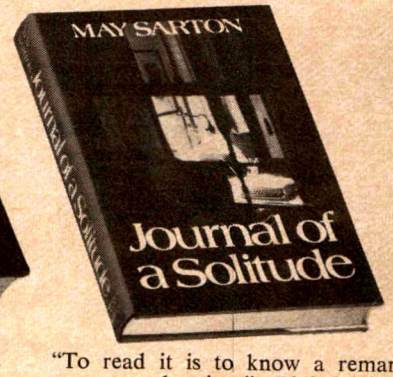

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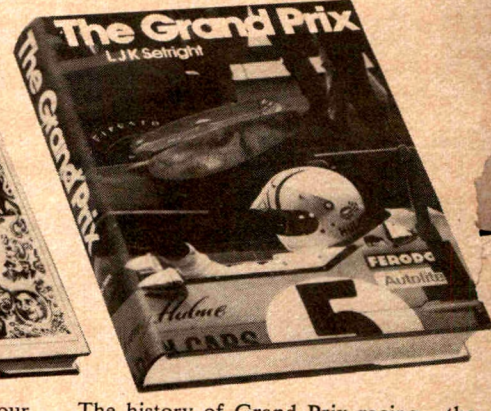

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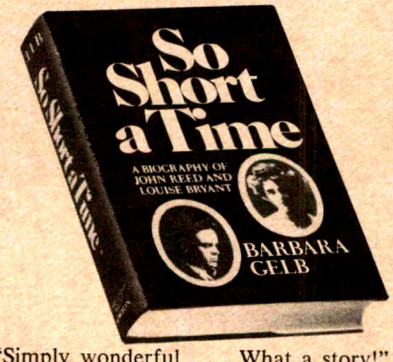

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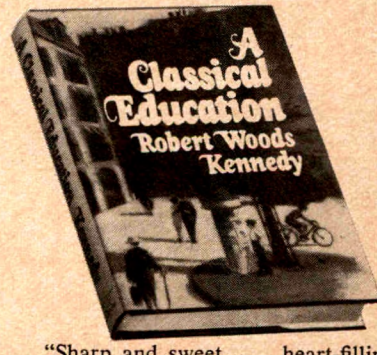

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visitors. If one goes late in the afternoon, toward closing time, one avoids the crush. The effect, strolling from one beautiful "room" to the next—a purple garden, a white garden, a cottage garden, all reds and oranges and yellows, disciplined in design and romantic in the planting—is magical. One feels that the creators of this great work of art and nature are palpably if invisibly there, perhaps on the other side of the ancient brick wall. To Nigel it is a "portrait of their marriage," and one can understand why he should think so. For the garden at Sissinghurst, designed by Harold and planted by Vita, is a reflection of their so strongly contrasting natures, and the harmony between them that was, like this garden, their own extraordinary achievement.

MOVIES

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

by Joseph Kanon

Mean Streets, directed by Martin Scorsese and written by Scorsese and Mardik Martin, is the latest in a group of American movies to arrive this season with the unsettling power of a new sensibility. It's too soon to sort and label them as a trend or movement—given their individuality, who would want to?—but in small and sometimes large ways they are unlike anything on the screen before. Scorsese's *Mean Streets,* George Lucas' *American Graffiti,* Ralph Bakshi's superb animated feature *Heavy Traffic*—and, in a slightly different way, Lamont Johnson's *The Last American Hero*—are small-budget films by young directors with more energy and originality than we've seen in some time and their energy seems to come at least in part from a shared source, a generational tone. (Johnson, at fifty-one, is the exception and his film, not surprisingly, has a much more conventional structure than the others, but it has the same feel to it.) It is as if the people for whom all those silly "youth" pictures of the late sixties were made have finally been allowed behind cameras themselves. What they have come up with are hard stares at a society finding its limitations.

It's not exactly news that we are in trouble; what sets these movies apart is the absence of protest or even rebellion. They are about a society of walls that are going to be neither jumped over nor smashed through—doing that would be like complaining that Las Vegas is ugly, a pointless exercise because it's overwhelming, comparable to nothing, *there.* The American society reflected in these movies is so complicated—even crazy—that observing a mere fragment of it with clarity and understanding seems a triumph. These young directors are like reporters at an accident: they haven't time to make judgments, they're just trying to get the facts down before the tow truck comes.

Mean Streets was shot in twenty-seven days on a budget of under $500,000, almost entirely in the streets, bars, pool halls, and restaurants of New York's Little Italy. Like *American Graffiti* (which had a similar shooting schedule and whose director, at twenty-eight, is an almost exact contemporary of Scorsese's), its loose story concerns four young men and its geography is so defined that the picture often blurs into sociology. But *Mean Streets* has a narrower range (and probably, as a result, a narrower appeal). *Graffiti*'s small-town drag strip was a mirror to American suburbia as a whole; the Little Italy of *Mean Streets* can't be anything but itself. The movie is more firmly placed by ethnic culture and class, and though it has a real proletarian grit to it, even connections to a larger working-class America can be made in only the broadest terms. But *Mean Streets* transcends these territorial limits because it works from the inside out. This is not the film of a well-meaning outsider come to observe street corner society: Scorsese is from the neighborhood. He knows it like the back of his hand and he knows its people not as specimens but as themselves.

A good deal of the movie was shot at night and since the tight shooting schedule was plagued by rain, the film has a slicked-down urban look to it, garbage cans ringed with puddles, twisted neon reflecting off the pavement like simmering mirages. It's not in the least beautiful, even in the op art way peculiar to cities at night, because it works from the street level. When Scorsese takes his cameras to the rooftops for a series of shots of the San Gennaro festival below with the skyscrapers of midtown in the distance, the visual transformation makes the neighborhood seem even more claustrophobic. A party seen through fire escapes looks like a revel in a cage. But up there on the roofs the night stretches out with possibilities, the skyscrapers like postcard promises of money and power. *Mean Streets* is about New Yorkers who have spent every day of their lives on its streets (when one character takes his girl to the beach, he's uncomfortable and wants to get back) but who remain, in a sense, tourists in their own town.

Down below, life is chaotic, violent, often senseless. This is a neighborhood of restaurants whose walls are decorated with pictures of the Kennedys and Pope John, pool halls where brawls break out at the drop of an insult, apartments that look out on other windows. The dress is flashy, the sexual attitudes frankly chauvinistic, the rituals of honor and crime as firmly set as a body in cement. There is noise everywhere—not just from street sounds and endless arguments, but from the soundtrack, a mixture of pop (now virtually a trademark of young directors) and operatic Neapolitan. Scorsese selected the music before editing the film but the songs don't work for the movie in any particular way (his opening with the Ronettes' "Be My Baby," however, is an inimitable touch)—the characters seem as happy listening to Frank Sinatra as they do to the Rolling Stones, so it's just a background of sound. The important thing is the jukebox volume ("The girls like it loud," a pool hall owner says). But the kind of anarchy found in the music has no place in the characters' lives. Much like the young men in Fellini's *I Vitelloni,* their high

spirits are locked into an endless adolescence. They exhaust their inventiveness in horseplay: dueling with garbage can lids on the spur of the moment, using whiskey glasses to shoot pool on a bar top. They play because outside the game circle life is formal and very serious, no violations allowed. If you cross a loan shark, for instance, you get dead.

Mean Streets is loose in structure, its story line really an accumulation of portraits that bounce off each other like a chain reaction. Tony (David Proval) runs a bar and has the befuddled look of a man who's discovered too early that he's a hack. Michael (Richard Romanus) is a small-time hood who deals in stolen goods, filled with criminal ambitions but too stupid to do more than affect a criminal style (when he buys a shipment of stolen German camera lenses, they turn out to be merely filters, and Japanese at that). Charlie (Harvey Keitel, in an impressive performance), the main character, runs numbers and collects payments for a Mafia uncle. He wants to open a restaurant uptown, and is still torn by his Catholicism (when a friend asks him, "Why do you let those guys get to you?" he says, "Cause they're not supposed to be guys"). Cursed by good instincts in a corrupt society, he looks after the slightly crazy and wildly anarchistic Johnny Boy (Robert De Niro, even better than in *Bang the Drum Slowly),* who has the self-destruct impulses of the irrational. The relationship leads to trouble, of course, if not a breakthrough—the catalyst in these new movies doesn't force a rite of passage, but merely flushes out the violence.

There is a sad sack element to the characters—they're no better than they should be—but *Mean Streets* never goes slack or sloppy. This is life under a high-intensity bulb—pitiless, without sentiment, slipping into shadows to escape the glare. Johnny Boy isn't a Lenny figure from *Of Mice and Men;* his feebleness holds no romance and little pathos, just annoyance and danger. Michael is not above hustling two silly kids down from Riverdale to cop some firecrackers. Charlie overhears plans to smuggle a murderer out of town but calmly washes his hands and goes about his business.

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Scorsese says the directors who have influenced him are Roger Corman (horror and biker pictures) and John Cassavetes, and the signs of Cassavetes are particularly pervasive. *Mean Streets* is a movie that depends heavily on its actors, and Cassavetes' method of improvisational acting *(Faces, Husbands)* is especially suited to a style rooted in documentary. Scorsese gets some wonderful things out of his cast (about a third of the dialogue was improvised) but it's a risky technique. If the actors run on too long (as they often do in Cassavetes' movies), it gets boring. A conversation punctuated with "I says to him" and "so he says" can be so realistic that after a while it's like listening to a drunk at a party. Scorsese never goes quite this far, but *Mean Streets* is long—too long—and, like the life it portrays, repetitious.

American movies at the moment have a wonderful abundance of "natural" actors who seem to work out from their characters into the flow of the film. The stars are not completely gone—*The Way We Were,* for instance, is a triumph for Barbra Streisand, who has a style all her own—but a sublimation into character, the impossibility of stepping out of a part, is clearly the trend, and all of these recent movies (except, of course, for the animated *Heavy Traffic)* have moved it a step further. This kind of low-key acting blends so well with the looser style these movies represent that it's often difficult to think of "performances." In *The Last American Hero,* Jeff Bridges gives one of the best performances of the year and you feel he doesn't even know the camera's on him. When this kind of young actor gets stuck in a conventional movie of no depth at all, however, nothing jells. In *The Paper Chase,* a regressive little number about Youth Today and the Harvard Law School, Timothy Bottoms plays with such quiet conviction that you begin to wonder what he's doing there and why he doesn't walk off the set. *Mean Streets* is not a conventional movie; it depends on this new approach to acting for its very life. Its sensibility is drawn from a generation so familiar with film as a language that it often has no "literary" aspect at all. Scorsese's visual dexterity is startling—his camera moves as if it were running for its life—but there isn't much written character development. The actors can't rely on the lines for impact; they have to establish a more visual, fluid rapport with the audience. They come at you like a mass of signals.

But the limitation to all this is a withering of emotional response. It is rare in these movies to empathize with an individual on the screen; often the subject matter itself is collective, the components of a scene, a life-style. It's an open question how far a director can go with group experience without losing contact with the audience. In *The Last American Hero,* Jeff Bridges does a monologue in a Record-Your-Voice machine, sending his family love from a distance, and the effect is—well, moving. One isn't often moved in these new films and perhaps we're losing our ability to record emotion at that pitch. *Mean Streets* doesn't even try; it stays on the screen, a world hermetically sealed and perfectly observed. There is no nostalgia to cushion us, as in *American Graffiti,* nor even the tortured joy of *Heavy Traffic,* where surviving urban horrors is at least a victory of sorts. But it's a special, sometimes innovative movie, turning documentary into life. It's as tough and real as a headline and, these days, that's about as tough and real as you can get.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

BURR
by Gore Vidal
Random House, $8.95

History maintains that Aaron Burr, the deadly rival of Alexander Hamilton and of Thomas Jefferson, was an accomplished scamp. True, his courage was repeatedly tested in the Revolution, and in the famous duel with Hamilton it was he who fired second; true also that women found him irresistible and he could sway men. In the election of 1800 when the balloting was in the Congress, he failed by a single vote to defeat Jefferson for the presidency. That was his zenith; the office and the power eluded him and he went down in the books as a disgraced adventurer. That there was another side to the story Gore Vidal discovered three years ago when he purchased a large collection of the Burr papers.

Vidal's novel, very lively and very disparaging of Burr's associates, is in the form of a reminiscence, partly written, mostly as if dictated by Burr in the last three years of his life, 1833-1836. He had outlived his contemporaries but forgotten none of his scorn; had survived a stroke but still craved women, claret, and the chance to vindicate himself. His listener, and his amanuensis, is young Charlie Schuyler, a New York journalist, hired to do a job of character assassination but soon lost in skeptical admiration.

The story begins with the elder musing about his youth. Burr's maternal grandfather, Jonathan Edwards, and his father had been the first and second presidents of the College of New Jersey, and when in 1772 young Aaron graduated from Princeton, as it came to be called, he had a decisive mind, the dark handsome eyes and the impertinent wit that added to his charm. The Revolution gave him an early chance to excel and in his upward course he rarely underestimated himself.

The rivalry with Hamilton begins in Washington's headquarters. They are of the same age—Burr was a major at twenty—but Hamilton is the favorite; and when Burr imprudently questions the General's strategy after the British have landed on Long Island, he forfeits Washington's trust. The rivalry is renewed at the war's end when for six years Burr and Hamilton share the pick of legal practice in New

York City. In their political strife Burr, by reconciling the Clinton and Livingston factions, leaves Hamilton in the shade, and in their amatory pursuits each is renowned but it is Hamilton's nasty vilification that leads to the final challenge.

Jefferson, in Burr's view, "was the most charming man I have ever known, as well as the most deceitful." The story has it that after their tie-vote for the presidency, it was Jefferson who intrigued while Burr made no effort to break the deadlock. (I find this hard to swallow.) In his role as Vice President, Burr resented the "Virginia junto"; he showed his independence, and when Jefferson made it clear that he wished to be succeeded by Madison, their enmity was sealed. Burr quit the capital at forty-nine. Inspired by Napoleon's example, "I saw myself as the liberator of all Spanish America," and with a mistaken reliance on General Wilkinson, he spun a conspiracy which was to prove the most reckless, ill-judged intrigue of his career.

Like a bruised apple Burr has long lain ready for peeling and what a fascinating book Vidal has made of him! He was a maze of contradictions: priding himself as a gentleman but in money matters irrational and in dalliance as free as a goat; contemptuous of Washington as a general while admitting that he was the only man who could hold the Army and Congress together; boasting that he was "indifferent to slander," yet killing his brilliant rival for a despicable remark; quick to perceive the power of the Virginians and resisting the New England talk of disunion, yet himself embracing the idea of separatism in the Southwest when he was desperate for power. Mr. Vidal has satisfied our curiosity on many points; I only wish he could have told us more about Burr's daughter, Theodosia.

TOWARD THE 21ST CENTURY
Education for a Changing World
by Edwin O. Reischauer
Knopf, $5.95

There are a few men, prudent and farsighted, who can look into our troubled future with a reasonable hope that if we will act now, with our historical development in

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mind, disaster can be averted. One such is Edwin O. Reischauer, whose long experience in the Orient makes him one of the few Americans who can speculate with authority about the West and the East.

Mr. Reischauer begins with the assumption that war between the two great nuclear nations "would amount to a sort of double suicide." In the breathing spell which he sees ahead, "we face," he says, "a mind-boggling dilemma between a too slow rate of industrialization in the less developed countries that sets off a slow-ticking population bomb and a run on the world bank of natural resources that bankrupts us all." The less than one-third of the world's population (in Communist and non-Communist nations) accounts for five-sixths of the world's production, while more than two-thirds of the human race have only a pathetic one-sixth of the total. With the world's population doubling every thirty-five years, unless this discrepancy can be ameliorated, says Mr. Reischauer, we are heading for deep trouble. In a terse analysis he traces the ever enlarging groupings, from the tribal federation, to the small city states, and on to the great empires in Egypt, China, and Rome. He shows the temporary binding power of religions and the national spirit and observing the present breakdown of cohesion, he predicts that "today, if we fail to develop a viable world community, the collapse of civilization may be total."

Our need is to develop strong feelings about a world community among many people and new skills in cooperation. At the moment we obviously don't have either, but a beginning has been made. The O.E.C.D. (the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development) and the Common Market, Reischauer argues, have already been enlarged into "a triangular community" of Western Europe, North America, and Japan. This is one angle, as he puts it, of a future triangle which must include the Communist states as a second angle and the undeveloped nations as a third. The binding force will consist of technology, science, and trade; he indicates in what ways the haves must adjust their trade relations so as to build up the have-nots, and he warns us that for this accomplishment, with its immense psychological and linguistic complications, we have a time span of decades, not centuries.

The excellence of this mind-stirring essay is its clarity, its calm assessment of the imponderables, and its hope, based on the experience of Japan, that West and East can meet.

CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT: The Rise and Fall of New Bedford Whaling
by Everett S. Allen
Little, Brown, $10.00

In the 1850s, the sale of whale oil, candles, and whalebone, and the craftsmanship that went into the outfitting of its superb whaling fleet, had made New Bedford the richest city per capita in the world, for a time. It was only five decades—not a long time as wealth goes. During the Civil War the rebel cruiser *Alabama* destroyed forty-six whalers, twenty-five of them out of New Bedford, and afterwards the overkill of leviathan had driven the shy bowhead whales to the north, forcing the shipowners to take the gamble of hunting in the short risky season of open water in the Arctic. A single bowhead was worth $10,000; four big ones made for a good trip. On their way north the whalers paused for an indiscriminate butchery of the walrus, females and pups, regardless of the famine they were imposing on the friendly Eskimo communities.

Everett Allen has spent thirty years in and about New Bedford, and the graphic nature of his readable chronicle derives as much from oral accounts as from the printed word. His father is an authority on whaling and he himself interviewed the last of the great shipmasters, and whalemen like Amos Smalley of Gay Head, "who inherited the Indian's traditional skill with the harpoon and who 'ironed' a white whale."

He begins his narrative with a description of the Arctic "grounds," from Point Barry to Icy Point, and of the "Innuit," the small, light, hardy natives on whose generosity the whale men depended whenever their ships were frozen in. Then for contrast he shifts back to New Bedford, to the "Children of Light," the Quaker brothers, George and Matthew Howland ("George led, Matthew followed"), respected, dedicated owners who had enlarged the fleet inherited from their father. Since it was now "the Arctic or nothing," the Howlands decided to send their vessels north with not a penny of insurance; not even on their beautiful new *Concordia,* the preparation of which the author depicts as a model of the fleet.

In 1871 New Bedford was still basking in its prosperity, as in a haze, unmindful of a shipmaster's protest, in the local *Republican Standard,* of the cruel destruction of fifty thousand female walrus in the previous year, and unaware of the Eskimos' warning that the weather would be unusually bad that summer. The Arctic fleet did its hunting as a unit in the compact area of open water close to shore where the bowhead were spouting, and where they must be swiftly dispatched before they could escape under the ice. That August, as predicted, was unlike any within memory: an inshore gale with snow, "waves of formidable heaviness," spray turning into instant ice; and as the flue broke, ponderous blocks, bigger than houses, came "charging toward the land." By the twenty-ninth, thirty-two ships, including three of the Howlands', were jammed in shoal water close to the beach and their skippers took counsel on what to do. They were responsible for more than a thousand lives, including three women and five children; could they be ferried in the open whale boats through the miles of ice to the seven ships waiting offshore? There was no panic and their resolution is best and bravely told by Mr. Allen and in the stark, strong prose of the shipmasters. It was the heroic last act of a most hazardous calling.

THE PLUNDERED PAST
by Karl E. Meyer
Atheneum, $12.95

The plunder of art objects begins in a big way with the Romans; and although Lord Elgin when he transplanted the marbles from the Acropolis probably provided a safer resting place than they would have had if they had remained where they were, the question of whether an-

tiquities should be restored to their place of origin will probably never be decided. When Edward Herbert Thompson in Chichén Itzá began dredging up treasure from the Sacred Well, he was serving as our American consul, and his shipments to the Peabody Museum at Harvard were unknown to Mexico until his first book appeared. When an Austrian grand duke had collected along the Adriatic a rare assortment of Illyrian relics, it too went to the Peabody because, seemingly, there was no one in Europe interested.

The postwar art boom, as Karl Meyer tells us, started with an auction in Paris in 1952 at which record new price levels were set by Impressionist and Postimpressionist paintings, and the astronomical increase since then has stimulated the theft of masterpieces (every day, an important work of art is stolen from somewhere), and the plundering of archaeological monuments in a way that is shocking—and, I must add, great fun to read about.

Mr. Meyer, for fifteen years a staff member of the Washington *Post,* became interested in archaeology on an extended trip through Latin America, and his book *The Pleasures of Archaeology* gave him the status of a tolerated outsider when he penetrated the inner circle of illegal importers. He speaks of the more daring anonymously, and as one of them remarked to him, "You must not forget one thing. I am a pirate. I enjoy piracy. I like the moment at the airport when they look at my passport [he carries several] and glance at my bag, for I take the very best pieces with me, on the airplane. . . ." His early pages have to do with the pillage of the Maya ruins and his story of how the famous mask of the Maya god finally landed in the Bliss Collection is a honey. The harvesting of illegal treasures from Turkey comes easier because there are so many more sites (some forty thousand, ranging from scattered burials to the remains of sumptuous cities); and because the Turks who are professionally involved in archaeology, whether as guards or as museum directors, receive such a piteously low wage. "More ancient treasure has left Anatolia in the past generation than at any time since the fall and sack of Constantinople during the Fourth Crusade."

For their cloudy acquisitions and for their policy of "de-accessioning," the author holds the American museums and particularly the Metropolitan Museum of Art responsible. The competition which developed in 1970 when the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Metropolitan were each celebrating their centennial resulted in a scandal that was mutually damaging. Boston was obliged to return to Italy the smuggled, over-painted portrait attributed to Raphael; and Thomas P. F. Hoving, director of the Metropolitan, after a blanket denial had grudgingly to admit that the Metropolitan in twenty years had secretly traded or sold some fifteen thousand works. The accusations came thick and fast, prompting Allen Wardwell, curator of primitive art at the Art Institute of Chicago, to propose a two- or three-year moratorium of acquisitions for all American museums so that the directors could rethink their policy. But the argument has another side to it: the Icelandic sagas, in dilapidated shape, were removed to Denmark and carefully preserved. Today when Iceland can care for them they have been returned.

Life & Letters Contributors

Benjamin DeMott is a critic and professor of English at Amherst College.

William Abrahams is co-author with Peter Stansky of *The Unknown Orwell.*

Joseph Kanon, Edward Weeks, and Phoebe Adams write regularly for these pages.

Poets in This Issue

Annie Dillard (page 67) is the author of a book of poems, *Tickets for a Prayer Wheel,* to be published next spring.

Robert Penn Warren (page 84), Pulitzer prizewinner in fiction and poetry, is the author of *All the King's Men* and numerous novels and volumes of poetry.

Judith Minty (page 111) was the 1973 recipient of the United States Award of the International Poetry Forum for her book *Lake Songs and Other Fears.*

Margaret Atwood (page 121) has written novels *(The Edible Woman* and *Surfacing),* poetry (including *The Animals in That Country* and *Power Politics),* and nonfiction.

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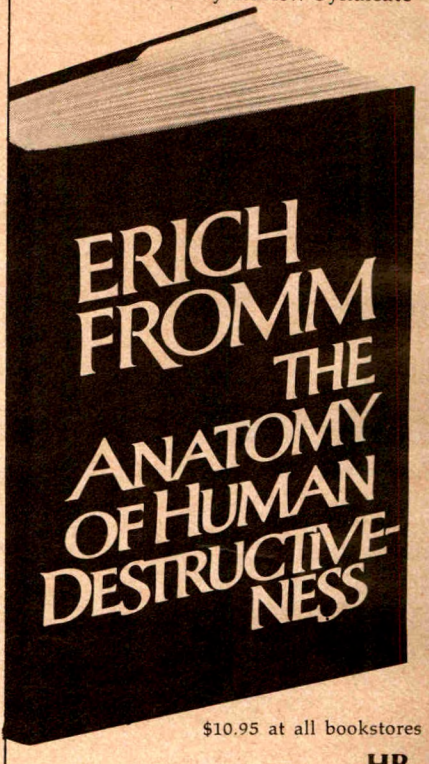

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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

"In My Hot Youth" and "Famous in My Time": Byron's Letters and Journals edited by Leslie A. Marchand. Harvard University Press, $11.50 per volume. With all the studies, speculations, and sensational revelations published about Byron during the last century, there has never been a complete edition of his surviving papers. This curious hiatus in the record is now being handsomely corrected with a collection that will eventually run to eight volumes. Of the two now available, one begins in 1798 when his lordship, aged ten, undertook "the first letter I ever wrote" concerning a "poney," an indeterminate quantity of potatoes, and the gift of a rabbit to a Miss Frances—a thoroughly Byronic mixture. Volume two ends in 1812, with the poet famous, fashionable, in debt, and proposing to Annabella Milbanke while trying to disentangle himself from Caroline Lamb. Byron was a superb letter writer, a fact which no amount of bowdlerization has ever obscured. The restored passages, when tracked down, reveal more about Victorian editors than about Byron, which in no way lessens the value of this admirable edition.

The Seven Wives of Westlake: A Documentary Assembled by Enrique Lopez. Putnam's, $6.95. Seven women gathered in a consciousness-raising group to discuss their problems. They met at one member's house; her husband promptly had the living room bugged. The recorded conversations being published here have allegedly been so thoroughly scrambled that none of the women can recognize herself. If this is true, the scrambling has also destroyed any serious value in the material, reducing it to standard complaints, too generalized for reliable meaning. The one plain fact is that the project is a case of exploitation by male chauvinist greed, for the women who provided the text of this book are not going to get any share of the royalties on it. It is to be hoped that at least one of the victims will recognize herself, and sue the pants off somebody.

Chulo by Bil Gilbert. Knopf, $7.95. Chulo is the Southwestern name for the coatimundi, a well organized relative of the raccoon. As one local put it, "They take care of themselves, don't bother anybody, and aren't afraid of anything. They are smart and pretty and they are good to each other." Mr. Gilbert spent months studying chulo and has written delightfully about these thoroughly charming animals.

Gloriana: The Years of Elizabeth I by Mary M. Luke. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $12.50. Readers who have either never read a book about Queen Elizabeth or can never read too many will find this one a straightforward, workmanlike narrative distinguished for the lavish and adroit use of contemporary quotation. Illustrations, bibliography, notes.

The Femininity Game by Thomas Boslooper and Marcia Hayes. Stein and Day, $7.95. The authors are remonstrating against the unfair treatment accorded women in professional and amateur sports, but their worthwhile facts are buried in promiscuous quotation, borrowed ideas, and overfamiliar feminist complaints.

Maxfield Parrish by Coy Ludwig. Watson-Guptill, $25.00. Parrish's shimmering, dream-world paintings, his amiably comic grotesqueries, and his pretty-pretty commercial work all suggest a life of placid success. The suggestion is correct; aside from an early and victorious bout with tuberculosis, Parrish spent most of his ninety-five years getting well paid for work that he loved to do. This sort of thing does not make for exciting biography, but Mr. Ludwig has added interest to his quiet text by explanations of Parrish's intricate, meticulous technique. The illustrations are the great point—over 100 in black and white and 64 fine color plates. Notes and catalogue.

The Loo Sanction by Trevanian. Crown, $6.95. This clever author is the latest candidate for the boots of the late Ian Fleming, but while he splashes a Flemingesque sufficiency of blood, he is a different breed of puss. James Bond derives, admit-

tedly at outrageous length, from Kipling (the number .007 also belongs to one of Kipling's odder heroes—a steam engine) and Fleming's tales always assume a basic confidence in Duty, Empire, and All That. Trevanian writes with blunt contempt for such trash and manages to imply that he thinks no better of his readers.

BLACK CONCEIT by John Leonard. Doubleday, $6.95. Mr. Leonard indulges in fits of fine writing which do not always serve his purpose, but allowing for these divagations, his novel is a shrewd, amusing account of a pair of young liberals. He is into race relations, she is into female liberation, and both of them wind up in, and causing, trouble.

DOROTHY AND LILLIAN GISH by Lillian Gish. Scribner's, $19.95. Miss Gish takes the reader through her professional photograph album much as though she were entertaining at her own coffee table—a little kindly gossip, a little affectionate reminiscence, and considerable delicate humor. The careers of the Gish sisters cover fifty years of screen and stage history, some of it important. The story could hardly be more modestly presented.

THE TALE OF KIEU by Nguyen Du, translated by Huynh Sanh Thong. Random House, $6.95. This narrative poem of lost love and ambiguously salvaged honor is a national classic in Vietnam, and one can see why; the tale out-perils Pauline. The translation, into an unrhymed but firmly accented line, is readable and unaffected.

PICASSO IN RETROSPECT edited by Roland Penrose and John Golding. Praeger, $29.95. Eight Picasso specialists discuss various aspects of his work. The approach is, on the whole, intellectual, technical, iconographic—it requires close reading, and is worth the attention it demands. Nearly five hundred illustrations, predominantly black and white.

Excerpts from the following books have appeared in *The Atlantic:*
THE IMPERIAL PRESIDENCY by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, $10.00.
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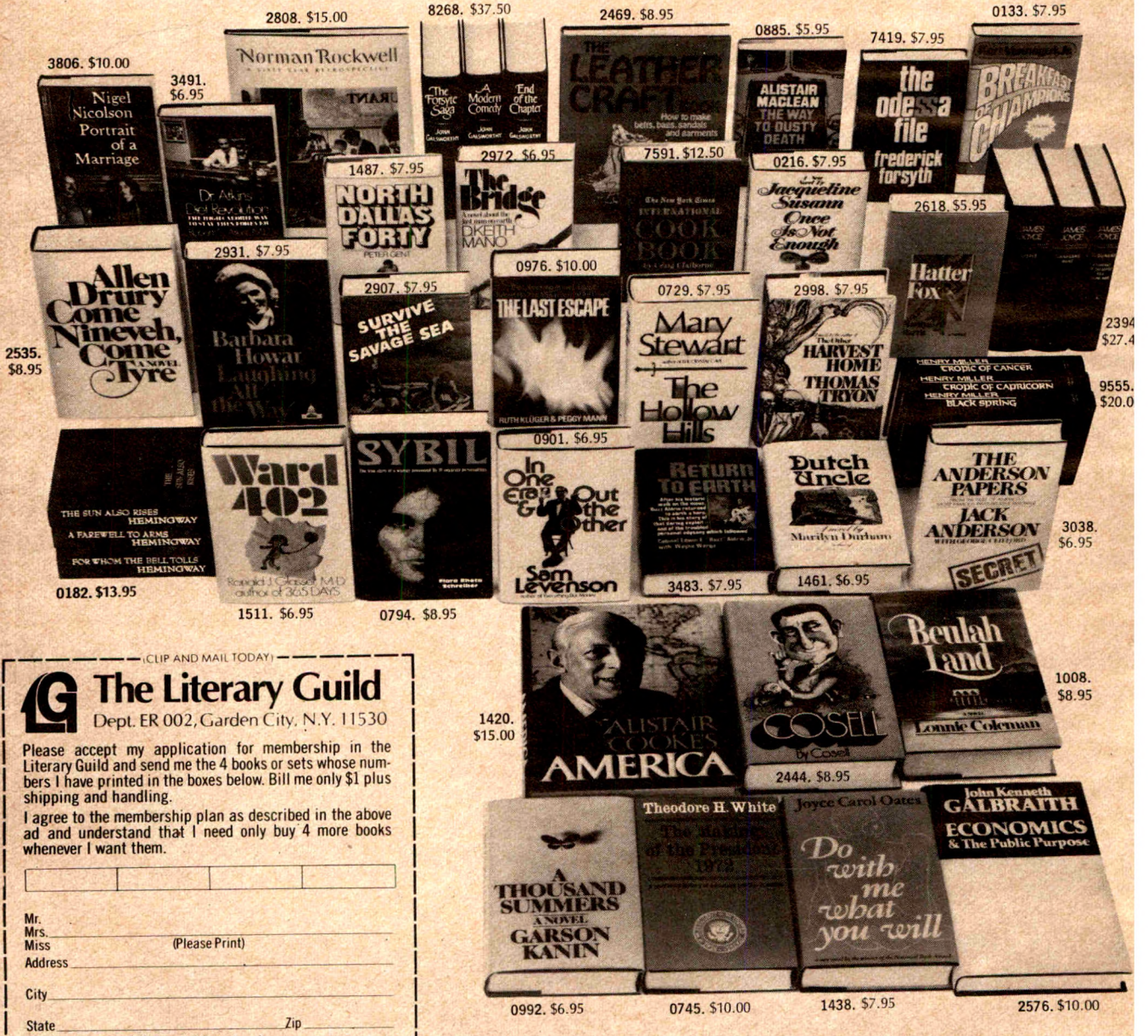

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